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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Illustrated.

REPRESENTATIVE OF AMERICAN THOUGHT AND LIFE.

Vol. VIII. JULY, 1888. No. 3.

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for AUGUST will contain an illustrated paper on "Where Burgoyne Surrendered," describing the Saratoga Monument which is soon to be unveiled. Dr. Hutchinson will present another entertaining article in his series of "Along the Caribbean." Frederick Schwatka, the noted Arctic explorer, will tell about the American Arctic Savage. In addition, there will be other illustrated articles and several very bright short stories suitable for Summer reading, besides the usual amount of choice poetry, short articles, etc.

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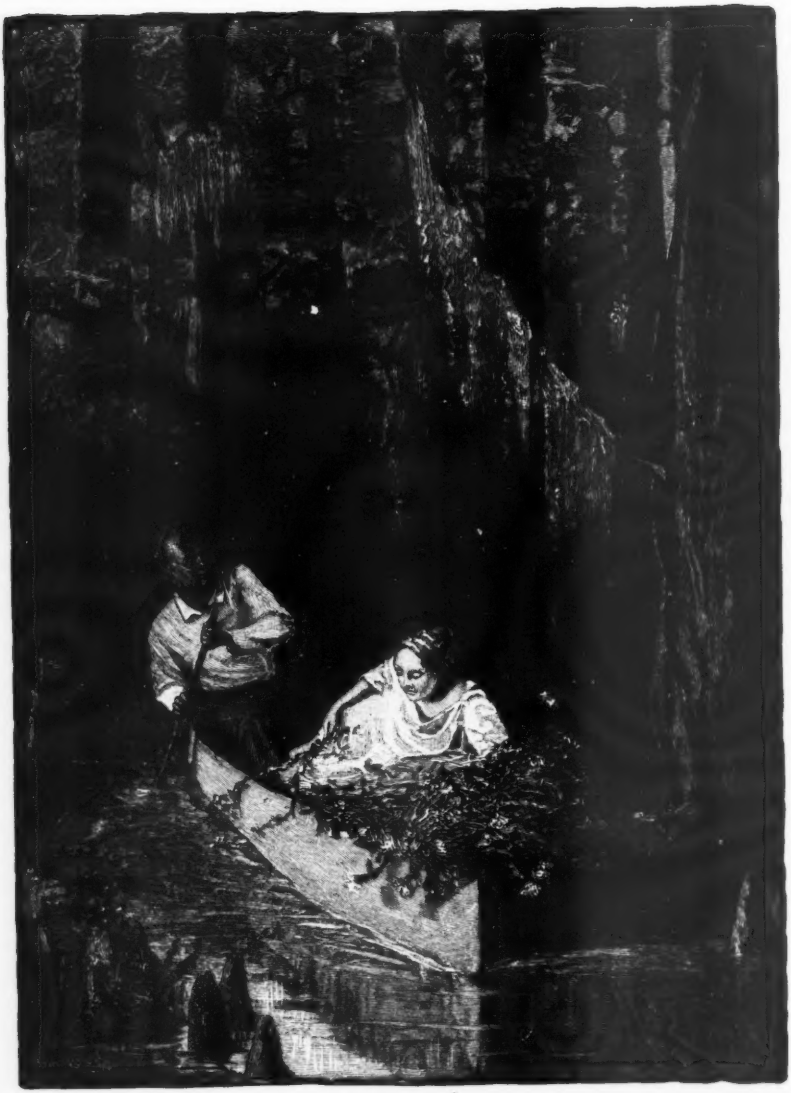

APOLLO AND NORIE.

THE

AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII. JULY, 1888. No. 3.

THE WALTERS COLLECTION.

BY WILFRED PATTERSON.

THE art collections of Mr. William T. Walters, of Baltimore, have now been twice opened to the public. On each occasion they were exhibited for a few days each month for three months, during which an admission fee was charged for the benefit of Baltimore charities. The large attendance at these exhibitions proved that the public measurably appreciated the unequalled opportunity presented.

Had Mr. Walters been fired with the philanthropic purpose of applying the money expended on this collection in any other manner for the promotion of art education in America, it is doubtful if he could better have compassed that object. He has set before us a great number of the finest works of living and lately deceased masters, a gathering where one is not obliged — as is so often the case — to search for the artistic amid masses of surrounding mediocrity; sound, cultured taste has governed the selection, free to a remarkable degree from the intrusion of hobbies for this or that style or school, and free also from that glamor of great names which causes one to regard the painter rather than his work. With few exceptions, the artists are represented by adequate examples, and in many instances with what is conceded to be their best by such eminent European critics as Albert Wolff, Sensier, Garnier, Sylvester, Robaut and Michel.

It is true there are only some six or eight works of American artists in the collection, and they by no means calculated to fairly represent their country in such a galaxy; and hence is afforded, apparently, some ground for the complaint of those who seek to discourage the purchase of costly foreign pictures to the exclusion of those of our own artists. It would undoubtedly be a gratification to see in this goodly company such men as Church, Vedder, Chase, Harrison, Baker, Pearce, Beckwith, Bridgeman, Hassam and a few others. Yet after all this is but a trifle; the main thing desired is to educate picture-buyers and the public taste so that it shall know good pictures from mediocre; and considering the aptness of our people, what surer way is there than to show them the best in the world? Given but half the chance the French, the Germans and the English have long enjoyed in this direction, with the treasures of art always open for inspection, and the American public will soon establish such standards and offer such rewards that the masterworks of the next generation will come from American easels, and

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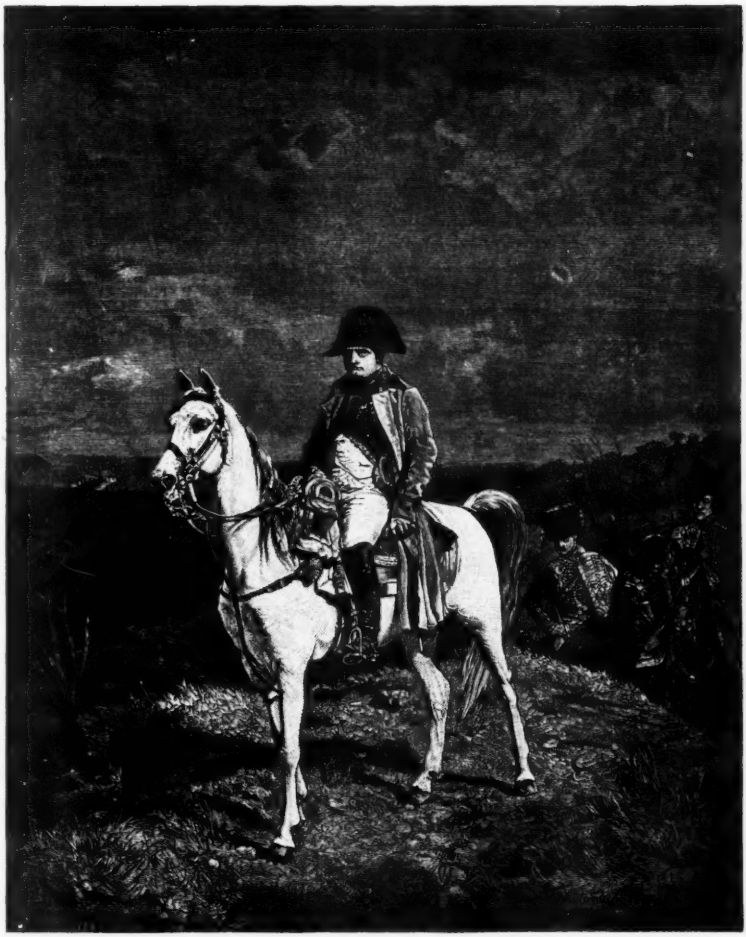
French critics, instead of lamenting, as do André Michel and Durand-Gréville that "the country of dollars" robs them of their treasures, will bewail the loss of these stimulating dollars, as already do the English studios.

"Too much riches—and such incomparable riches," says M. Durand-Gréville, speaking of the Walters collection. "With mingled regret and gladness we come upon works which cause the heart to bound, and which once seen can never be forgotten." With all deference to the glories of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Correggio, Veronese, Rubens, Rembrandt, Murillo, Velasquez, Paul Potter, Teniers and the rest, it is doubtful if posterity will not find the equals of most of the old masters in the splendid array of Delaroche, Delacroix, Troyon, Rousseau, Millet, Corot, Décamps, Fromentin, Diaz, Couture, Meissonier, Gallait, Detaille, De Neuville, Bréton, Dupré, Daubigny, Fortuny, Gérôme, Henner, Bonnat, Munkacsy, Tadema and the others whose paintings are here shown.

A dozen or more of these, in different ways, reach the utmost limits of the poetry of art, expressing with majestic eloquence what is most beautiful and most sublime in human life and in nature as revealed to man. Upon entering the gallery and turning to the left, to make the circuit of the 156 oil paintings in the main room, three masterpieces immediately arrest the visitor: Rousseau's "La Givre," hanging side by side with Millet's "Sheepfold by Moonlight," and, above this, Daubigny's "Sunset on the Coast of France." Though so unlike, these three paintings possess one quality in common. Like the plays of Shakespeare, in which culture in proportion to its depth reveals new beauties, they impress every observer who knows nature however ignorant he may be of art. The jargon of the art critic is not required to elucidate their spirit. An eye capable of lingering upon the most impressive aspects of nature, a heart not wholly incapable of sensibility to the beautiful, is all that is required to induce one to sink upon the convenient and comfortable seats to study at ease this triple revelation of genius, and to wonder that professed art critics could for many years have "failed to appreciate" Rousseau and Millet.

"La Givre," in a space 3 feet by 2, represents the hills of Valmandois, near Rousseau's home, on a winter day, as seen a mile away across the River Oise. Rough hillocks, glistening here and there with frost, fade into the distance of a high horizon near the middle line of the canvas. Over the sombre green and brown tints of the frost-sparkling earth, hangs a dreary leaden sky, with a great rift in its threatening clouds near the centre of the canvas, through which breaks a strange red glare of the sun with startling, even terrific effect. Something in the pregnant shade of the red, in juxtaposition with the forbidding clouds and the passive, sullen aspect of the landscape, strikes the heart with awe. It is as if the tremendous powers of winter had been surprised in their secret laboratory in the heart of the Brocken on the eve of Walpurgis night—the fiery glimpse breathing earthquakes and convulsions, in unearthly antithesis to the chilling scene beneath. What a commentary upon the judgment of art critics and dealers that Rousseau, in 1830, in the heyday of his powers, sold this splendid work for $100, and that not till Troyon's sale, twenty years later, did it bring a price! The experience of both Rousseau and Millet is but another evidence that the only reliable judgment is not that of any clique nor coterie, but that of an educated, untechnical public, whose opinions are fresher from nature and less befogged with the prejudices of the schools than those of either artists or professional critics. The verdict of dramatic critics upon a new actor (if they ever quite agree) carries so little weight with the theatre-going public that instances are constantly occurring where stars they condemn are conspicuously successful; and it is equally within the competency of the average unbiassed experience and "large round-about common sense" to judge a painter.

"The Sheepfold by Moonlight" was Millet's representation in the memorable Paris Exhibition of the One Hundred Masterpieces in 1883, a distinction which belongs likewise to Troyon's "Cattle Drinking," and Delacroix's "Christ on



"1814." (By Meissonier.)

the Cross" and "Jesus on the Sea of Galilee." There are no less than six other Millets—two oils, "Breaking Flax" and "The Potato Harvest"; two original designs in black and white, "The Angelus" and "The Shepherd at the Fold by Moonlight"; and two pastels, "The Sower" and "The Shepherdess." In "Breaking Flax" and "The Potato Harvest," powerful and poetic as the latter is, we may indeed discern some slight ground for the criticisms on Millet's technique, even those as superficial and trivial as Theodore Child's complaint that he "makes no difference in the apparent texture of a cotton apron, a stuff dress, corduroy trousers or the wall of a house, but represents all these objects as having a woolly surface." There is very apparent in these two an absence of *finesse*, indeed of refinement of execution, if one dare indulge hyper-criticism in presence of that which breathes such elevating and noble sentiment, forcibly expressing the profound soul of an immortal thinker and poet

using art as the vehicle of his sacred message to mankind, as kindred spirits have employed the highest forms of literature. But in "The Sheepfold by Moonlight," even these blemishes—if such they be—have disappeared. The canvas of this production is but 24 inches by 18; yet, as Albert Wolff well says, "poetry penetrates and solitude invades the fancy so completely that we think no more of the size of the picture. It becomes immense, like Nature." The sheep are huddled together at a fence, while a little beyond is the shepherd wrapped in his cloak; he and his gaunt dog stand distinct in the wan, wonder-working light of the flattened moon, which casts its misty radiance upon the scene, transforming commonplace things into spectral images, and lighting up the backs of the sheep in effects ghost-like, fading into dim shadows. The moonbeams play strangely upon two or three little clouds which seem like sweet guardian angels of the helpless flock. The mellow radiance cast upon the blue profundity of the sky by some sleight of color borrowed from the alchemy of Nature is beautiful and touching in the extreme. The artistic crown of the nation that could so long deny such masters as Millet and Rousseau should pass to other brows. In the presence of this picture, it is not only a subject of honest pride that fully half of Millet's masterpieces are in America to-day, but that Americans were among the very first to recognize his genius.

Daubigny's "Sunset on the Coast of France," 59x30 inches in size and painted in 1865, is a creation of pure beauty. How it ranks in the comparative scale of the author's performances I do not now recollect, but it is difficult to conceive that it can be other than his best. The dark-green verdure and sombre browns of the foreground, relieved by the lighter color of the shallow pool to which the cattle go to drink, border the vivid blue-green of the splendid sea, inexpressibly charming against the rosy sunset hues tenderly reflected on the clouds. It is to me one of the most intense delights of the exhibition.

Further along on the same wall is Troyon's admitted *chef d'œuvre*: "Cattle Drinking." It is of medium size, 21x31 inches, and was painted in 1851, when the artist was forty-one. The sun breaking through storm-clouds pervades the scene, with subtle, wondrous effect. Everything animate and inanimate is vivified; everything seems to feel the light and warmth, basking in the joy of living. The glare of the foreground softens into an incomparable distance along the brook. The sunshine gleams and glistens, glancing and glinting ever at new angles from moving cattle and laughing waters and blades of

"SAPPHO." (By L. Alma-Tadema.)

grass and rustling foliage, all stirred with the inspiring emotions of the scene.

Nearby, in superb contrast is Delacroix's "Christ on the Cross," dated 1846, and measuring 26x33. Albert Wolff, in his criticism of The Hundred Masterpieces, says: "When Delacroix puts the magnificent Christ upon the Cross, a canvas which appeared as one of the capital masterpieces of this exhibition which reckoned so many, it is the supreme drama which inspires him; what he desires to render is the great crime of the crucifixion and not the Crucified himself. This Son of God is not the traditional Christ correctly nailed to the Cross. What he wants to paint is the grand drama, the conclusive moral impression; his Christ has lived, his flesh has thrilled, his heart has bled in truth; he is the incarnation of all martyrdom, of consummate crime left in the midst of the indifference of nature . . . The controlling note in Eugène Delacroix's painting is the dramatic note. He is the Shakespeare of art; he has the great author's mystery of conception, his art of painting a character in a few strokes, and his power of color. That which interests him is the drama of all epochs, of every literature and of every place."

Delacroix's "Jesus on the Sea of Galilee," though of less dramatic fire, is equally a masterwork of color.

At the extreme end of the gallery is the original finished study of Delaroche for the semi-circular salon or hemicycle of the École des Beaux-Arts—a priceless treasure which exhibits the master's accurate drawing, picturesque fancy, taste in color and delicacy of treatment. In size, 100x16 inches, it is an object of high historical as well as of artistic interest. The subject is the distribution of prizes to successful students in the presence of an assemblage of the greatest sculptors, painters and architects of the world. In criticising it one must consider its adaptation to the purpose in view, the limitations which hedged the artist and the countless difficulties which he has overcome. If lacking in lofty imagination, its beauty, delicacy and command of many resources within its lines of limitation stamp it with a very high value. Its qualities are such as to be readily understood and the emulation it excites in artists is in the direction of correct taste and painstaking effort, sure to produce good results; unlike incitement to *tours de force*, which if they fall short at all are worthless.

Millet's style is scarcely further removed from the academic nicety of his preceptor, Delaroche, than is the little "Nymph" of Henner in a corner nearby. This is almost the solitary nude figure of the display. It is an 8x10, and is almost identical in composition with many other Henners: the dainty figure embowered in soft brown environment, with an intense turquoise sky reflected in a little pool at her feet. If there is an affectation here and there of tiring of these nymphs, posterity we may be sure will not weary of them. Their charm is their own, and countless imitations can compass no part of it. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that this charm of flesh no other painter of any time has attained. After steeping sense and soul in all the ecstasies of this display, one returns again and again with unabated and even deepening enjoyment to the divine creature in her corner, to revel anew in her dreamy beauty. At this creation many a heart quickens rapturously, which the photographic and epitomized accuracy of Meissonier is powerless to touch.

Not hung upon the wall like the rest, but standing upon a case of curios in the centre of the room, is the famous "1814"—pronounced by the accomplished Mr. Laffan "the most complete and masterly expression of Meissonier at his best, with all his technical excellencies in their unclouded exercise, while there is joined thereto a sense of absolute inspiration in respect to subject and execution that does not easily obtain in any other of his pictures. This was the picture which, when Meissonier's works were gathered together for a supreme exhibition of the artist's power, separated itself from the rest and assumed to itself a position apart as his greatest creation. It is a small canvas representing Napoleon—it might be on Oct. 17—astride his favorite white horse Marengo, surveying from the top of a hillock a field whereon, on the morrow, Austerlitz will not be repeated. There is more imagination in this little canvas than in all of Meissonier's other works put together. It is really Napoleon; it has

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his possibilities as well as his actualities. The drawing of the horse and of the figure, and of all the accessories, leaves nothing unexpressed. It is as complete as it is beautiful, but the whole is informed with the portents of the hour. The catastrophe of the morrow is written upon the man and the sky behind him. It is in this subtle quality of the mind, that '1814' assumes the importance which M. Albert Wolff ascribed to it twenty years ago as the most poetical and finest of all Meissonier's works."

The "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," by Corot, has the place of honor at the entrance end of the gallery, opposite the Delaroche at the other. It is 8 ft. high by 4 wide (the largest picture in the collection), and in the catalogue is accorded over five pages of description, in which are given Corot's notes of the progress of his work and his expectations regarding it, a discussion by Alfred Robaut of its merits, and a description of several changes made in it by the artist.

Mr. Walters evidently shares in the general enthusiasm of the French critics for this painting. Durand-Gréville and others, amid much wailing and gnashing of teeth that it was not purchased for the Louvre, unhesitatingly pronounce it Corot's finest, ungratefully and wilfully oblivious of the fact that these noble works do far more for French art in this country than they could possibly do at home, as they give it the best stimulus, that of our ever-widening market and ever-advancing rewards. The excellencies which display themselves to the worshippers of Corot are almost infinite in number; scarcely a point of technique can be named in which they have not covered this painting with encomium, the language of panegyric is exhausted, and he would be a bold, opinionated, tasteless person who should presume to see any drawbacks, any flickering spot in this blaze of genius.

While unquestionably deserving much of this praise; while indeed delighting the eye and casting a spell upon the spirit, with its masterly technique, its rich coloring, its gradation of tone, yet with all deference to authority, one cannot help wishing that the vast amount of thought and labor spent upon this work had been devoted to a composition of a different kind; or that the hackneyed theme of the early artists had not formed a part of the exquisite landscape to which it seems scarcely of any value. Not only the landscape, but the descending angels are a delight; their grace and freshness as they fly among the tree-tops almost indeed defy the exaggeration of praise, and they violate no requirements of artistic unity in their disconnected attitude; but when one comes to the old familiar arrow-bristling saint and the lackadaisical women who succor him, a doubt intrudes if there be quite the impressive power in the figures that we expect to find in one of the immortal creations of our time. As there is certainly nothing of dramatic force in the landscape strengthening the idea of the scene, as exists in Delacroix's Crucifixion; nothing of poetic sympathy heightening the expression, as in Meissonier's "1814," the figures alone should convey strongly what they are intended to express. Is it not rather the fact that in all that he could study in the life of to-day for the picture, the genius of Corot has left its splendid stamp upon the great canvas; but in his recurrence to the atmosphere of mysticism and superstition, he has for once been unable to quite divest himself of academic and conventional methods? And thus we do not care to look long upon the central group.

Fortunately placed where it can be closely compared with the preceding, is another of Corot's paintings: "The Evening Star," 35 by 28 inches. It was purchased directly from the artist; and to the majority of cultivated visitors is a more inspiring and poetic performance than its pretentious neighbor, though it be heresy to the dictum of French critics to express it.

A rarely fortunate recurrence to religious inspiration is the "The Assumption" by Diaz, a little canvas 10½ by 15½. The Virgin is a lovely original type of beauty, of large graceful figure, and is surrounded by flying cherubs. Her drapery is a captivating shade of blue, with soft white about her neck, and flying red streaming from the waist. This picture was painted in 1850. That it should have come from the same hand as "The Storm" is one of the marvels of versatility. "The

"DUEL AFTER THE MASQUERADE." (By J. L. Gérôme.)

"DUEL AFTER THE MASQUERADE." (By J. L. Gérôme.)

"CHRISTIAN MARTYRS." (By J. L. Gérôme.)

Storm" is a work of grandeur allied with beauty: a tempestuous close of day—light breaking through storm-laden clouds, the deep green of the ground relieved with strange effect, a streak of straggling sunshine in the middle distance. The many possessors of unauthentic (not to say spurious) Diazes in this country should study this picture.

There are three other Diazes among the oil paintings: "Cupid Disarmed," "The Forest of Fontainebleau," and "Effect of Autumn," the last a charming small work giving a complete impression of the poetry of one of Nature's autumnal moods, without over-coloring or heaping up of effects.

Of Bréton we have "Close of the Day," painted in 1865. Two charming peasant-women are leaning restfully on their rakes after toil, and they and the landscape are softened and refined by the tender all-pervading glow of the setting sun. Then there is "A Sunny Day," 1857; and, best of all, the famous "Returning from the Fields," of the Morgan Collection, a picture 41 by 27, representing three exquisite daughters of toil—one of the most attractive idealizations of modern figure-painting.

There are three Duprés: "A Bright Day" from the Gavet Collection, Paris—a small landscape dotted with charming little cows and overshadowed by fleecy clouds, darkened here and there as if laden with gusts of wind; "The Old Oak," somewhat larger, a dream of color, the romance of one of the forest patriarchs; and, larger still, a marine which though hung high is little if any inferior to either of the others. It is less individual, however, and evinces the versatility of the artist—a vision of soft poetical blue, white-capped waves and clouds, the sea darkening towards the horizon, dotted here and there with boats.

Munkacsy is represented solely by the "Story of the Battle" from the Eggers Collection, Vienna, containing six figures, full of expression, and lacking the theatrical effect of some of his work; Décamps by "The Suicide" from the W. S. Blodgett Collection, a weird picture of striking originality and power; and Cabanel by his portrait of Nilsson, painted in 1873.

Of Gérômes, there are four, including the "Christian Martyrs," which the artist states was on his easel from 1863 to 1883, and was repainted three times: a group of Christians huddled together in the arena of the Circus Maximus, a prey to the fierce Numidian lions which stalk forth to devour them, while other Christians, disposed at regular intervals about the race-course, tied upon crosses

and smeared with pitch, are being set afire by attendants to serve as torches to light the spectacle for the enjoyment of the pitiless Romans.

Several pages of the catalogue are devoted to Gérôme's "Duel after the Masquerade;" but in its too-labored refinement it is difficult to gather the profound meaning the panegyrist professes to find in the fatal wounding of a man in clown's dress by another arrayed as an Indian, at an affair after a masked ball. For myself, I prefer the little "On the Desert," which is done with a free hand, without that evident over-refinement which, to me, dispels the illusion of the art.

Among the five Fortunys are "The Hindoo Snake-Charmers" from the A. T. Stewart collection and "The Rare Vase" of the Morgan sale, which, though exhibiting, in common, many points of dashing brilliancy of brush-work, with an ease, a still greater latent strength underlying it; yet, in other points of technique, and particularly also in their sentiment stand at the opposite poles of the versatility of this great genius. Power and unfettered originality are written in every stroke of the brush, yet in each is brought out an exactness in expressing the spirit of the composition only possible where color effect is wedded to the utmost refinement of drawing and a mastery of the deeper subtleties of art. To each of them may be applied Gautier's praise of "Choosing the Model," "that it combines all the freshness of a sketch with the delicacy of a finished composition." Probably, no other painter has ever placed upon canvas an effect like that in the Serpent-Charmers; that sense of the presence of the occult—at least of some influence beyond the visible and the tangible which make such scenes awe-inspiring, depending, as they seem to do in many cases, upon mesmeric or hypnotic power. Another painter, at all able to suggest this element, would have made it overshadowing; here, it is not even striking at first blush. To reach it, one has to pass through an effect of color, an impression of drawing; by study and contemplation gaining access to the spirit of the composition. It is like a refined personality: first, the attractive presence, its color and form; then the action, and finally the emotional nature, the mentality, the animating spirit are revealed. It would be difficult to say what invests these lounging Orientals and their serpents with that curious atmosphere from beyond the boundaries of the natural; but it is there, and even the sacred marabout, a grave and solemn participant, adds to it instead of becoming, as he would in ordinary hands, a vulgar theatrical "property." The "Rare Vase" apart from its attractiveness of color, expresses with similar nicety the smirking self-gratulation of the dilettante in his new treasure. What wonders of accomplishment these are, for a painter who died at 36—but how much richer in the promise of what he might have done in the fourteen years that have elapsed since his death!

Other paintings of the French and Spanish schools are Fromentin's little 8x10 canvas, "At the Well," "The Halt," 25x20, and the "Encampment in the Atlas Mountains," 56x40—all fine examples of the great artist; five Van Marckes, of which the "Approach of the Storm" is an 1873 Salon picture; one excellent Zamacois, "Spain, 1812—French Occupation" (two French soldiers who have been murdered in a Spanish cabaret, being thrown down a well); three Isabeys; two Rosa Bonheurs, in the water-color room; two Ary Scheffers; one disappointing Horace Vernet, "Brigands Attacked by Papal Troops"; a Vibert; four Heberts, including the "Virgin of the Deliverance," from the Morgan Collection; two Gleyres; two dainty Ricos; four Bonnat portraits, including one of Barye, the sculptor, several of whose works adorn the plaza in front of Mr. Walters' mansion; also "An Arab Sheik," by Bonnat; two Dagnan-Bouverets, "The Museum," from the Morgan Collection, and "An Accident," a large, realistic picture of brilliant execution, from the Salon of 1880; two Coutures; a Jimenez; two Merles—one, "The Scarlet Letter," an excellent example; six little genre pieces by Frère, clever, but that is all; a Clairin; no less than a dozen of Ziems, bright color pieces. Of Detaille, "A Picket," 15x18, is the only example in the main gallery, and in the water-color room, "Ready to March"—each excellent of its kind. At least one of the three De Neuvilles is brilliant—"The Attack at Dawn." It is dated 1877, and

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represents a detachment of French Mobiles and Turcos surprised by the Prussians in a village of the Jura. The cold discomfort of the early dawn; strong action everywhere; the warm light in the house from which the French soldiers are pouring to resist the attack; the misty white light of the hanging lantern at the street-corner against the gray of the morning; the flashes from the guns of the attacking and the attacked in varying intensity, according to the distance of each, in striking measure of perspective—all these constitute a vivid chapter of war. There are five Schreyers, including "Embourbe—Plains of Hungary," awarded the medal of the Vienna Exposition of 1873.

"A ROMAN EMPEROR." (By L. Alma-Tadema.)

The Belgian painter, Clays, has two excellent works here; and his fellow-countryman, Gallait, five, including "War," his Royal Academy picture of 1872; also "The Duke of Alva contemplating the Beheaded Counts Egmont and Horn"—a late addition, in position on an easel.

Of Baron Leys there are two dissimilar ones: a little Dutch interior, and the large "Edict of Charles V.," which was awarded one of the eight grand Medals of Honor at the Paris Exposition of 1867. It represents the proclaiming of the edict introducing the Inquisition into the Netherlands and pronouncing against heretics the penalties of the stake, the block and burial alive.

The "Solitary Israels" is in the water-color room, and is one of the notable features of the collection. It is a Dutch interior, a woman by the cradle of a child, painted in the most charming method of the modern Dutch water-colorists who have outstripped all others in treatment. It is not a mere water-color drawing, but a painting in which the soft, subdued colors are not only harmoniously blended and beautiful, but have strong characters of their own; the simple, homely scene being invested with a pervasive poetry suggestive of, yet very different from, Millet's best.

Three examples of the Düsseldorf school still linger: an Oswald Achenbach—hardly noticeable—and two by Andreas, exceedingly beautiful marines of this lately so highly esteemed artist.

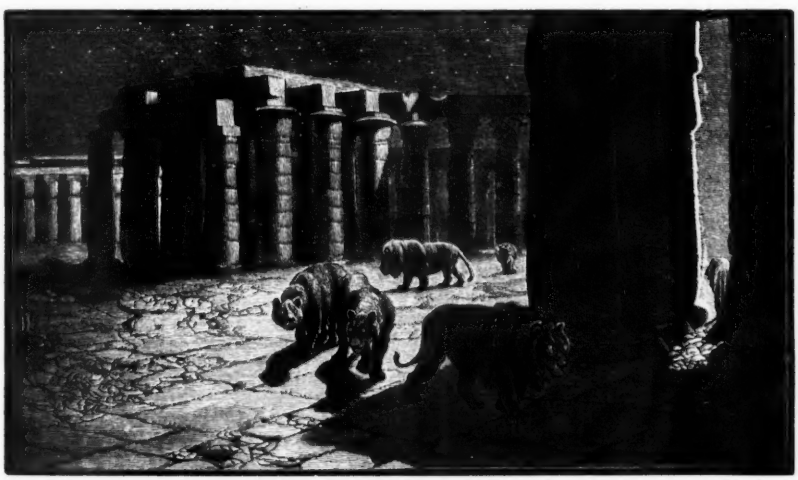
The English school is not numerously but quite sufficiently present in six Alma-Tademas, a Millais, four Boughtons, Briton Rivière's "Night Watch," and a few others. Tadema appears to be a great favorite with Mr. Walters, and much space in the catalogue is given to explanations of his pictures and eulogies of them by English critics. Nearly all are large and important works—"Sappho," shown at the Royal Academy in 1881, and "Claudius" at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, at which the artist obtained a first-class medal. It is upon "Sappho" that the catalogue lavishes the greatest notice, quoting at length from the London *Academy*, *Saturday Review* and *Athenæum*; but allowing all that

the British critics claim for its brilliancy of illumination, purity of coloring, grace of design and careful finish, Comyn Carr's remark that "Mr. Tadema's painting has always the note of absolute vitality," seems to me the reverse of the truth; and that amid the artist's multifarious cleverness there is something almost mechanical in his archæological details, theatrical rather than dramatic in his composition, and painfully lifeless in his figures—in short, that his paintings, though marvels of care, patience, refinement, intelligence, and dexterity, lack genius.

The few American works presumably find a place by reason of Mr. Walters' acquaintance with the artists, etc., as they are in no sense representative; and a number of the foreign pictures could be advantageously weeded out, as they probably will be in time, for the collection is being constantly improved and additions made with taste and judgment.

It is not the purpose of this article to describe the magnificent collection of rare Oriental porcelains, lacquers, carved ivories, jades and bronzes. It numbers nearly 3,000 pieces, recently classified and arranged, but not yet numbered and catalogued, and includes many rare varieties of Old Chinese and Japanese, among them an entire case of peach-blow vases, several of which are much finer than the Morgan "peach-blow." The latest addition to the curios is the cup of transparent enamels, modeled after an illustration of one said to have been possessed by Benvenuto Cellini, and built up experimentally by an almost incredible number of firings extending over many months.

Should the other possessors of valuable collections imitate the commendable example of Mr. Walters by giving public exhibitions, the advocates of maintaining the present thirty per cent. duty on the importation of foreign paintings would probably find their cause shorn of much of its popularity, since even now pictures imported for public museums are by law exempt, and the same reason would to some extent apply to the great private galleries so opened. Mr. Walters having paid the duty—at least on his many recent purchases—which the people of the United States through their representatives demand, now returns good for evil by admitting all his fellow-citizens who can afford the small admission fee to the enjoyment of the most elegant and luxurious of his possessions.



'THE NIGHT WATCH." (By Briton Rivière.)

MORGAN'S SPRING.

1775–1825.

THE horse was worn as he tottered down
To Potomac's ford at Shepherdstown;
The rider was stooped and weary and pale—
He hardly had strength to tell the tale
That the fire in their hearts had leaped from the guns
Of Massachusetts' fearless sons:
Their cry was out, as it ought to be,
That every man had a right to be free;
"Come to help us!—one and all—
Come with sabre! come with ball!
Come with every drop of blood
Ready to water Freedom's bud!"
Thus he cried to Virginia's sons;
Out came horses, out came guns:
Women said "Go!" and women kissed—
Never a man at the call was missed.

Warm blood leaped; brave men were strong,
Answering the cry and joining the throng,
Gathering from hall and cabin to bring
Their lives to pledge at Morgan's Spring.
(There was no name for its crystal then;
It now shrines "Morgan's Minute-Men;"
Grateful hearts to its waters bow,
And murmur thanks for that solemn vow.)
Stern were the faces, and coarse were the coats,
Yet words lost their way in quivering throats;
Hands wrung hands in quick good-bye;
Many a tear came to many an eye
To backward go with a cruel thrill;
For women and all bid their hearts be still.
Husband, wife, maid, and every one
Knew but one duty, and it was done.
Prayers went up; men knelt them down
And swore to ride to Boston Town;
To help their brethren—far away—
Who dared to open Freedom's Day.
Some one said—of the gathering there—
"No one asks his life to spare:

But, if it pleaseth Freedom's God
To keep a few above the sod,
Let us—fifty years from this—
Swear to come and greet with kiss
Each other, and the sod we 've won;
And hope a nation's benison."
Sabres sprang out, ramrods rang,
Crossing in mid-air with a clang;
True as the sound of steel's sharp ring
Was that oath that day at Morgan's Spring.
The rider went on to carry the cry
South of Potomac murmuring nigh.
North rode the men in an eager horde—
Splashing, dashing Potomac's ford—
Riding valley and mountain crown
In a bee-line for Boston Town.
One hundred and twenty Virginia men,
You wreathed your brows with glory then!
Had the battle gone, and the land been lost,
You offered yourselves as a holocaust!
Time, as it rings through its corridors,
Has hailed you o'er men emperors!

Oh, what a sight in the morning sun
Gladdened the face of Washington!
Dust-clad, weary, with sabre and ball,
Came the "Minute-Men," one and all,
From nigh six hundred miles away—
Each man a life to spend in the fray—
And stood in line as the chief rode down,
And asked, "Whence came you to Cambridge Town?"
Morgan reported, with soldier's pride:
"We come from Potomac's southern side."
Down from his horse the chieftain came,
Nor said a word, nor asked a name;
But grasped each hand with hearty grip,
Greeted each look with trembling lip;
His tongue was speechless with glad surprise;
Joy flew straight from his heart and eyes;
Yet down his cheek ran silent tears
To welcome Liberty's Pioneers.
They thought of their homes, of their stern farewell,
Here were tears. Oh, who can tell
What heaved the breasts of the "Minute-Men!"
How soft or stout their hearts were then!

Passing years tore a naked land;
War singed it clean with its scorching hand;
But the men who saw the tears that morn
Never winced when fighting, or starving, or torn.
A nation sprang up. A flag flew out;
Freedom was born; and a glorious shout
Went up from the earth that a cause was won—
The work of heroes was done: well done.
Back to the cabin, and back to the hall,
S'raggled the few to tell of the fall

Of the many brave ones who swore that day
To lot with their brethren, far away.
Then women wept: but not till then;
Now, their cause was the cause of the silent men.

When time has fifty years unwound,
Steps are heard on Hallowed Ground;
And three old men together cling,
To keep their oath—at Morgan's Spring.

Charles McIlvaine (Tobe Hodge).

"T' OTHER MISS NORIE."

BY MARAH ELLIS.

JEST read that ovah again, please, honey. It sutenly do soun' familia' like—kind o' like a song I must a' heard some'rs; I done heard it afore, shuah."

"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep," read the low clear voice of a girl who was reclining lazily in the rough-hewn dug-out under the shade of a water-kissed cypress. "A heap o' them verses sound as if they ought to be songs—don't they, Poll? I reckon I must have read that chapter to you before," and she propped herself on one elbow and looked across at her companion—a stalwart negro past middle age, and with a skin so black that only the unadulterated blood of Africa could have filled his veins. But in the race of Ham there must have been some to be laid under no bonds but those of affection, for this ebony face, with its straight features, had none of the submission of servitude in it; and the massive head and shoulders were joined by a full round column that would serve as a model for the throat of the god whose name his master had laughingly given him long ago, which had gradually been shortened from Apollo to Poll; and of late years he was known through all the land and water within their ken as "Miss Norie's Poll."

It was Miss Norie, herself, who lay in the dug-out on a soft fragrant bed of reeds—a slim figure in a loose gown of unbleached muslin and peculiar make. The sleeves were wide and loose, and one fell back from the rounded arm and smooth hand adorned with one ring—a curious one on which two opals gleamed and angrily reflected a slanting ray of the sun, while the owner gazed idly at Poll's ruminative visage as he loosened the glistening fish from the hook and dropped the set line back into the water.

"Mebbe as how yeh did, Miss Norie, hon'; ye've done read it nigh all to me, I reckon. But"—and dropping his chin on the clasped black hands, his eyes looked down into space beyond the confines of the bayou—"but it do seem further back—a heap further back; sort o' like things yeh dream an' ain't quite shuah of—er as if ye'd heard it in some other time what ye'd lived. Yo' know how I mean, chile?"

"Yes," and the girl nodded seriously,

dreamily, without looking at him. "I know. Bess scolds when I speak about dreams, but they *will* come, Poll, even if she does say it's wicked to set any store by them; an'—an' *he* says it's all truck an' voodoo fancies, an' unchristian. Is it unchristian, Poll? How can it be wicked when the thoughts will come, an' yeh can't keep 'em away?"

"Jes' so," assented Poll. "Ain't no voodooism. What Miss Bess know of voodoo? Nothin' 't all. Humph! Some o' these white folk reckon they know heaps. They's a mighty sight o' difference in people's min's about 'ligions; some has one, some has t'others. Jes' like the brick-layers of the Babel tower had different ways o' talkin'; an' each, I reckon, done said all the rest was wrong 'cause they could n't un'stand de talk. Miss Bess is powerful likely to measure other people's cohn in her half-bushel. Wicked!" and the black velvety eyes glistened indignantly: "Well, I reckon t'other Miss Norie and Marse Lou was pattern 'nough to go by, and I done heard 'em talkin' 'bout lessons and signs dreams brought to folks, and neither of 'em eveh said it wa' wicked, an' if one o' them chillen thought it wa' right the other wa' shuah to—alles like that; but I done tell you all about them afore."

"Yes, but tell me about them again; did n't they neveh get tired o' being together?"

"Neveh," Poll said decidedly, as he picked up the paddle and pushed the boat through the still waters, taking care to keep close to shore, where the sun would not fall on his precious freight. "Neveh, hon'; jest 'peared as if they wa'nt two people—jest as if they was one soul, an' one set o' thoughts divided up in two bodies; that 's what my Maum Saida used to say offen an' offen."

"Mighty wise she was, Poll!"

"Mighty wise, Miss Norie; she could see an' tell lots o' things what lay hid from other folk; used to scare dem niggahs most to death sometimes, an' you'd better b'lieve if there was any doin's to we all's big house, there was always a nice snack sent down to Maum Saida's cabin. Even de ole marse was glad to keep on de good side o' her, a fearin' she 'd make a work foh 'em, an' I reckon she could a done it—mebbe so, mebbe not."

But the tone expressed clearly his opinion that his Maum Saida was competent to weave any number of charms required.

"Been dead a long time, Poll?"

"She been gone a long time," amended the black, darting the boat out into the current to escape a huge moccasin hanging from a limb under which they were about to pass; "seems a mighty long time to them as is left. It was jest afore the wah she done left us. She knew all along she was goin', even when marse doctor could n't see nothin' ailin' her, an' she tole our Marse Dupre the wah wa'nt a goin' to end right foh the South. Lordy! how he look black an' say a cuss word; but Maum Saida she hold up her fingah—long, thin fingahs she had, like a lady, only black—an she say kind o' slow, 'Don't cuss at me, Marse Torm, 'cause I might lose my temper; don' forgit Marse Lemone.' Well, Marse Torm kind o' looked ondecided, an' then he laughed an' say good-natured like, 'Well, well, Saida, I won't swar, so go on wi' yo' prophecies'

"Yeh see, Marse Lemone was overseer on we all's plantation where I was bawn, an' he tried to make her tell who her chile's father was. It was a black man—yeh can tell that by my hide—but she had n't evah been married to no one, an' she jest sot still when they asked her, an' wouldn't say one word, an' she neveh *did* tell neither, not even to me; an' some they 'lowed as how it was a devil, cause she nevah would go to preachin' meetin', an' nevah seemed to look at no niggah on the place. Marse Lemone he done ax her, an' she say nothin' 't all; then he swore he'd make her fin' her tongue, an' he took her by the arm an' led her out front o' the cabins with an' ox-whip in his hand; an' she say some tauntin' thing to him as the rest couldn't heah right—Ole Maum Hepsy done tol' me 'bout it long after—an' what she say to him, whatevah it was, jest made him rave, fo' he struck her six times with the ox-whip, an' say, 'Now will yeh speak, yeh black witch;' an' she jest say quiet an' slow so as all could heah her, 'Marse Lemone, yo' can beat me till I drop, an' I'll not tell yeh to-day; but if yo' come heah to-morrow an' are able to give me more strips o' the whip with that han' o' yours—*that same*

han'—I promises to tell yo' all yeh wants to know.' An' then she pick me up offen the groun', an' walked off kin' o' laughin' in a way Maum Hepsy say 'ud make yo' blood run cole to heah. An' the nex' mawnin,' word done come to the quarters as how Marse Lemone had a stroke—couldn't move the right side o' he face *nor he right arm.* They come a runnin' to Maum ask'n' o' her if she could help him, for she had cured lots o' niggahs o' ailments, but she laughed when they came foh help to Marse Lemone: 'Tell him,' she say, 'that if he goes an' learns the secrets o' the serpent in the swamps, an' the roots what grow in the groun' he can cure he'self, jest as I did o' the marks he give me with the ox-whip.' An' then she stripped the dress down offen her shoulders, an' the niggahs nigh dropped to the groun', foh her back wah smoove as yo' han' this minute, hon'—not a sign of a swellin' er nothin', though the stains o' the blood wa' still on her waist whah that whip had cut her. Well, yo'd better b'lieve them niggahs wah mighty careful not to raise her temper after that. An' ole Mistess she sutenly wa' mad when she hear that Marse Lemone had struck one of her niggahs with a whip; it wa' the first time one had evah been used on a woman on that plantation; an' he got his discharge yo' better b'lieve, hon'—no whippin' niggahs on we all's place I can tell yeh! An' that's what Maum meant when she say, 'Don't forgit, Marse Lemone.'

"An' while they was a talkin' that day, my Maum Saida layin' on the baid, an' Marse Torm settin' aside her, young Marse Lou done come to the doe for me to get a boat out to carry them down the creek, an' close ahind him came t'other Miss Norie, slim an' white like a lily bud. They stood in the doe a-holdin' each by the han's jest like little pickaninnies would, an' Maum Saida she watched them a talkin' an' lookin' in each other's eyes a goin' down the lane; an' then she said to Marse Torm (I was fixin' an oar-lock jest outside the doe an' heard it, an' she say): 'Marse Torm, I won't be heah long in this form to ax questions or interfere, but have yo' any objections to tellin' me what yo' goin' to do with them two?' an' she nodded her head towards them chillen, —he wa' twenty-two an' she wa' eighteen that summer time. An' Marse he say, 'I'se goin' to send yo' Marse Lou a travelin' next yeah—to a country across seas where he can finish his studies an' his pictuah paintin' fancies;' cause yeh know he allers all his life was boun' to be an artist as they call it, an' some o' the pictuahs he done painted an' hung on the walls in the big house could a' most talk—sure 'nough they could. An' when Marse Torm say he wa' to travel far countries Maum Saida lay quiet a little, an' then she ax, 'An' my baby? My little Miss Norie?'

"Marse Torm he laughed a little an' say, 'I reckon there's some young planters 'round heah would be mighty glad to take her off my han's;' an' he turned to go, when she stopped him:

"'Marse Torm,' she say in her slow kind o' way, 'yo' an' me was nussed at the same breast. The fust o' my blood what evah bowed to a mawstah was brought foh a slave to yo' family generations ago. We haint multiplied, but we been faithful. When slavery ends it will leave jest one o' our blood on yo' han's. Now yo' gettin' on in yeahs, Marse Torm, an' the wah 's a comin'. Yo' don' know how yo 'll come out; all looks dark—dark when I try to see; but I hope there won't be no marryin', no change foh Miss Norie, and no separatin' them two chillens; an' I hope my boy, my Poll, will be let watch ovah them—together—so long as he lives—an' that will be all the' lives, for I'm mighty much afeared theirs will not be long—not so very long, Marse Torm. Let them live their days out in peace together—no marriage, no travel, only jest their two own selves heah on the ole place. If our blood has been faithful to yo', any worth while, jest promise that afore I go—that they won't be separated?'

"Marse Dupre he walked back an' for'ard twice, an' then he sot down aside of her again. 'Saida,' he say, 'Gord knows the truth an' the love an' the faith to our family is what money can't evah pay foh. I'se been a thinkin' of it offen, an' jest o' late I done had the papers made out foh you an' Poll, 'tendin' to give 'em to yoh at Christmas time; but I might as well tell yoh now that yoh an' yo' boy Poll is free. Yeh

THE PROPHECY.

need nevah leave the ole place—I hope yoh nevah will—but it rests with yoh an' yo' boy now as to whether yo' sticks to the ole family or not.'

"Lordy, how that oar-lock did shake in my han's, an' it sutenly did seem as if there wa' a dozen oar-locks there, foh the water wa' so thick in my eyes I could hardly see. That wa' the happiest day—the happiest hour o' my life."

The black closed his eyes a moment as if to catch for one fleeting moment the vision of that far-off memory, and then he paddled on in silence under the shade of the moss-draped cypress. The girl, never tiring of hearing the stories of lives so different from that in the Carolina swamps, tapped her foot against the side of the boat:

"Go on, Poll—go on—what next?"

"I scacely know what nex', Miss Norie. I wa' all trembly like with gladness; 'not that I wa' any bettah off—no one could be much bettah off than to be owned by Marse Torm Dupre—but it wah jest the idea o' *freedom!* They's a heap o' meanin' in that word, hon', specially when ye've thought ovah the likeliness o' bein' sold away from the ole place in case Marse Torm died. I nevah wah sold, nor none of my blood, 'cept two what wa' brought from the ship to the oldest of Marse Dupre's; the fust o' the family to come from France, Maum Saida done tole me, bought them two what wa' sold. They wa' man and wife, Pendjo an' Huba, an' Marse Dupre's overseer he done make the bargain an' counted out the money foh 'em; an' they said when he, Pendjo, saw the shiny gold bits traded foh him an' Huba, he jest shake his head like a big bull an' say some words the white folks could n't un'rstan', an' then he struck her with some white shiny thing, an' she fell down like dead, an' the blood a runnin' from her breast; an' then he turns it on his own self an' dropped with that bowie knife a stickin' in his heart. Huba she done got well an' live till she wah mighty ole, an' the marse an' family kep' her to do light work in the house an' she nevah had no heavy work, 'cause they say she wa' different from the other niggahs—jest like a bit o' fine delicate chiny, only painted black.

"Well, Miss Norie, that was the first of our family in slavery, an' they lived there on the ole plantation an' wa' nusses an' sich, an' nevah an unkin' word till that time with Marse Lemone; so yeh know how it would be to fear an' dread that all the smoove ole happy days might end with Marse Torm; an' ye see the place was leff to him so he could n't will it as he pleased—it was to go to some next o' kin, an' Marse Torm was a mighty high liver an' had n't much left but the lan' an' the niggahs; an' to heah him say there nevah need be no feah of a change mastah foh me, well, yo'd bettah b'lieve it made my head swim roun' like a dugout with a green han' in a swiff current. Well, I wah so excited ovah that one idee o' freedom that I didn't heah rightly what followed till I heard marse a sayin': 'So long as they ain't brother an' sister I don' see how they 's to live allers together 'less it is as man an' wife.'

"Maum give a sort of moan like, an' I could see through a chink that she had her han's ovah her eyes, and marse was a standin' a lookin' out o' the doe; and then she say a kin' o' pleadin' like:

"'Don', Marse Torm—don' nevah mention that word 'marry' twixt them two; they souls, they thoughts b'long to each other; but it aint the sort o' love to make 'em marry. That love aint got nothin' o' earth in it, Marse Torm; there aint nothin' to liken it to as I knows; they don't make no love talk, but I knows that they nevah could imagine a sun risin' or settin' while they lives without its rays a fallin' on them two together, with their han's a claspin'; he look on her as a saint—jus' that; he couldn't think o' her as his wife or any other man's—that would kill all they best thoughts of each other; she could n't nevah mo'e be his saint—his little white-souled sister; she could n't nevah mo'e hold his han's an' look at him with clear, puah eyes. I tell yo' they b'longs to each other by a love we all can't measure, Marse Torm. I can see little ways in they hearts—not far. My eyes has done looked on sin in my life, an' that blin's we all to readin' such natures, jest as if yeh look at the burnin' sun an' then at the whitest lily flower that grows, an' that lily flower shuah to have spots on it.'

"Marse Tom, he put his han's ovah his eyes, but made no answer; and then Maum Saida she say: 'They, neither of 'em, have long lives ahead—that's true, Marse; so try an' let what time they 've got be lived just as they is now; do that, an' take back my freedom—'taint nothin' to me now; I's done promised a freedom greater than it. An' if I get any power in the other life—we don't, none of us, know what will be given us; but I've watched them two chillen, an' the' love, a growin' like two flowers till it's deah to me as it is to them, an' I allow to help them guard it—whether I'm livin' or whether I'm gone. I'll fight foh power to keep close to them, an' *I'll git it*, Marse Torm; it may take time, but I'll sutenly git it, an' it will be all right at last. But I's afraid I can't see clear no mo'e, an' I's afraid they may have sorrow an' sufferin' afo'e I can git back.'

"Marse Torm, he done stan' an' look at her while she weh talkin', and he sutenly did have a curious look on he face, and then he say: 'Yo' not well, an' yo' fancy queer things; yo' better lay still and take a sleep now. Yo's been faithful Saida, an' I'll see that things are as yo' want 'em 'bout the chillen as nigh as I can, Saida—as nigh as I can.'

"An' then he held out he han' to my Maum Saida; she done kist it two-three times, an' then he pick up his hat an' walk out, an' I slipped round the cabin an' down to the crick whah the chillen wah waitin' foh me to fetch that oar.

"Lor', honey, chile, how that one day do stan' out clear in my min'. It was a warm, dozy sort of day, an' I paddled 'em down the crick, close along in the shade, jest as I'm a doin' now, and every dip—dip o' the paddle kep' a sayin': 'You's free—you's free,' an' the leaves seemed to whisper it till I done look two-three times at the chillen to see if they heard it, an' every bird what called to they all in the woods kep' a sayin', 'Free—free! free—free! free—free!' I reckon they always had said the same, but I nevah noticed it afo'e or since as I did that one day. The chillen they done ax was I sleepin', 'cause I did n't 'pear to hear what they said to me once-twice. They had the bible—same one in yo' han's now, chile; t'other Miss Norie was powerful fond o' readin' it—an' that day they wa' just openin' it by chance, an' readin' whatever verse they put they finger on without lookin', and—foh the good Lawd !"

He stopped suddenly, and stared in a puzzled way at the girl and at the book, while she looked lazily surprised at this outburst.

"What 's the matter, Poll ?" she asked, a little startled by his tone and expression.

"It sutenly do seem strange," he said, as if to himself; "it sutenly do seem strange."

The words were slowly impressive; his eyes, with a curious glint in them, were on the girl's lovely flower-like face.

"Why don't yeh speak, Poll? What are yo' thinkin' of?" she asked, half sharply, half coaxingly.

"Jest about the verse yo' done read me a little while back, about 'a foldin' o' the han's to sleep;' it sounded mighty natural, an' now I recollec' that am the very same one 't other Miss Norie read that day in the boat, jest as we are now, only that day wa' mo' beautiful, 'cause that wa' the day I wah made free; nevah be no mo'e days like that to me."

"Maybe it 's foh me this time, Poll ?" said the girl ruminatively, looking at her reflection in the dark waters.

"You! Why, Miss Norie, hon', you all nevah wa' anything but free!" broke in the black.

"Yes, I know," she nodded; "free that way, but there 's another way o' bein' freed—like yo' Maum Saida an' like my Papa Lou, you tell me of, that I never saw; that is bein' free. Bess says it 's dying, but I 'd rather think yo' way; an' sometimes—sometimes I think I 'll be glad when it comes to me." Her face was a childish one, but the look in the eyes was anything but childish as she spoke.

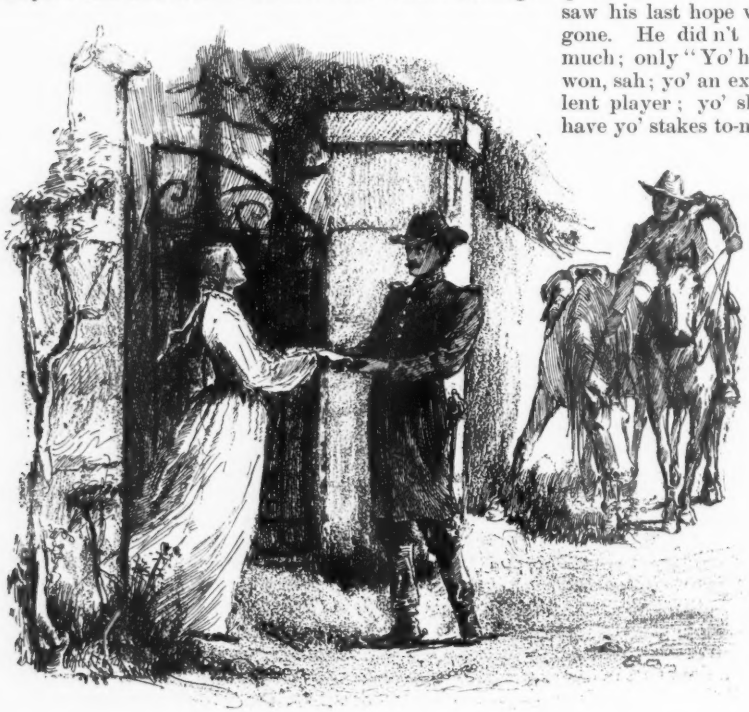
The black gazed at her with his big eyes like a faithful dog, and leaning forward patted her foot lovingly with his long, black hand.

"Don't, Miss Norie, don't speak like that; haint I tried to help yo' ferget all the worries evah since yo' was a little chile? But I 's only a niggah; I could n't say nothin' 'bout yo' marryin'; de white folks had to 'tend to that. But some day maybe yeh 'll be mo'e contented like."

XUM

"But nothin' can make me free," she answered slowly, "except to sleep like Papa Lou an' like t' other Miss Norie; she died through havin' to marry the wrong one—the one she did n't care for—did n't she?"

"Nobody evah said that right out," answered Poll slowly; "but if Maum Saida had lived she 'd a said it shuah 'nough. It sutenly wa' curious, her marryin'. She had done sent Marse Jack Holcombe 'bout his business two-three times. It wa' the fust yeah o' the wah. Marse Lou he done gone to fight the Yankees; an' Marse Jack he wa' at his plantation neah to we alls, on a furlough cause o' wound in his arm—a sort o' fast young gen'l'man, 'specially with cards; an' durin' that furlough he had a card party. He an' Marse Torm offen had played together with other gen'l'men, but that night the playin' dwindled down to he an' my marse, an' then they played in earnest, desperate, an' Marse Torm a losin', an' his face a gettin' whiter an' whiter, an' he a hopin' every turn o' the cards would give back what he had lost; an' I knowed mighty well he had n't much o' his own to bet with, 'cause things were gettin' behin' like on the plantation 'cause o' the wah, an' the niggahs a goin'. At the last game they writ the stakes on bits o' paper, an' when Marse Torm got up out o' that cheer I saw his last hope wah gone. He did n't say much; only "Yo' have won, sah; yo' an excellent player; yo' shall have yo' stakes to-morrow. Poll, get my hawse. I bid you good-night, sah.' Marse Jack followed him to the doe, an' spoke somethin' I could n't heah, only Miss Norie's name. Marse Torm only looked at him an' bowed, jest as if he could n't speak, an' walked out; an' I heard him sayin' low-like: '*All —even honor!*'



THE PARTING.

"It was nigh mawnin' when we got home. Marse jest walked up an' down, up an' down the lawn till he saw Miss Norie's window open, an' then he went

straight in an' up to her room. No one evah knowed what passed atween 'em, but away late he come down the stai's with her on his arm a lookin' mo'e white an' delicate than evah. A letter was done writ an' sent to ax Marse Jack to dinner; an' that evenin' it wah tol' to all that our Miss Norie gwine to marry Marse Jack at once afore he went back to wah, an' no one evah heerd 'bout that night ovah the cards. But Marse Torm Dupre wa'nt nevah the same man again. He allers had been kind o' dashy even when his hair war all gray, but it seemed to whiten all to once, an' he nevah 'peared able to sit in the same room again with Miss Norie; an' she would answer him soft an' gentle allers, but nevah a lookin' up in he eyes as she used to. Well, the weddin' come off in two weeks, and Marse Lou away an' knowin' nothin' 't all 'bout it. Marse Dupre done call me to him the night afore, an' tell me my young mistress had a message to send with me to young Marse, who wa' up nigh Richmon'; an' as I was free I could stay if I 'd a mind to, an' if Marse Lou wanted me; if not, to be shuah the old place would always be my home. I wa' glad he tol' me to stay away if I wanted, foh I could n't look on that chile's lily-white face without a heart-ache. She put that book yo' wah readin' in my han's, an' that ring yo' got too. 'Give 'em to him, Poll,' she say, her po'e lips a tremblin'; 'the book we have done read together. I will nevah read it again. The ring he has the mate to. Maum Saida give 'em to us as a charm to bind our thoughts to each other. I have no need of a charm foh that; tell him so. I must not write to him, but tell him livin' or dead I shall remember we had always hoped when death come we could lay down to rest side by side; but it can't be now, I reckon; and yo' tell him, Poll, as nigh as you can, how much I shall remember. Do this foh the sake of yo' Maum Saida, who loved us both so well.'

"I promised and then said good-by and left her. I can't nevah tell how I broke the newes to Marse Lou. I know he dropped to the groun' like as if he war shot; he wan't nevah strong framed, always kind o' delicate featured, only his eyes had a strong look, but not strong enough to bear that newes. I cried like a chile when he come to, an' I had to tell him all she say, an' put the book an' the ring in his han'. He put the ring on his fingah 'longside of its mate; both o' 'em was of silver made of two little slim snakes twisted together, only on one the snakes' heads was of two opals an' the other was of moonstone."

The girl glanced down at her own hand with the gleam of silver snakes and opals on it as she dragged it through the water.

"Yes," nodded the black; "that the one Maum Saida done give Marse Lou—nevah knowed whah she got 'em. Well, honey, from that day on it did seem as if Marse Lou was a huntin' foh death in that wah; reckless don't 'spress the way he fought; but he always come out cleah. Jest once we went home to the ole place; it war when Marse Dupre died, jest at the close of the wah. He war mighty low when we got there. Marse Lou went in an' talked to him alone a long time, an' when he came out o' that room he say to me, 'Poll,' he say, 'my life heah is ovah. Yo' is free to choose yo' own road; will yeh go with me, er will yeh stay on the ole place?' An' I jest say, 'Take me 'long, Marse Lou. My Maum Saida done make me promise to watch ovah yo' two, long as I lived; Miss Norie, she's out o' my reach now some way; but if yo' want me, so long as they's breath in me I'll serve ye, as Maum Saida 'tended I should.' An' he jest reached out his han' an' took mine, an' neither of us could say any mo'e, 'cause the teahs war thick in his eyes at the mention o' Miss Norie I reckon. We stopped to say good-bye to her, an' Marse Lou sent a message up to the house an' waited in the avenue. She come down through the trees, lookin' slimmer an' whiter than evah; an' Marse Lou sort o' shut his eyes tired like as she come closer an' he could see her lily-white face that had a scared look in it. She come close up an' put out both her han's to him as if all her heart, all her life, we' in them. It warn't much, honey, that holdin' out her han's to him, but the way she did it made me turn away my head 'cause the teahs from my eyes was a droppin' on the bridle reins I held, an' I can't think of it now without feelin' like a big baby. She saw it, my little mistress, an' come ovah to me: 'Yo' are sorry foh us, ain't

yeh, Poll?' she say, jest like as if she was a little chile again. 'I know yeh is—Gord bless yeh; yo' could nevah be anything but faithful; 'taint in yer blood.' An' then she turned to him again: 'Yo' would n't come to the house, Lou?' she asked; an' he said through his teeth shut close, '*His house?* No, the temptation to murder if I should meet him might be too strong;' an' then he spoke quieter like when he saw the fright on her face. 'Don't be afeared—I'm goin' away; don't try to splain—I know all. Yo' are taken away from me. Yo' the other half o' my life, my little saintly sister! In this life yo' can nevah be give back to me the same; but there is another one, they say, an' in it yo' may come back. We can't tell; but if it can be so, pledge me heah with Saida's ring that if in yo' power that sometime in some life our han's shall meet. An' pray that we may lay down to rest side by side at last.' He wa' so earnest. an' his voice it did sound curious; an' she a standin' there a lookin' at him, her lips a movin' as if she war goin' ovah every word as he spoke. they sutenly did look like witchery. An' then she say, in the same curious way, 'Give me back the ring;' an' he kissed it an' put it on her white fingah. 'It is what Saida meant it foh,' he said, an' then he kissed the two little han's and looked in the deah blue eyes, an' we nevah saw t'other Miss Norie again.

"Marse Lou he come up heah on these flats an' took this place out o' sight an' hearin' o' the world, as yeh might say; then he went up to the mountains, an' got yo' ma an' married her. He nevah had no notion of it till, I think, he felt that he must have something to tie him here or he'd break his word an' go back whah Miss Norie was. He an' yo' ma got 'long well 'nough, though she warn't of his sort. Yo' haint a mite o' yo' ma in yo', honey. Yo' b'longs to the ole family entire. Well, Miss Norie, sometime that marryin' did seem a shame 'cause they wan't much suited like. Did nevah qua'l none them, but he'd just go on shootin' an' fishin' trips foh days, an' then when he war home he'd read an' study ovah the books he an' t'other Miss Norie used to read; but the brushes an' the paints he nevah touched again. The last pictuah he made war of Miss Norie afore he went to the wah, an' it 'peared jest as if he couldn't touch 'em, I reckon 'cause he knew it would be her face always that would look out from anything he tried to paint.

"He nevah seemed able to talk much to yo' ma nor she to him, though they was kind 'nough to each other. He had her sister, Miss Bess, come down an' live heah a spell foh comp'ny long as she could stand lonesomeness; an' then yo' ma, she'd go an' visit her folks in the mountains; and he wa' always mighty gentle like and keerful o' her jest as if to make up foh the thoughts that I knowed war with t'other Miss Norie.

"Offen he'd stan' at sunset if the sky war red, an' he'd say, 'Poll, that's jest the colah it wa' when we said good-bye to yo' little mistress'; and then when we'd be out in the dug-out he'd say, 'Poll, do you mind how one end o' the boat always had to be cushioned foh her with grasses an' leaves 'cause she liked to smell 'em?' an' so on, that I could see he had no thoughts that she hadn't some part in. I mind once, jes' a short time afo'e yo' wa' bawn, he war layin' under the trees on his back with his han's ahind his head foh a piller; the sun wa' shinin' down slantwise through the leaves on his face that looked mighty tired, an' he war a hummin' a song what t'other Miss Norie used to sing offen to him, an' I reckon he liked it so much 'cause her name wa' in it. I mind a few of the words. It went—

> Oh, I have sighed to rest me
> Deep in the silent tomb.
> Oh, Leonora, fare yo' well!

Mighty saddenin' it war. Well, this day he wa' a goin' ovah it low-like, an' then he say, 'Poll,' he say, 'if I should be called to res' an' leave yo', I think yo'd be faithful to them as I might leave ahind. I think yo' would, foh the sake o' me an' yo' Maum Saida'; an' I say, 'To yo' an' yo' blood so long as they's a drop of it what needs me.' It war curious that he spoke 'bout that then, foh 'twant a week till he sickened and died. 'Taint no use, Poll,' he say, when I went to dosin' him with herbs, 'taint no use; it's good-bye, Poll, for a little while. Las' night yo' Maum Saida war heah—it seemed so; an' it won't be so very long to say good-bye, maybe, maybe not; none of us can

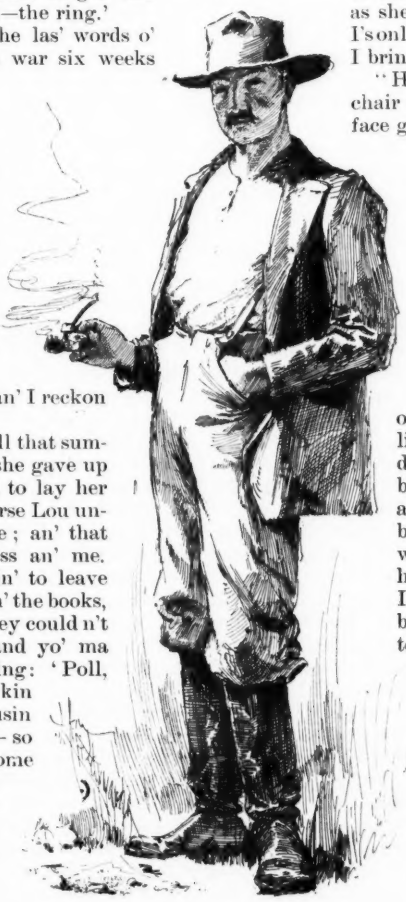
see clear far ahead. But when the breath is gone out o' me, take the ring offen my fingah—yo' Maum Saida's ring; it's to go on the hand o' my chile what I'm nevah to see—not in this form. I've done tole yo' mistress; she understan's; take good care of her an' o' the chile, an' min' the ring—it is a weddin' ring o' two souls. Don't forget—the ring.'

"An' them wa' the las' words o' my Marse Lou. It war six weeks afo'e yo' wa' bawn, an' a little lily-bud yo' sutenly was. 'Little Miss Norie!' I say the fust time I set eyes on yeh, 'cause even as a baby yo' wa' the pictuah o' her; and yo' ma, she kin' o liked the name, an' she say, 'It 'ud please yo' Marse Lou powerful to have her call' that, an' I reckon we will.'

"She war ailin' all that summer, an' in the fall she gave up entirely an' we had to lay her out thar aside o' Marse Lou under the big oak-tree; an' that lef' yo' to Miss Bess an' me. Marse had n't nothin' to leave yo' 'cept this place an' the books, an' yo' ma's folks they could n't 'ford to keep yo'; and yo' ma she say the las' thing: 'Poll, take the baby to his kin—to the lady cousin she's called foh'—so that's how I done come to tote yo' down thar to Marse Jack's place, only to find t'other Miss Norie's grave.

"Marse Jack Holcombe wasn't no way civil—kind o' fat he'd got, and red in the face an' eyes, an' he looked sort o' scared when I done held yo' up afo'e him, foh yo' war the image o' t'other Miss Norie.

"'Whose brat is that?' he say surly like: an' I jes' looked at him an' I say, 'It am Miss L'norie Dupre, the onlies' chile o' my Marse Lou who am gone;' an' I pointed to the piece o' black calico roun' my hat, an' to the little piece tied roun' yo' arm—it was the onliest sign o' mownin' we all could 'ford, Miss Norie. An' I say, 'Seein' as both her parents wanted that I should bring her to Miss Norie Holcombe, as she is done named for, I's only 'beyin' orders when I brings her heah.'



BOB GRANTHEM.

"He jumped up off the chair whar he sot, an' his face got red as red. 'So!' he say a ragin' like, and lookin' 's if he'd like to pitch us both in the rivah bed—'so! his brat am brought back to be lef' on my hands; I've enough of him an' his breed—none of his name shall evah set foot on lan' o' mine. I cussed him livin', an' I hate him dead. His name has been in this house like a ghost evah since I brought her heah—it war the las' name on her lips. D'ye think I want any of his breed? Take her back to whar ye come from—cuss her! an' yo' too, yeh black savage, foh fetchin' her.'

"I don' know, chile, what took a hol' o' me; but black an' slave-bawn as I war, all to once I done felt myself the ekal o' the man what cussed Marse Lou an' his blood. I don' know whar the words come from—they seemed sort o' put in my mouth foh me to speak, an' I mind 'em now 's ef I'd heard some one else a speakin' 'em. I hol' yo' close to me, and looked at him so red an' puffy with mad, an' I say:

"'Yo' cusses are mad cusses, Marse

Jack Holcombe, an' have no strength. What is to be will be; there is one who is livin' an' three who are gone that's again yo' an' yo' wishes—an' they'll win; the dead maybe have mo'e power than yo' think, an' some day maybe they'll bring little Miss Norie back to the lan' yo' drives her from now; take care how yo' crosses the wishes o' the dead, Marse Jack, 'cause they'll be too strong for yeh—they'll sutenly be too strong for yeh!' I didn't give him no time to answer, but jest turned an' walked down them steps 's if I was totin' a little queen. Out by the gate I met Marse Jack Holcombe's yellah gal, Psyche; she wa' totin' a baby too—a thin, delicate little thing, an' when I axed whose it was she nigh took my breath away, for she say it war little Marse Lou—Miss Norie's baby. It sutenly did seem strange that it should be called that, specially when Marse Jack Holcombe hated the name so. Psyche said he jest raved about it, but Miss Norie, meek as she war mostly, was like iron in that, an' she looked so white an' delicate he could n't very well forbid it without seemin' like a brute; but she said he could n't b'ar the chile anigh him, an' after Miss Norie's death he seemed worse than evah 'bout it. Well, we toted yo' two chillen down to the buryin' groun' to Miss Norie's tomb, an' Psyche done tol' me what war said on it; it wa' '*L'norie Dupre Holcombe, 'parted this life, July* 13, 1867,' and under that wa' writ' a word what we couldn't tell the meanin' of—it wa' '*Resurgam.*'

"The minute she say '13,' I knowed that war the day yo' war bawn, chile—the day t' other Miss Norie went out o' the worl', yo' came into it. It set me to thinkin' till I was nigh dizzy, a tryin' to mind all the things 'bout Maum Saida's an' Marse Lou's sayin's. An' right afo'e me was a little Marse Lou an' Miss Norie a sittin' on t' other Miss Norie's tomb, a holdin' han's an' a cooin'. An' roun' his neck war a little gole chain with a ring on it—the ring my Marse Lou had put on her han' with a pledge; an' the pledge had been lef' to the keepin' o' their chillen. I don' know how I said good-by to Psyche an' got away. I mind yo' two babies kissed each other. Yo' wa' jest of a size. All the way home—part o' the way I footed it, an' then sometimes I 'd get a lift, but all the way home my head war muddled with the thoughts that had done got lodged in it. I use to listen in the night a tryin' to see if any o' the night birds' voices sounded like Maum Saida's, an' a wonderin' when she 'd get power to set things straight, foh she said she would. I minded what she told ole Marse Tom, an' I knowed my Maum Saida would sutenly keep her word."

"An' do yeh think I will go back there some day, Poll—back to t' other Miss Norie's house?"

Poll looked at the questioning face doubtfully. "Don' know, hon', I 'm shuah; I thought yo' might when I said it, but it 's a good many yeahs ago, an' yo' s a woman now—a 'gaged woman, Miss Norie, hon'. I don' see no signs o' yo' evah gettin' back to the ole family now."

The girl dropped her head on the edge of the dug-out, looking at her distorted visage in the water.

"Do you know, Poll," she said at last, "I wish sometimes I was n't engaged."

He made no answer, only sent the slim canoe cutting through the water with swifter strokes.

"I wish Aunt Bess had n't put it in my head, a worryin' because she might die an' leave me all alone but foh yo', Poll—jest as if yo' was n't plenty. I 'm shuah there might as well be no one else on the place for all I see of them; an' he—he aint neah so nice as when he jest managed the island, an' was my teacher. He wanted to kiss me when he went away!"

A vicious push of the paddle almost wheeled the canoe up stream again at this intelligence; the black murmured something lowly under his breath as he righted it, but that was all.

"I told him," continued the girl, "that I 'd nevah kissed any one but yo', Poll, and Aunt Bess, and I did n't allow to begin now with him."

Poll looked at her as she made this statement in the most matter-of-fact way. He himself was the more embarrassed of the two.

"But, Miss Norie, chile, he—he 's to be your husban'—"

"I don't allow to kiss him if he is," said the girl decidedly.

"What did Marse Bob Granthem say to that?"

"He looked mad, but only said I 'd make a nice wife foh a man," she answered indifferently.

The black paddled on, now looking at her laying on the green leaves, her eyes closed lazily, and then again looking steadily down into the dark waters as if for ideas, or speech to express what he had. At last he said:

"I—I reckon, honey, ye 'd bettah tell Miss Bess; she 'll likely explain what—what 's best fo' yeh."

"I don't allow to say a word to her about it," she announced calmly; "she and Mr. Bob Granthem are kinsfolks, and she will side with him—she always does—and oh, Poll! I get so tired o' them an' this way o' livin', an' I wish you could just pick me up again like when I was little and take me right up them white steps into that grand house, and both of us live there all the rest of our lives!" breathed the girl with half closed, dreamy eyes.

"But it wa'nt the Dupre place, Miss Norie, hon'; it war Marse Jack Holcombe's," broke in Poll on her air castles; "an' he, yeh know, wa'nt no friend o' yo' all."

"I know," she nodded; "but I feel as if I b'longed there, Poll. Don't know why, but I do; I feel a heap as if I knew the people there more than I do Aunt Bess an' him. I 've been with them both as long as I can mind, but we don't nevah seem to get acquainted—curious, aint it, Poll?"

Apollo assented mutely, and the girl receiving no comment, continued her ruminations.

"Poll, I 'd like to know what become o' that other baby, the one that has the moonstone ring? he must be big now, as big as me, and I kissed him. I did n't know that; I told Mr. Bob last night I 'd only kissed you and Bess."

"I wish, Miss Norie, there wa' some young ladies 'bout heah foh company foh yo'; it sutenly do seem a shame foh a lady to have no one to talk to but an' ole black man like me; young folks need young folks."

"Yo' aint old," she protested, "an' yo' a heap bettah than any ladies I 've seen. I mind seeing some in a boat on the other branch, an' they had yellow an' pink spotted dresses on, an' laughed at me after we passed them. Bess says it's because I make my dresses like the pictuahs in Papa Lou's bible. I nevah saw any prettier ones to make them like. Bess don't make hers pretty, and I had no other to copy."

"Yo' dresses is all right, honey, chile; 't aint the dresses I 'm thinkin' of; it's the ideas. A niggah like me can't teach yo' much, an' there 's a heap to be learned outside o' the books Marse Bob Granthem teached you from—a heap, Miss Norie."

"He can't teach me any more in them, Poll; he says I know as much about them now as he does," said the girl a little proudly.

"Books is mighty good, but they 's a heap to be learned outside o' them," protested the black. "My Maum Saida had no book learnin', but she wa' counted mighty wise."

"I seem always to know her too, Poll; 'cause you told me so much about her, I reckon."

"I reckon so," answered Apollo; and the two between whom there was such a peculiar friendship—a bond of slavery stronger than had bound most of his race—glided over the still waters of the bayou, ever and anon striking into the river for a space and then again into those interminable sluggish depths that make a perfect network through the cypress forests. On—on sped the canoe under the drooping boughs, sometimes gliding into open lakes in which the globe of the red sun was reflected as if in a mirror, then narrowing until the canoe would creep through channels only a few feet wide where the girl could grasp the swamp flowers as they passed. A strange picture they made, and one that had startled more than one of the few people who ever ventured in the river or tributaries. He, massive as one would want for a model for Pluto, his straight-featured ebony face never turning to the right nor left if they chanced to pass fishermen or huntsmen; and she on her couch of leaves, slim and fair, her dress strange, her eyes always with a wide look of one peering into darkness. The superstitious or fanciful could imagine them anything—those two: Elaine with her dumb ferryman in quest

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of the love that was not to be hers; Ariadne with the sadness of passion in her eyes, gazing from Charon's boat ever across the Styx to catch the light once more that shone for her in Naxos; Proserpine numbly conscious of her fate, moving on to it, yet catching at the blossoms of the bay branches, the moss of the cypress, at all fair things as she passed, in hopes of once more grasping that rare strange flower she had risked Hades for.

Miss Norie and Miss Norie's Poll had been seen for many years speeding over the amber waters of the cypress swamps —strange weird figures who came from none knew where. People dropped their voices at night when speaking of them, and dozens of improbable stories were afloat concerning the strange journeyings of this isolated couple.

"She is Miss Norie," the black had stated once to some fishermen who questioned him, "an' I'm Apollo Dupre. I b'longs to her."

It was no use for them to touch on the question of his freedom:

"I wa' free afo'e the wah begun," he stated proudly, "but I'm Miss Norie's niggah jest the same."

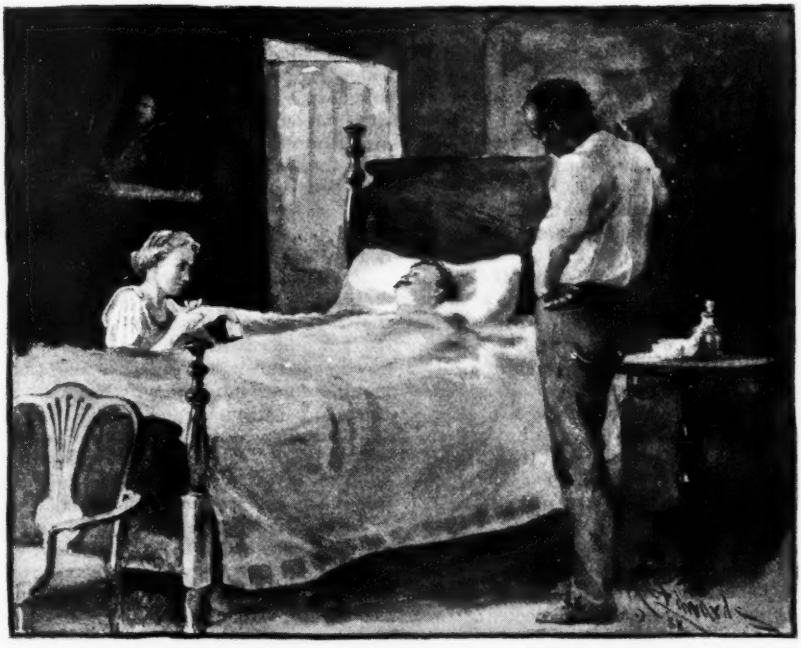
"Does she own any more like you?"

"My mistress don' need no mo', sah; I can take care o' her without help," and the dull flame in the slumbrous eyes told his questioner that it might not be well to twit this slave who clasped the yoke to his own shoulders.

No white man but Bob Granthem in that locality knew aught of the retreat to which the black and his strange freight disappeared. Some more adventurous than others had endeavored to follow the dug-out only to find themselves lodged among the cypress knees or grounded on the black mud of the swamps, but it was generally known or believed that the swamp was unbroken by solid ground at least ten miles back from the river. A few of the older negroes said "mebbe" they could find the old way through the net-work of bayous, but all had a wholesome dread of the uncanny appearing Poll with his giant's stature, his pure Greek features and his ebony skin; and not a black about there could be inveigled by the curious into guiding them to the rumored "dry land" of which no one seemed to have actual knowledge.

Once in a while a young white man and a middle-aged white woman had been seen emerging from some of the numerous branches of water, but they always kept on down the river to the arm of the sound into which it emptied; and sometimes they were seen returning when none had seen them take their departure, so there was supposed to be more than one outlet to the hidden plantation—one possibly to the sound. None of the quartette had ever been seen inside a house in the country; no letters ever came to the fishing stations on the river. Sometimes a canoe would be seen with Poll alone in it with a load of skins of mink, polecat and other small animals, and now and then rich-hued snake-skins that he had in some way cured without loss to their changeful tints, that he sold as charms against rheumatism and numerous ailments; the other skins he found ready sale for at some of the fisheries where the men would buy up anything from the natives, on which they could speculate. But wherever Poll spent the money so earned it was not in those parts, and it was generally believed that the young white man did the purchasing. He, however, exchanged just as few words with the curious as did Poll, though he held none of the peculiar weird interest as did the black, perhaps because he was never seen with the lovely wide-eyed girl.

Even to Bess Haley, her mother's sister, and to young Granthem, who had taught her to read, she and her black ally were creatures they did not understand and did not care to cross. Poll, who like his mother had the gift of wresting from the earth hidden treasures of herb, and root, and mineral, performed many cures that seemed like magic to those mountain people transplanted to the swamps from which Bess half believed the negro had sprung fully matured, holding in his strong black hands a key of knowledge that unlocked all its secrets to him. And Poll's manner toward his Miss Norie was the homage of a slave to a young queen, a certain tone in speaking to her, or of her, that prevented anything like familiarity on the part of the other two.



AT THE BEDSIDE.

So they had lived until Mr. Bob Granthem concluded that in his periodical—often mysterious—trips outside their little world he had seen no one who could compare with this girl, who was a puzzle to him despite his teaching her in the rudiments of education—an education in which she soon distanced him, as the art of reading had opened to her the store of knowledge sealed in the covers of the many books left her by her father, from whom she had inherited those artistic tendencies that enabled her to appreciate much of the beauty in old engravings, over which she would pore and from which she had copied many of the dresses that gave her a strange appearance in the eyes of her mother's kinsfolk.

In the mind of Bess there was always the conviction that through her aristocratic connections she would eventually come into property if there was any one to look after her interests; and consequently she had received Mr. Bob's statement of infatuation with delight, and dwelt continually on the advisability of Miss Norie pledging herself to some one who could take care of her in case of the demise of herself, which she prophesied was not far off.

Norie rebelled at first. She had Poll, and that was enough; but they impressed on her mind that she could not live there alone with Poll the rest of her life. It was something unheard of. And so, little by little, she was persuaded into promising that some day she would be Mr. Bob Granthem's wife. The child, for she was little more despite her womanly height of figure, knew but little of what the title meant. She had seen nothing of domestic life except their own, and had little idea of marital relations, as was proved by her statement to Poll.

The tangle of vines ahead of them grew denser and denser; the stream narrowed until at times the thickets of cane were pushed apart by the canoe and closed behind them, leaving no trace of the narrow, deep run of water that

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crept serpent-like under the cover of reeds.

"She looks for him back to-day, don't she?" queried the girl after a long silence.

"I reckon so. He should 'a' been back yesterday; he had no big load this time. Thar'!—that sounds mighty like him now."

A far-off hallo came faintly to their ears through the jungle, and then a distant dog's bark.

"Yes, that sutenly am Marse Bob Granthem," and Poll drew a bone whistle from his pocket and blew a long, loud call that cut the air like a knife; and, as he resumed the paddling, Miss Norie suddenly raised herself upright, as if with some new idea.

"Poll, let's go by the boiling springs."

"Why, Miss Norie, it 'll take up some time, an' he 's a waitin' fer us."

"Let him," she answered briefly; and then coaxingly, "please, Poll! we have n't been to see them for a week—a whole week."

"That so?" with an air of astonishment as if it was a duty neglected; "then I reckon I'll have to carry you there."

The girl settled down on her couch again, contentedly, while he drove the canoe through brake and bayou until at last it shot out into a great open space, where he paddled slowly and carefully along the edge of reeds and bushes. The cause of his caution was manifesting itself in the fate of some blossoms the girl threw towards the centre of the little lake. They drifted slowly away for a distance, and then as slowly returned, gliding past in a circle; several times they passed, but every circle was narrower than the preceding one, until at last with a quick rush they disappeared in a whirlpool of the clear sparkling water that was different from that of the bayou. A few rods away the level of the lake was disturbed and broken by a boiling-up of the water like that of a kettle over a fire. It was the boiling springs of which the girl had spoken. Day after day she loved to go and gaze on the bewitched water, as Poll called it, and bewitched it seemed—that great fountain, pure and cold, bubbling and flashing up from some secret vein far below the sluggish depths of the swamps; just showing all its brightness for one fleeting glance, and then gliding in still fateful way into the glassiness of that outer circle that drew the bonds of witchery closer—closer, until with one little ripple, as if of laughter, it plunged again into the whirlpool that drew down only the water of the springs, the purest and best, in its charmed circles. The force of that swift current drove back the amber water of the swamps; divided it like a wall from the sparkling, bewitched ripples that went laughing to oblivion, content that for one instant they had reflected the light from heaven.

"I wonder where it will carry the flowers I threw it," queried the girl, looking down into the mirror-like surface, as if it was a human thing to which she had thrown the lilies and the bay bloom.

"Don' know, hon'. I reckon they get pulled to pieces in that whirlpool."

"I don't," she answered. "I think the water must love them because they are so pure an' white; an' away down there I think there is a great cave where the rocks are cool an' mossy, an' there are shells an' flowers that grow under the water, an' through the halls of the cave the water makes sleepy music like the whisper o' the pine when the wind blows, an' every drop of the water that goes from here catches an' carries with it a spark of sunshine to help light the home it runs back to; an' if a flower of our world is given to the water, I think it would be carried so carefully down through the whirlpool until the greenest an' coolest bed of moss was found to lay it on, an' keep as in memory o' one day spent in sight o' the sky an' the sun. An' that, Poll, is where I think the flow ers and the water go."

"I—I reckon so, Miss Norie, hon'," answered Poll, dubiously; "don' know how yo' come to think of it, but I reckon it 's as likely as any other notion 'bout that bewitched water; but yo' ole Poll don' like to see yo' puzzlin yo' head ovah it, an' don' look in it so much, chile, it might lay a spell on yeh; an' I reckon we 'd bettah go home now—he 'll be riled, maybe."

"Yes, we can go now; but I could n't let yo' go the other way when I had n't seen the water for a whole week."

No other words were spoken by the two until they reached a rude landing, where, on fastening the canoe, Poll deliberately picked up Miss Norie in his arms as if she were a child, and strode across the reeking logs until he reached firm, dry soil before putting her down.

"I 'm getting too big to be toted, Poll," she said, laughing a little as he gave her the great bunch of swamp flowers she had gathered.

"I don't allow yo' evah to get too big foh that," and gathering the fish from the canoe into a high basket, he balanced it on his head and followed her along the narrow path that led up an incline to the dry land above the swamp. It was a high level plateau they had reached, that rose from the swamp-land like an island, and was about a mile square—high, dry and fertile in the midst of miles of swamps. It had all been bought by Louis Dupre years before, as a cypress swamp, embracing several miles of the low ground between the river and the sound, with this one bit of high land in its midst, where he and Poll had first built a little cabin, to which additions had been gradually made, until Miss Norie's home was now composed of four cabins, with porches or open hallways between them, all forming around three sides of a little court in which flowers bloomed in tropical luxuriance. Great rugged limbs of the ivy twisted and coiled over the rustic log-walls, throwing out great sprays of tendrils in every direction, and making the place an immense vine-covered bower.

In front of the house was a grove of oak and pine reaching to the swamp. A middle-aged woman was spreading some white cloth on the grass, to bleach in the hot sun. A young man walking back and forth on the centre porch stopped in the manner of one waiting, while he watched the girl coming up through the grove looking like some fair lady of the Eastern lands in her white draperies, followed by the massive black figure, with the tall, jar-shaped basket poised on the head that bore it as if it were a crown.

The young fellow was fairly stalwart, and not bad looking, though with a hulking uncouthness of movement. He was about twenty-five, with good features and a sharp, knowing look in the gray eyes that watched the two with a glint of displeasure in them.

"So you 've got back, Mr. Bob Granthem," the girl said with a listlessness in the soft, slow tones; "we reckoned you 'd come to-day."

"Is that the reason yeh took to the swamps?" he asked grimly.

"No, that was n't the reason," and the voice was a little slower, a little softer; "I jest went because Poll went, and because I wanted to; I always go where I want to," and she turned into the house, giving him no time for remark had he wanted it.

His face flushed angrily, and clenching one hand he struck it fiercely into the palm of the other, with a muttered oath, which he checked suddenly as he noticed Poll still standing near watching him with a curious expression in the steady black eyes.

"Well, what are yo' standing there staring at?" he burst out irritably; "why don't yo' go put them fish away."

"I 's waitin' to know what yeh done call me, foh, Marse Bob," he answered quietly; "I reckoned it was foh some work."

"Yes, yes, of course," said the young fellow, reassured by the quiet tones. "I run across a man on the other cut about two mile back; he was lost in the swamp and is ragin' sick besides. Yo' bettah take some herb stuff an' eatables to him, an' tow him out to the river. I reckon he 's got friends around there, but they 'll have to bury him if he don't get there quick."

"What seems to ail him?"

"Some sort o' fever, I reckon; but I don' know much about sick folks. I give him some crackers an' whiskey, an' told him I 'd send some one. It would n't do to bring him heah, 'cause he might die, and that would be awkward."

"I und'stan', Marse Bob," and in ten minutes Poll was striding across the level fields with a hamper across his shoulders.

"Where's he going, Bess?" asked the girl, as she saw him from the little court.

"A takin' herb roots to a sick man down in the swamp," answered that lady brusquely. "Bob's done been a waitin' on him this hour back, a callin' an' a

yellin' all to no good; I wonder he ain't riled."

"He was," answered the girl, and then walked into the house where the young fellow was smoking a big black pipe.

"I 'm sorry we staid so long, Mr. Bob," she said, standing in the open doorway, her calm, wide eyes making him feel uncomfortable always with their directness. "I 'm real sorry because the sick man had to wait so long for Poll. It was my fault; I wanted to go around by the witched water, and so he took me."

"Of course," nodded the young fellow. "He 'd try and take yeh down to the bottom of it if yo' took a notion to go. Don't yeh think yo' gettin too much of a woman to go around like that alone with a niggah an' in them queer clothes that make folks think yo' crazy?"

"They 's easy and comfortable," she said slowly, looking down at the offending drapery. A loose belt of crimson bird-feathers held the gown in to the slender form. On one side, the skirt was caught up under the belt so as not to impede the feet, and showing under it a shorter skirt of the same material—unbleached muslin. The sleeves were wide, and over the head was a square piece of the muslin pinned into folds, that formed a shelter for the fair face. The whole formed a picture that could only have originated in a mind keenly alive to beauty of form and color; but small wonder if she was classed as insane by those of Mr. Granthem's type.

"It looks heathenish," he persisted.

"Does it?" she asked, smiling a little. "I have a picture in the Bible, of Christ in a dress just like this, only he is bare-head. I liked it in the picture. I don't know how it is on me for looks, but Poll likes it, and I like it, and I don't reckon I 'll make any change;" and she slipped down into a big home-made chair, letting the cover drop from her head to the floor.

She looked so fair, so soft, so sweet, and yet he knew that for all the softness of feature and gentleness of expression, his wishes, his will, could not influence her one iota.

"Where 's the man that 's sick?" she asked, after a long silence.

THE DESERTED HOME.

"Down in the black swamp," he answered laconically.

"I wish I 'd a gone with Poll," she said after a little; "it 's too nice a day to stay indoors."

"Especially if I 'm heah," he added.

"No," she answered, turning her eyes on him indifferently, "not especially; it don't make any difference if you are or not."

"Look heah, Norie," he burst out angrily, "do yo' reckon a man 's goin' to stand this sort o' thing always? Yo' treat me as if I was little account as the dirt under yeh feet."

"Oh, no, Mr. Bob," she said earnestly; "I hope you don't feel that way. You've been good to me often, and I thank you for it; but of course I like to be with Poll best, for he b'longs to me and loves me like no one else ever can, I know."

"Not more than I can—not more than I do, Norie," and he came close to her, dropping his arm around the white shoulders.

She rose to her feet, not moving away from him; but something in that slow still uprising made him take a step back.

"You'd better not do that, Mr. Bob," she said quietly; "I don't like it much, and I reckon you'd better not do it again," and, picking up the head drapery, she walked past him out into the sunshine and down the path Poll had taken.

"Where yo' gaddin' to now?" called the old woman from the door of the cook house. "There's a storm a comin' sure; yo'd better come back."

The girl went on as if not hearing, and the woman grumblingly turned back to her work. "What's gone wrong with her?" she asked the young fellow a little later as she saw him on the porch looking after the receding figure.

"A little riled, that's all." He took two or three turns on the porch, and then stopped as if he had made up his mind to some decision. "I reckon we made a wrong move about this marryin' business, Aunt Bess. She ain't fit for any man's wife; she acts like a cursed fool about it. Sometimes I don't believe she's right witted."

"She's young yet," ventured the aunt, reassuringly.

"Not so young either," he returned. "She's as much of a woman as she's likely to be; but I don't reckon a man would feel comfortable with a wife he didn't dare touch, even to take her hand. If it wan't for the place being so hid an' so useful that way I'd go back to the mountains to-morrow. It's killin' on a man to put in all his time heah."

"An' on a woman too," added Bess. "I nevah could stand it if it hadn't been foh the trips back to the hills, an' foh the money in the business heah. But come an' get a snack o' somethin' to eat; it's all ready an' waitin'."

And by the onslaught Mr. Bob Granthem made on the fried fish and hominy, corn bread and eggs, it could be seen that the interest in his own love-affair was not serious enough to affect his appetite.

Miss Norie walked on across the meadow, past a shed covering some queer looking apparatus in the way of machinery and a lot of kegs. She followed the path mechanically, vaguely disturbed by the evidence of an affection she could not share and for which she had no sympathy. Down between the rows of standing corn she passed, giving no heed to the rustle of the leaves that told of a rising wind. The stately buzzards dropped lower and lower in their careering overhead; the birds in the trees gathered in groups with spasmodic fits of chattering and long silence between, broken only by the whispering of the cypress that was growing hoarser and hoarser until plaintive moans seemed borne in fragments to her ears. In the south-east towards the ocean the sky was covered by a low-lying cloud that looked like the body of some great black bird of terror with wide reaching purplish wings. Back of it, a banner of dull copper flamed and sent forth reflections of distant lightning. The girl, walking on, saw nothing of it until she found herself in the edge of the wood where the path turned down to the landing that led to the black swamp. The trees were swaying above her and the low rumble of thunder caused her to look upwards. That sudden change from sunshine to threatening shadow; from the soft hum of summer insects to the creaking of heavy timbers, seemed like magic. An instant she stood in half wonder at it all, and was about to turn back to the house when a shrill, sharp whistle stopped her.

"That's Poll," she said aloud, and then making a trumpet of her hands she called, "Poll! ho, Poll! where are you?"

"Heah!" and through the trees she could see him pulling the dug-out from the water. "Go 'long home quick, honey—

they's a storm most got heah—an' yo' tell Miss Bess to get a baid ready; don't wait on me, chile, 'cause I've done got Marse Lou heah an' I've got to take him."

The girl fairly flew back through the fields to the house; and above the rush of the storm and roll of the thunder sounded those strange words—"I've got Marse Lou heah." She did not know what it meant, but the memory of the story in the canoe came to her, and her blood thrilled with a vague expectancy as she sped through the war of the winds and the beat of the rain that was coming in great waves and driving her before it like some slim tempest-tossed vessel. Into the house she burst, with fair hair streaming and a new light in the wide eyes brought there by the words—"I've got Marse Lou heah."

The two at the table rose to their feet, speechless at the apparition. They had never known her to run from a storm before; she was always recklessly venturesome, seeming to love the strange war of the elements with the mother earth that only smiled more warmly and bloomed more brightly after its shower-baths.

"Poll's coming!" she burst out, "and he says to get a bed ready quick, 'cause he says he's a totin' his Marse Lou, and I reckon he's ailing."

"A totin' a stranger heah!" said the old woman, looking significantly at the man.

"Well, I don't see any help for it now. Poll's a comin' through the meadow. We must try and make the best of it since he's heah," but the young fellow's face showed that the best was pretty bad in his eyes.

Poll was carrying the stranger in his arms as if he was a child—and he looked like a dead one with limp hands hanging and bare face upturned to the beating of the rain. Norie stood on the porch waiting for them, careless of wind and drenching rain, with hands clasped over her heart, her eyes eager, her lips parted with quick-drawn breaths; and as Poll bore him up the steps to the porch she raised one of the limp hands tenderly and laid it across the senseless heart. On one of the wet cold fingers was a gleam of moonstones and silver snakes.

"I'se done brung him back to yeh, Miss Norie," was all Poll said as he passed into the room. She made no answer, only smiled a little curiously while Mr. Bob Granthem looked on, puzzled alike at her touching the man's hand and at Poll's speech. It was the first time a stranger had ever been under the roof, yet those two received him as if—it almost seemed they had been waiting for him.

"Who did he say it was?" the young man asked sharply.

"His Marse Lou."

"His Marse Lou died afore yo' was bawn," he answered contemptuously.

"It may be some other Marse Lou then," she said quietly, and followed Poll into the room where the stranger lay.

"Poll, is it he—really?" she asked stepping inside the door.

"Really, hon'; it's yo' kin come at last."

Going over to the bed she stood looking at him earnestly as he lay, unknowing unseeing aught; only a faint fluttering breath showing that life was there. He looked as she thought death must look, and clasping one of the cold hands she laid her face against it caressingly and slipped down kneeling on the bare floor, rubbing the hand between her own and pressing it to her cheek as if to lend it warmth from her own young body.

"Jest t'other Miss Norie an' Marse Lou ovah again," said Poll lowly, with a smile of utter triumph on his black features, as he bent over the still form, forcing some cordial between the white lips—something strong it must have been, for after a few gasps for breath the closed eyes slowly opened and wandered aimlessly about the white walls of the room until they were checked by those other eyes as dark as his own. The girl had risen to her feet and stood holding his hand closely clasped; an angel he must have deemed her, for he smiled faintly, weakly:

"My mother! Miss Norie!" he whispered, and then the eyes closed once more. The girl looked at Poll pleadingly:

"Oh, Poll! it is not—he will not—"

"Lor', no, honey! he's a goin' to live shuah. I jest found him in time though, po' boy. Now yo' go long, chile; I's goin' to get him into bed right an' then dose

him with some roots an' stuff, an' he'll be all right. Now don' yo' fret, Miss Norie, honey; yo' don' reckon he was sent heah into my han's to let him die, do yeh? No, chile; now that you 'n's have found each other at last, 'taint to part—nevah no moe—nevah no moe."

The two weeks that followed were curious ones to the residents of the swamp island. There was a vague resentment in the manner of Mr. Bob and Miss Bess towards the new comer; a resentment it was not wise to show in the presence of Miss Norie nor Apollo.

"He b'longs to we all's family," Poll announced to them that first day. "He's the onliest male kin what my Miss Norie has on the ole side o' the house, an' in course I toted him right heah."

"I reckon it's true," confided Bess to Mr. Bob; "they's a powerful likeness atween 'em 'bout the eyes—an' him! Well, he's enough like Lou Dupre to be his ghost come back; I can't get ovah the turn he give me that first day. I done thought Poll was a totin' Lou Dupre's body up them steps—an' him dead foh yeahs an' yeahs. I've been upset evah since."

Mr. Bob did not say much, but he watched moodily the growing friendship between the girl and the young man, who was still weak but was able to sit on the porch for a few hours each day with Miss Norie always beside him. They were like two children in the gladness they showed in each other's society, she telling him of the secluded life in which she had found so many beauties; bringing out her father's books over which they looked together, and finding here and there marked passages to which he turned again and again with a puzzled look in the eyes so like Norie's own. Noticing it, the girl put the books away for several days; for he was still too weak to puzzle his mind over anything. He had heard from a child of the young Marse Lou for whom he was named, the brother-cousin of his young mother whom he never remembered—only a picture of her in her girlhood told him what she had been like; a life-size portrait in white drapery so like this Miss Norie that to his sick fancy she seemed at first that fair sweet mother who had been his ideal.

"How curious that I should have drifted into that swamp where your Apollo chanced on me and brought me here to you, my mother's namesake; it seems like fate."

"Fate? That's God you mean—ain't it?"

"Fate, Chance, or Providence; they are all nick-names for the supreme power of an invisible ruler. I thank it, at least, for having brought me to you," and he rested a thin hand lovingly on the fair head so near his knee, as she sat on a hassock of rushes beside him on the porch.

Very picturesque was this fair cousin to the young stray from the world. At first he assured himself that it was only from an artistic sense that she appealed so to his sympathy—to his understanding. He, like the man whose name he bore, was an artist; and she seemed a realization of a vague dream of a woman that the boy had carried always in his mind, but which had escaped the facile touch of his brush. But now; with returning health came an ambition such as had not touched him before—a certainty that success would come through the inspiration this girl was to him. Little by little he told her through those long sunny days, of his youth: alone, for all the care of servants; a nature in the world—not of it; finding companionship in books and pictures instead of the lives about him—a peculiar nature with fancies strange as those of Norie and Poll. Where he got them was a puzzle. But Poll, watching them and listening to their conversation, would sometimes rise abruptly and strike out alone for the cypress swamp, where he would ruminate with curiously puzzled eyes, and mutter disjointedly to the "Jon" strung on the leathern cord about his neck; the said "Jon" being an amulet of sand, to which many an African pins his faith—a little bag of sand that has hearing and speech for the faithful—a thing to which they confide secrets and put queries; and the one worn by Poll had often to listen to such remarks as: "What next? What next? Maum Saida done sent him back like she say she would, an' now what's we all to do? Where's the path?—I done lost it; can't see the way ahead now. They got only me to make things clear foh 'em—them two chillen—foh they's only chillen.

Jest t'other Miss Norie an' Marse Lou ovah again. I heard 'em this mawnin' on the poach a talkin' ovah, 'most word foh word, things I done heard 'em talk ovah on the ole plantation 'fore Marse Lou went to the wah. It do seem curious. Thar's Marse Bob in the way now, jest as Marse Jack war afore. That's to be my part of the work, I reckon; but I can't see the way cleah to do it. I've done los' the path."

But his soliloquies never kept him long away from those two "chillen"; and Mr. Bob scowling sulkily at them, thinking himself unobserved, would often meet the steady gaze of Apollo watching him with a threatening glint in the big eyes. There was a division in the family in those days, an intangible line drawn between the two factions. The new-comer was an interloper in the eyes of Bess and Bob. No reasoning on the score of relationship could make them look on him in any other light. His overtures to friendliness were met coldly. His inquiries regarding the puzzling apparatus under the shed in the corn-field were answered gruffly by Bess, that "they belonged to the place, and she did n't reckon it made any difference what they was for, to outsiders."

"That's the still," said Miss Norie, when he mentioned the old lady's brusqueness.

"The still !"

"Yes, that's where they make spirits out o' the corn. Mr. Bob was just comin' back from totin' a load to a trader when he found you in the swamps that day."

She spoke of it placidly, evidently with no idea of concealment. She had seen them working at it most of her life. It was the only way that they could find a market for their corn in that isolated district, where even the stock and cattle had first been brought when young and small enough to be blindfolded, and laid in the bottom of a little flat-boat that could be poled through the swamps.

To young Marse Lou, as Poll called him, this was a curious way of gaining a livelihood; and strange to find a girl—young and so lovely—with apparently no idea of submitting to the laws of the country in which she lived.

"The place is mine," she answered calmly; "I can raise what I please on it, I reckon. Mr. Bob Granthem and Poll do the work and don't interfere with any one, and I don't see why it should be changed."

"But the laws of the country ?"

"I don't ask anything from the law of the country outside my own land that's bought and paid for," she answered with the air of a young sovereign.

With the others he did not attempt discussion of the subject, but in his own mind he determined that in some way his cousin must leave this life that barred her from all companionship save that of Poll. What he was to lead her to he scarcely knew, but day by day the thought of ever leaving her, ever living out of the sight of that vague questioning look in her eyes, grew more and more to be ranked among the impossibilities. Untrained as she was in speech and manner, strange in garb and fancy, she yet seemed to merge herself into all his thoughts or dreams of a home. He could not think of the elm avenue at the old plantation without her white figure moving under the drooping branches. He could not think of her in any more modern dress. All purity seemed to lurk in the soft, white shadows of her gowns, and to the imagination of the young artist she was never as other women. A certain blankness of mind to all earthiness in nature seemed to place her on a different plane in his eyes. "Where did you get the idea for that very picturesque girdle?" he asked one day, referring to the band of crimson feathers. "Oh, I don't know," she answered, smiling slowly at the pleasure of his praise; "I thought it might look pretty so Poll made it for me. I'm right glad you like it."

"Like it? Of course I do," he said, laying his hand lightly on the hand that wore the ring so like his own; "it is an artistic finish to that robe. Who could help liking it?"

"He don't," she said, a little wistfully. "Mr. Bob I mean; he says my dress is heathenish sometimes."

"And do you care so much for his opinion?"

"I don't care at all," she answered quietly; "but sometimes I think if he's to be my husband, I ought to try and please him. Bess says I ought."

"*Your husband ?*"

He dropped her hand with a sort of horror. A heart-sickness at the thought seemed creeping through his veins and up into his throat, half choking him. It seemed as if something belonging to his life was slowly slipping away out of the reach of his hands.

"Your husband," he repeated mechanically. The words sounded meaningless, for in the girl's face he could see no comprehension of the title.

"Did n't you know," she asked, a little startled, a little awed by the intensity of his tone. "I thought you knew."

He made no reply, but rose and walked past her, out into the warm, glittering sunshine that was palpitating with the amorous twitter of birds, the languorous perfume of open-lipped blossoms—out through them all he walked with hands clenched in protest against the thing that had the taint of horror in it. Poll was cutting wood down by the swamp, and the dull thud-thud of the axe came up through the trees, bearing with it the suggestion of clods falling on a coffin, and then it would change to the echo of the word "husband—husband—husband!" until he put his hands up to shut out all sounds that were as a mockery of that vague, intangible dream of content which had been growing nearer and dearer than he guessed. Fast as he walked, he could not get out of the circle of maddening thoughts. Poll dropped his axe at sight of his face.

"Foh the lawd's sake, Marse Lou," he said, striding towards him with outstretched hands, "what's done gone wrong?"

"Poll, is she to marry—that man?"

Their eyes met for an instant, and then the younger man sat down on a fallen log, covering his face with his hands. The dumb love and pain in Poll's face told their own story.

"My po' chillen, my po' chillen," he murmured, dropping down beside his Marse Lou and slipping his long black hand lovingly over the bowed head: "Don' give way so, young marse; it hurts yo' ole Poll mightily to see yo' look like that. Jes' the same look in yo' eyes as that day I took yeh that same news in wah times when yo' wa' up thar by Richmon'."

The bowed head was raised questioningly.

"Don' yo' mind it, Marse Lou? When I took yo' the Bible an' the ring from t'other Miss Norie, an' yo' dropped to the groun' like a dead man. It do seem mightily the same like. An' my heart is jest as sore foh yeh now as 't was them times, an' me sech a shiftless black niggah. I don't seem to be any more use to yeh now than I was then."

The young man got up abruptly and walked to and fro over the rustling pine-needles, stopping sometimes with hands pressed tight over the puzzled eyes; then he sat again beside Poll. "Tell me what it means," he said, half fiercely. "Is it witchery that closes over this swamp island, and brings up half elusive, vague memories in which your face is merged, and that makes Norie seem so much a part of my life and thoughts, though we never met before; that makes you speak of conversations you had with me at a time when I was not born? For days my mind has been a chaos of whirling thought over it all, and this other—this horrible thing she tells me seems likely to bring madness with it. Who are you that you seem to know clearer than myself those half-born memories in my mind? Who is she that she seems so much mine, yet not mine? Tell me! or I think this puzzle, with its doubts and its hopes, its memories and dreams, will make a madman of me!"

And then, with clasped hands and low tones, Poll told him the story Miss Norie had listened to in the dug-out.

His listener sat silent through it all until it was ended.

"Then I was right, Poll!" he said, rising to his feet, with glad eyes and a triumphant manner. "No other shall claim her! She belongs to me, and I to her."

"I reckon yo' 's right, Marse Lou," answered the black slowly. "Maum Saida has done sent yo' two back to each other as she say she would. I reckon she had to do it when she made a promse like that. But if folks knew they 'd have to keep in the other life the promises they make in this, I can't help a thinkin' they 'd stop an' study longer afore they vowed to work a spell, 'cause it means sorror an' sufferin' to some one.

Spells always do that, Marse Lou, an' I reckon Maum Saida would be glad to call back this one now, but it 's too late. Maum Saida done vow it. Marse Lou an' Miss Norie done clasp han's an' promise, an' a promise given must be a promise kept, by the livin' or by the dead, in this life or some other."

Marse Lou made no answer. His brain was in a tumult over this story that the black's faith had invested with an air of reality and truth. He, like Norie, was fanciful and imaginative through association from childhood with the voodoo element that filtered through the religions of the slaves born on his own estate. He had been crooned to sleep by weird chants on a black breast that had bound within it all the quick passion of the Eastern jungles, all the superstitious, uncanny beliefs of their race, who listen for prophecies given from the voodoo throne of caged rattlesnakes.

It might have been only the weakness of past illness that drifted him into the groove of Poll's fancies, or it might be the twinge of growing madness. Bits of weird, half-forgotten charms and the music of dreamy chants seemed crowding close about, barring out all life beyond this island with its black guardian and the wide-eyed girl who drew all his soul towards her, and who seemed so much his own, and yet—

"She is *mine*—mine and no other's," he muttered fiercely, rising and turning back towards the house, crashing blindly through underbrush and tall grasses, careless of the path, of Poll's admonishing tones, careless of all things except the force of the belief that she was his, that nothing, not even death, should come between them ever again.

The moon was full and warm, and seemed to hang low in the heavens, throwing a white light over all it touched; and two figures stood on the porch, clearly outlined in its brightness.

His heart seemed filled with fire instead of blood as he saw the girl's white arms raised to fasten a falling spray of rose to its frame; and the man's figure step quickly back of her and closely clasp the slim figure that struggled, tripped, and swaying fell backwards into the arms so eager to receive her, that no notice was taken of a quick step and muttered curse until a blow knocked the man senseless and freed the girl, who sprang to her feet with a low plaintive cry like a snared bird, and heedless of the loving hand outstretched to her, seeing not who or what had freed her, knowing only that the hated arms were loosened, turned wildly from the vine-covered home that could shelter her no longer, and ran down—down through the grove, her swift feet fairly flying over the sparkling dew-laden grasses.

"Norie!—my Norie!" the young man called, but his tones did not reach her, or else terror had dulled her senses, even to the sound of his voice. She never halted, but sped down the path to the landing where the boats lay.

And Poll, crossing the pasture field, saw a white ghost-like figure flit between the dark tree-trunks and then out into the moonlight for one instant before she plunged into the blackness of the cypress swamp. Behind her, another form, swift and silent as her own, followed her footsteps like a dark shadow of fate.

"I wonder what that means," he muttered; "looks mighty like spirits, it do; jest like them two chillen; I hope it don't mean harm—no harm to them."

It meant no harm to them, only a flight to a haven of rest—together.

Down to the boats she flew. Her one thought to get out—out into the swamps that seemed to hold all rest in their quiet depths. The sound of quick steps back of her gave an added strength to the hands that loosened the light canoe and sent it cutting through the dark water.

Fast he followed her, now losing sight of her in the shadows, now catching a glimpse of the moon-kissed figure where the forest would open for a space. Swifter and swifter grew the silent chase, broken only by the swish of the reeds as the canoes cut through the rustling stems, or by the startled cry of some night bird as they passed, and with every dip of the paddle there grew stronger that madness of longing that told him she was his; the madness of desire to hold her just once to his heart as that other had clasped her. The sight of that embrace had wakened in his nature a fierceness of love that all the witchery of the moonlight could not calm. Every fibre of his being thrilled with the longing to

touch her—to kiss once the tremulous mouth! The thought of it brought a blindness and dizziness to his eyes and brain, out of which he was aroused by a scream that cut through the silence of the night. Guided by the sound, he found his boat no longer gliding over still water; it boiled up about him, turning the light boat first one way and then another, as if invisible hands were clutching at its frail sides; strive as he would, he could scarcely hold it level. He was in the midst of the boiling springs of which Norie and Poll had told him; and as he realized it, the meaning of that scream came to him. He could see her clearly ahead of him now; the soft moonlight showed him her canoe that, without any effort on her part, was moving slowly towards him. Surprised, he stood up, and called·

"Norie! it is I; come to me."

She reached her hands out wistfully as her boat glided slowly towards him. There was no fear on her face now, to reflect the terror of that scream. She almost looked glad.

"Good-bye," she said clearly, distinctly. "I am glad yo' come. Keep yo' boat where it is. Don't come near me. If I could only touch yo' hands once I would be glad; it would help me, I think; but we can't, for yo' must keep clear of the whirlpool."

And then he knew what that slow moving towards him meant. She was in the outer circle of that mysterious water that drew down to some unknown depths all that was bewitched within its boundaries.

"Come to me," he said quietly, as her canoe was almost opposite him—not a boat's length away; but hers was slowly circling, while his was stationary. "Jump! I think I can reach you; if not you shall not go down alone. You are mine! I claim you! Come to me!"

She smiled as if she understood, and then made one spring towards him; their outstretched hands clasped, but the wrench tore the boat from the still water and drew it into that circle of death.

"Mine!" he murmured, half fiercely clasping her to him. "Mine—never to part. We go together."

"Together!" she whispered, smiling with glad eyes into his own, and with their hands clasped—the hands that wore Saida's wedding rings—and their lips close on each other's in a marriage kiss, the waters drew them down together into forgetfulness—or a new life!

* * * * *

Through the bayous is still seen the massive black with his loads of skins and herbs of the woods, but he is always alone; and the log-house on the island has no more the sound of voices in it. Those two from the hill country left one night when fate sent Apollo staggering up from the swamps with hair white as the snows of the north.

"Go!" he said with the quietness of a sleeping devil in his bloodshot eyes. "They are gone down with that bewitched water—my two chillen—an' I had to see 'em an' couldn't reach 'em. It war to be, I reckon, but some one helped to drive 'em to it. I ain't axin' questions; it's no use now; only go 'way whar I can't see yeh. Take what yeh want; come an' take the island when I'm dead, but go now before I forget yo' was evah kind to her."

On moonlight nights he will ramble down to the meadow, and watch—watch with tired eyes for one more glimpse of the white figure flitting as it did that night among the grove of cypress trees. And in every search for herbs in the woods he gathers clusters of all the bright flowers she loved; and, keeping them in the end of the canoe on her bed of reeds, will try by inhaling their fragrance to imagine that she is still there.

And to the amulet of sand, the old lips whisper often the plea:

"Tell them I's waitin' to go, Jon; the time seems long when the eyes get dim, an' the ole' feet get unsutain in the path. The bird-songs is losin' they music to my ears, the summer-time flowers is losin' they color to my eyes, 'cause I's a lookin', an' a listenin' foh the sweetest music an' the prettiest flower as the Good Man evah made—the voice an' the face o' my Miss Norie."

TO A CHILD.

Oh, my child, my pure and perfect man-child,
With the light of heaven in your eyes,
And your yellow hair like glory resting
O'er a face so angel-sweet and wise!

Oh, my child, I hold your hand and tremble
When I think of all that you must meet
On the way, where there is nought to guide you
Save my clouded eyes and stumbling feet.

All the nobleness that sleeps within you
Waits my touch to waken into grace;
Ah, the man you will be haunts my future
With reproach, not love, upon his face!

Is the gardener not appalled and daunted
When he sees but leafless twigs, and knows
That within the bare, brown things there slumbers,
Waiting for his waking hand, the rose?

So I fear, from fingers all unskillful,
Some rude touch your perfect growth may mar;
If the pruning-knife slip but a little,
You must carry, all your life, a scar.

Oh, my child, unknown, unconscious currents
Meet and mingle in your young, warm blood;
So, God help me when your soul shall blossom,
And—God help me should I blight its bud.

Bessie Chandler.

BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE.

V.—MEADOW MEMORIES.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

ONE of the most pleasant seasons on a Western farm was that of haying, which began about the 25th of June, and lasted two or three weeks into July. Indeed, as the Western farmer looks back on this season, there is little that is not pleasant to remember. At the time of its passing it was considered distinctly "poetic," which could hardly be said of the main business of farming, most of which needs the passage of many years or the interposition of wide atmosphere before it can appear beautiful.

The summer was at its ripest and most liberal stage of vitality, and at its greatest luxuriance of blossom, and it is not

strange that even faculties dulled and deadened with incessant toil caught a little of the superabundant glow and throb of life. The corn-field, so dark green and so sweet-smelling, rippled like a sea, with a multitudinous stir and sheen, and swirl and lift; waves of green and dusk and yellow careering across; long leaves flung up like spears or shaken like a host of banners. The trees were in full leaf; the insect life was at its height, filling the air with buzzing, dancing and the light of innumerable gauzy wings.

Vast watery clouds filled the sky, moving like great sails before the lazy wind, dark with rain which they flung down momentarily like trailing garments upon the land, and then passed stately by with a roll of thunder. The birds were in fullest voice: the bobolink sailed in the sensuous air, now sinking now rising, his wonderful song thrilling in the ear like a chime of tiny silver bells; the king-bird, ever alert and aggressive, cried out sharply as he launched from the top of a poplar tree upon some buzzing insect-or swooped high into the air to fall upon some intruding hawk, trying vainly to escape this dreaded little adversary.

The grasshoppers kept up incessant snap and buzz, and out of the luxuriant, though stagnant marshes came the ever-varying chorus of the frogs, swarming below the grasses; while above, the kill-deers and plovers shuttled to and fro in sounding flight, and the black-bird on th cat-tails and willows swayed and sang his most liquid note till he seemed to lose himself in sensuous delight in his own music. And over all and around all, moved the slow soft west wind, laden with the breath of the far prairies, soothing and hushing, filling the air with a slumbrous haze.

At such times to lie in the shade of the trees and forget everything but the calm and glory of nature was an inexpressible delight. To forget work, to forget to think! Ah, if the worn toiling-man in the far city might only bathe for an hour in such an atmosphere! Out of the roar of the city into the drowsy hum of a day in later June! It is the old story: "The air is only blue in the distance." And yet we did enjoy a good deal of it, even then, when we were at work, or when as youngsters of ten or twelve we ran on errands or rode a horse to rake the hay or plow the corn. Just before the haying began there was commonly a lull in the work, for in those early days we did not raise so much corn as wheat, and the boys had time to play ball, go swimming and fishing or berrying; and I am sure I speak for thousands of Western boys when I say that this season is full of the most blessed and sunny associations.

In the ever-changing West, "haying" covers a multitude of diverse experiences. Those whose recollections extend over a term of twenty years have seen many changes in the implements of haying; from the old-fashioned scythe and rake to the patent-geared-self-lifting-adjustable-front-cut meadow-king mowing machine, and the self-dumping spring-tooth horse-rake. Indeed there are even more wonderful inventions in the field. These changes are marvellous in themselves, to say nothing of the changes in human thought which necessarily accompany them.

My earliest recollections of the haying field is of going out with a brother to take a large white jug of "switchel" to the men. (The jug was swung on a pole, and we each used to accuse the other of trying to get the long end.) The men used the scythe and rake just as they do still in the rocky farms of New England; and I remember with pleasure the glorious strawberries which they tossed up on the crests of the billows of damp grass. I remember, also, with what awe we gazed at the great green frogs, sitting motionless nearby or leaping headlong into the waving grass. While still, they looked so mossy and inanimate, it was a surprise to see them move. We had little to do then but to look for berries, and tumble down the "doodles."

But a year or two later when the boys' freedom to come and go was ended, we began our apprenticeship in the field by "raking after." Every farmer's boy in the East or middle-aged man in the West will know what that means. It means a gloomy urchin with a long-handled rake, following after the huge wagon while it is loaded with hay; it means walking with bare feet on the stubble-speared, new-mown sward. I have often wondered whether if Whittier had gone into details he would not have told about sliding the

feet along in the stubble to avoid being spiked, or of walking in the wheel-track for the same reason. Our meadows had the track of the mowing machine in them, and it was a blessed relief when we could strike the mark of the "bull-wheel" going our way.

All through June before the haying ing came on, we boys herded the cattle on the wide prairies or rode the horse in plowing corn, helping build fence, or cutting hazel-brush before the breaking plow. There was always something to do, even in "slack times." But the days grew hotter, the grass thicker and taller, and finally on a bright cloudless morning in June, the mowing-machine buzzed merrily around the grass-lot.

It was always a joyous sound to us, this whizzing clatter of the mower. It was a delight to stand and watch the sickle as it seemed to *melt* into the timothy and clover, while the grasses, stately and fragrant, bowed to the sweep of the shining bar. The timothy heads sinking would shake out a fragrant purple dust, and the clover heads and fallen roses mingled their expiring breath while lying under the sun together. The hay was even more fragrant than the grass. All day under the sun, all night under the dew, it lay changing from grass to hay; and then the next afternoon it was ready to be raked into wind-rows and bunched, ready for the hauling together into the farm-yard.

Then it must be raked, which in the olden times was a long and hard task. I can just remember seeing a row of men using hand-rakes as they gathered the hay on a valley farm in Wisconsin, but at the same time, on the Iowan prairies, they were using a revolving rake, drawn by a horse, operated by a man walking behind. A year or two later came the Hollingsworth riding horse-rake, and by the time my generation was able to take an important part in the haying field, the rake had been so improved that a boy could run it, and it became the boy's duty thereafter.

With what pride we rode atop the rake into the level field of sweet-smelling grass, I need not say. Three times around the margin, and the "doodling" begins. The rake rolls the hay into long and thick wind-rows, which the men with easy dexterity tumble into piles and cap in cone shape, their light and graceful forks flashing in the sun. Farther in toward the centre of the great field the mowing machine is buzzing, its sound having a drowsy swell and fall as it pulses forward on the fitfully moving air. The men work with quick ease, with laughing colloquies and friendly contests in speed.

The Western haying field is a bright and joyous one, very unlike those in Europe which Millet and his fellows paint. Here are no bowed backs and gloomy faces, toiling in the half-light; no huge and clumsy tools; no feet thrust into huge wooden shoes; no miserable looking women straining at a load too great for their strength. The American farmer is poor enough and brutal enough, but he is not hopeless. I say "Western" haying field, because even in New England there is not the same exuberance of young life. That which first strikes the Western man when he goes East is the fact that all the old men work in the fields; whereas, in the West, the old men are comparatively few and take less share in the hard labor.

The haying-field always had a distinct and massive pleasure to us all, even when the boy grew to the point of taking a place in the work of pitching the hay; the fresh air, the merry voices of companions made it more like play than work. True, it was a warm occupation, but in the simple costume of stout shoes, trousers belted to the waist, thin calico shirts and straw hats with wide brims, we were not afraid of being rumpled or soiled. We filled our hat-crowns with green leaves, moistened our hands and "bore down" on the fork handle till the boss yelled apprehensively, "Look out there! 'f y' bust that handle 't 'll be another dollar out o' *your* pocket." We exulted in our growing strength, used it wantonly sometimes by trying to put a whole "doodle" on at once, or by bothering the loader by pitching too fast for him.

We had no hay-barns in those days, and the harpoon fork had not yet made its appearance; so that while we escaped the hard task of mowing away, we still had the pitching to do. Last year I

visited some of the large hay-farms in Northern Iowa, and saw machines which gathered the hay out of the swath and elevated it te the top of the wagon. I saw hay forks which put a huge load of hay into barns holding hundreds of tons, with five or six forkfuls. I saw mowing machines cutting swaths seven feet wide, drawn by a single span of horses. So goes the West!

It is impossible to think of working in those haying fields without recalling a hundred things which made up the day. The call to dinner was not the least of the pleasant things surrounding us. After a long and hard forenoon in the hot July sun, we went prepared to enjoy to the utmost our simple fare and the hour's respite from the sun. Then there was the delicious preparatory ceremonial at the well when we soused our head and ears in the horse-trough or the immense pail standing near for the purpose. Sometimes, when we were specially hot and dusty, we dashed the cold water upon each other's heads and shoulders from a dipper, and so, cooled and cleansed, went in to the dinner table.

Food at this time of the year was abundant and of good variety: the strawberries or red raspberries were in full bearing; all manner of "green things" were plenty; and the table possessed a rude, wholesome abundance—and needed it. There was no ceremony at those meals; no man wore a coat, napkins were "against the law," and steel forks merely supplemented the knives. There was no waiting on the table, and there were no courses. All the food was placed before us at once, and the boss would say, "Now boys, do your purtiest. Get all y' c'n see; an' what yer' can't see, yell fer."

Then what a delightful half-hour when we lay under the trees on the grass and "let our dinner settle," catching momentary dreams in the midst of the indescribable charm of a noon in midsummer, gazing at the sky and listening to the wind in the popple leaves till the boss cried, "Pull out, boys; pull out!"

The weather was nearly always bright and very warm, the sun rising in cloudless splendor each day, though during the middle hours vast domes of dazzling white clouds, half-sunk in misty blue, would appear encircling the horizon. The boss kept an anxious eye on these thunder-heads, regulating the amount of cutting, by the signs of the sky. Then sometimes the hot afternoon air would take on an oppressive density; the wind would die away almost to a calm, or blow fitfully from the south, while in the far west a vast dome of inky clouds, silent, portentous, would rise, filling the horizon, swelling like a bubble, having the weight of a glacier. The birds, bees and insects, usually so vocal, would suddenly sink silent, as if awed by the first deep mutter of the storm.

All hands then hasten to get the hay in order, that it may shed the rain. We hurry as only adept pitchers can. We roll up the wind-rows by getting fork and shoulder under one end, tumble it over and over endwise till it is large enough—then go back for the scatterings which are placed with a deft turn of the fork on the top to cap the pile. We laugh and shout as we race across the fields; we are wet to the skin with perspiration; our hats are flung aside; the boy on the rake puts his horse to the trot.

Nearer and nearer comes the storm, silent no longer. We stop to listen. Far away is heard a low, steady, crescendo, grim roar; but there is not yet a breath of air from the clouds; the storm-wind has not reached us; the wind of the south has died away at last; the frogs in the marsh and the fearless king-bird alone cry out in the ominous gloom cast by the tempest.

Ah, there it comes! The black is turning to the gray of the falling rain. See it sweeping on! Now it strikes the corn-field, sending a mighty wave sweeping across it. Now it reaches the hedge-row, and the spire-like poplars bow to it. Now it strikes the hay-field, and see! the caps of the cones go flying; the hay streams in the wind like a woman's hair. In an instant our work is undone, and the hay opened to the drenching rain.

As we rush for the house, the roaring rain bursts upon us like a charge of cavalry. The lightning breaks forth from the blinding gray cloud of rain falling like a flood. As we look up, we

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see the streams of fire go rushing across the sky like the burst of a rocket. A moment more and the solid sheets of water fall upon the landscape, shutting it from view, but the thunder sounds sharp and splitting in the near distance, to go deepening and bellowing off down the illimitable spaces of the sky and plain.

In the east is still to be seen a faint crescent of the sunny sky, rapidly being lost as the storm sweeps on; but as that is closed, a similar crescent, faint, watery and gray, appears in the west, as the clouds break away. It widens, grows yellow, and then red; then blazes out into an inexpressible glory of purple and gold, as the storm moves on to the east. The thunder grows deeper and dies to a retreating mutter, and is lost. The thunder-cloud's dark presence has passed over us to the east. The trees are glorious with light, the birds take up their songs again, the air is deliciously cool. The corn stands bent as if still acknowledging the majesty of the tempest. Everything is new-washed, clean of dust, and a faint, moist, indefinable odor is everywhere.

The hay is spoiled—at least much damaged—but the shower has done so much good, no one finds heart to complain. What is a little hay compared to the wheat crop? It was often the pleasant duty of the boys on evenings like this to mount horse and ride away on the prairie to bring up the cows.

The roads are wet and plashy, responding to the steady lope of the horse with a slapping sound; but the prairie, ah, the prairie! In full flower, fragrant, green and yellow and white with blossoms and leaves, fresh from the rain, while a strong, cool wind is wafted from the clearing west, the prairie was intoxicatingly, exaltingly beautiful. Words fail; song itself cannot express it:

> My Western land, I love thee yet!
> In dreams I ride my horse again,
> And breast the breezes blowing fleet
> From out the meadows cool and wet.
> From fields of flowers growing sweet
> And flinging incense to the breeze:
> The wild oats swirl across the plain,
> I feel their dash against my knees
> Like rapid plash of running seas.

Even haying, when contrasted with such moments as these, was a drudgery. To feel the lift and swell of the strong horse, to see the wild colts racing and chasing in sheer overflow of life, to hear the deep bellow of battling bulls, to meet companions horsed like ourselves, and to shout and race in sheer abandonment to the impulse of the hour was a joy inexpressible then, and a priceless memory now.

I am thinking now of many night-rides after strayed calves, or after the wandering herd itself, driven by the rain or the stampeding of the horses far from their usual feeding-ground. I am thinking of the steady gallop of my horse through the black night, over the prairie, where a step into a badger-den or fox's hole might send horse and boy in a heap down in the darkness. On we go through the wet grass; on through patches of hazel that spitefully whips my stirrup-shield; on, peering into the darkness, pulling up now and again to listen for the tinkling of a familiar bell; now skirting apprehensively the edge of a large grove of popples and crab-apples, and then plunging down a decline into one of the wide meadows where the blue-joint and wild-oats stand breast high, wet and tangled with the rain.

Now comes in the steady, monotonous cling-clang of the bell as the sober herd winds slowly along the wet path, homeward. Birds fly up from the ground, and a stealthy rustle in the grass tells that the terrifying little marauder, the skunk, is abroad. An occasional owl passes by, and curious pauses and colloquies come into the noisy pools. As we re-enter the settlement, lights appear, dogs begin to bark, and now the men meet us at the bars, the bell having told of our approach. We are wet to the thigh with the lash of the bushes and wild-oats, and we hasten to the fire, for the night air is chilly—leaving to the rest the task of milking. Beside the welcome fire we sit and eat supper while the steam rises from our wet garments. Fire-flies are shining in the grass; a tree-toad on the roof is singing.

But these experiences passed away as the wild lands were enclosed and broken up. Lanes took the place of trails; cattle in the pastures grew heavy and slow,

losing all flavor of the buffalo and elk. Of course there were other contrasts in farm-life, but none quite so absolute as when we left off haying or harvest, and rode forth on the grassy, fragrant plain after the cattle.

There was another experience in haying, however, which had almost equal value with the boys, and which also has passed away with the settlement of the land; and that was cutting the grass on the unfenced wild meadows. Cutting the prairie grass came in July, and also in the fall after the wheat harvest. The meadow came first and the upland grass later, but in both cases these opportunities to cut on the prairie grew scarcer year by year and farther from the homestead, a thing which we did not regret, as it gave an added charm to the work of cutting and hauling it to the farm-yard.

Sometimes a camp was made several miles from home, and the nights were spent under the wagon on the ground. At any rate the dinner was eaten in the open air under the popple trees, with all the flavor of wild berries and the smell of green things growing. There were evenings spent beside a little smoking fire under the edge of the wagon, evenings full of peculiar charm, the frogs singing, the katydids and mosquitoes sounding, and the night-hawks booming hoarsely as they swooped whizzingly down near our heads as if to see what we were.

Again, the experiences were not unmixed delights. On sultry evenings, a shower threatening, the mosquitoes bit mercilessly, and no amount of smoking in the "smudge" or rolling up in the blankets availed; their insidious, pestilential hum penetrated to the ear. And then later the shower came up, the thunder shook the ground, the lightning lit up the prairie almost momentarily, though the storm was far distant. To boyish eyes the landscape had suddenly become a mysterious, terrifying thing. The popple-trees, laced against the sky, the lifted heads of the startled horses, the machinery standing in the midst of the hay-cocks, would all appear for an instant as something new and strange, and a moment later be swallowed up as if by a sea of ink rolling over it all. At such moments it was considered an ominous thing to see a large owl rise from the neighboring tree-tops and flap away into the darkness and the rain.

And then in the morning, when, drenched, cold and hungry, we strove to kindle a fire, crawling about in the faint, gray dawn, we heartily wished ourselves at home in our snug beds under the sloping roof. But these bad nights came but seldom, and we soon got limbered up as the sun blazed out, and the birds took up their irrepressible song, and the terrors of the night passed away like its clouds.

In most cases, moreover, the farmer did not go so far away from his home, and only "camped out" at the dinner hour, going home at night. The hay on the uplands was dryer and lighter, and could be cut and raked the same day, that mown in the early morning being ready to haul to the stack at night. So we rode home every night on the huge loads of fresh hay, from which no dew nor rain had stolen the sweetness.

There were noisy rides in the early dawn, when, with huge rattling rack and flapping binding-pole on stout wagons, we clattered and whooped along the road to the meadow. And there were silent rides home at night, when the stars were coming out, when the wagon had a low and sleepy *chuck, chuckle*, and we (half-buried in the top of the mountainous load) listened to the myriad of insect voices in the grass, and the trills of the singers in the pools. The horses move on swift and strong, eager to reach their stalls. Through the still air, we can hear the voices of women and children sounding from the houses scattered along the way; the sun has long since set, but the illimitable west is yet filled with a sea of undazzling gold, whereon there seem to ride vessels of red gold with flame-bright sails.

Now we reach the gate, where Rover stands to greet us, and through the open doors of the kitchen we can see the table spread for us. Then comes the dropping of tugs and neck-yokes, much clatter about the barn, and then, hurrah for supper! Ah! would the epicure get the worth of his trouble, let him spend a day in the wild haying-field, handling the fork vigorously, and go home at

night on a load of hay full of pungent weeds and resinous shrubs, plunge his head in a bucket of cold water at the well, and then he will be ready to run a race for place at a supper of salt pork and potatoes.

At such times, as we sat around the cheerful table and "pitched into" the supply of eatables, somebody usually voiced the general sentiment of the crowd by saying "campin' out 's all right fer a change, but hardly the thing fer a stiddy business;" and adding for the benefit of the smiling women: "A man *can* cook if he wants to, but generally speaking he *don't want* to."

ECUADOR AND HER CITIES.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

[SECOND PAPER.]

ALTHOUGH the road to Quito is over an almost untrodden wilderness, it presents the grandest scenic panorama in the world. Directly beneath the equator, surrounding the city whose origin is lost in the mist of centuries, rise twenty volcanoes, presided over by the princely Chimborazo, the lowest being 15,932 feet in height, and the highest reaching an altitude of 22,500 feet. Three of these volcanoes are active, five are dormant, and twelve are extinct. Nowhere else on the earth's surface is such a cluster of peaks, such a grand assemblage of giants. Eighteen of the twenty are covered with perpetual snow, and the summits of eleven have never been reached by a living creature except the condor, whose flight surpasses that of any other bird. At noon the vertical sun throws a profusion of light upon the snow-crowned summits, when they appear like a group of pyramids cut in spotless marble.

Cotopaxi is the loftiest of active volcanoes, but is slumbering now. The only evidences of action are the frequent rumblings that can be heard for a hundred miles, and the cloud of smoke by day and the pillar of fire by night, which constantly arise from a crater that is more than three thousand feet beyond the reach of man. Many have attempted to climb the monster, but the walls are so steep and the snow is so deep that ascent is impossible, even with scaling-ladders. On the southern slope of Cotopaxi is a great rock, more than two thousand feet high, called "the Inca's Head." Tradition says that it was once the summit of the volcano, and fell on the day when Atahualpa was strangled by the Spaniards. Those who have seen Vesuvius can judge of the grandeur of Cotopaxi if they can imagine a volcano fifteen thousand feet higher, spurting flames and lava from a crest covered by three thousand feet of snow, with a voice that has been heard six hundred miles. And one can judge of the grandeur of scenery on the road to Quito if he can imagine twenty of the highest mountains in America, three of them active volcanoes, standing along the road from Washington to New York.

The city lies upon the breast of a very uncertain and treacherous mother, the volcano Pichincha, which rises to an altitude of sixteen thousand feet, or about four thousand five hundred feet above the plaza. Since the Conquest, the volcano has had three notable eruptions—in 1575, 1587 and 1660, and at each time Quito was almost destroyed. In 1859 there was a severe earthquake, followed by an eruption, which, while it did not do much damage in the city itself, caused great destruction and loss of life in the surrounding towns and villages. In 1868 the great convulsion, which extended along the entire South Pacific coast, was severely felt in Ecuador, where, it is stated, seventy-two towns were destroyed and thirty thousand people lost their lives.

There was great anxiety in Ecuador in the summer of 1878, because of the violent eruption of the volcano Tungur agua, one of the largest in the group rising nearly two thousand feet above the line of perpetual snow; but after a few days of agitation, in which immense masses of lava and ashes were thrown out of the crater, the eruption subsided without doing much damage.

Here in these mountains, until the Spaniards came, in 1534, existed a civilization that was old when Christ was crucified—a civilization whose arts were equal to those of Egypt, which had temples four times the size of the Capitol at Washington, from a single one of which the Spaniards drew twenty-two thousand ounces of solid silver nails, and whose rulers had palaces from which the Spaniards gathered an unmeasured quantity of silver and gold. Here was an empire stretching from the equator to the antarctic circle, walled in by the grandest groups of mountains in the world, whose people knew all the arts of their time but that of war, and were conquered by two hundred and thirteen men under the leadership of a Spanish swineherd, who could neither read nor write.

The age of Quito is unknown. The present city was built by the Spaniards after the Conquest, but it stands upon the foundations of one they destroyed, which was older than the knowledge of men. The history of the ancient place dates back only a few years before the arrival of the Spaniards in the country; for they, ignorant men, interested only in plunder, destroyed every means by which its antiquity could have been traced.

Ecuador was the scene of the first conquest. The Spaniards, under Pizarro, landed on the island of Puna, at the mouth of the Guayaquil, and first stepped upon the main coast at Tumbez, in Peru, a few miles southward. Here they found that the Incas, for the first time in the history of that remarkable race, were at war Huayna-Capac, the greatest of the Incas, made Quito his capital, and there lived in a splendor unsurpassed in ancient or modern times. At his death he divided his kingdom into two parts, giving Atahualpa the northern half, and Huscar what is now Bolivia and the southern part of Peru. The two brothers went to war, and while they were engaged in it Pizarro came. Everybody who has read Prescott's fascinating volumes knows what followed: With the aid of the Spaniards Atahualpa conquered his brother, and then the Spaniards conquered him. When he lay a prisoner in the hands of the guests he had treated so hospitably, he offered to fill his prison with gold if they would release him. They agreed, and his willing subjects brought the treasure; but the greedy Spaniards demanded more. Runners were hurried all over the country, and the simple, unselfish people surrendered all their wealth to save their king. But Pizarro became tired of waiting for the treasure, and the men in charge of it, upon hearing the news that Atahualpa had been strangled, buried the gold and silver in the Llanganati, where the Spaniards have been searching for it ever since.

No amount of persuasion, temptation, nor torture could wring from the Indians the secret of the buried gold. Two men of modern times are supposed to have known its hiding-place. One of them, an Indian, became mysteriously rich, and built the Church of San Francisco, in Quito. On his death-bed he is said to have revealed to the priest who confessed him that his wealth came from the hidden Inca treasure, but he died without imparting the knowledge of its location.

Another man, Valverde by name, a Spaniard, married an Inca woman, and is supposed to have learned the secret from her, for he sprang from abject poverty to the summit of wealth almost in a single night. Valverde, when he died, left as a legacy to the King of Spain a guide to the buried treasure. Hundreds of fortunes have been wasted, and hundreds of lives have been lost, in vain attempts to follow Valverde's directions. They are perfectly plain to a certain point, where the trail ends, and cannot be followed farther because of a deep ravine, which, the credulous assert, has been opened by an earthquake since Valverde's time. These searches have been prosecuted by the government as well as by private individuals; and if all the money that has been spent in the search for Atahualpa's ransom had been expended on

XUM

roads and other internal improvements, the country would be much richer and the people far more prosperous than they are.

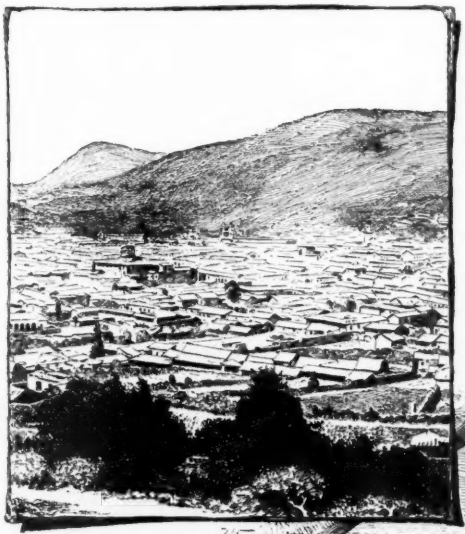
The devotion of the Indians to the memory of their king, who was strangled three hundred and fifty years ago, is very touching. When "the last of the Incas" fell, he left his people in perpetual mourning, and the women wear nothing but black to-day. It is a pathetic custom of the race not to show upon their costumes the slightest tint of color. Over a short black skirt they wear a sort of mantle, which resembles in its appearance, as wel as in its use, the manta that is worn by the ladies of Peru, and the mantilla of Spain. It is drawn over their foreheads and across their chins, and pinned between their shoulders. This sombre costume gives them a nun-like appearance, which is heightened by the stealthy, silent way in which they glide through the streets. The cloth is woven on their own native looms, of the wool of the llama and the vicuna, and is soft, fine fabric.

While the Indians are under the rule of the priests, and have accepted the Catholic religion, three hundred and fifty years of submission have not entirely divorced them from the ancient rites they practised under the pre-historic civilization. Several times a year they have feasts or celebrations to commemorate some event in the Inca history. They never laugh, and seldom smile; they have no songs and few amusements; their only semblance to music is a mournful chant which they give in unison at the feasts which are intended to keep alive the memories of the Incas. They cling to the traditions and the customs of their ancestors. They remember the ancient glory of their race, and look to its restoration as the Aztecs of Mexico look for the coming of Montezuma. They have religious relics which they guard with the most sacred care, and there are two great secrets which no tortures at the hands of the Spaniards have been able to wring from them. These are the art of tempering copper so as to give it as keen and enduring an edge as steel, and the burial place of the Incarial treasures.

The Spaniards are the aristocracy, poor, but proud—very proud. The mixed race furnishes the mechanics and artisans; while the Indians till the soil and do the drudgery. A cook gets two dollars a month in a depreciated currency, but the employer is expected to board her entire family. A laborer gets four or six dollars a month and boards himself, except when he is fortunate enough to have a wife out at service. The Indians seldom marry, because they cannot afford to do so. The law compels them to pay the priest a fee of six dollars—more money than most of them can ever accumulate. When a Spaniard marries, the fee is paid by contributions from his relatives. The same exactions exist in every Spanish-American country, and are the cause of much involuntary immorality among the people. In the Argentine Republic, the Congress has recently passed an act depriving the priests of the marriage fee, and requirthem to perform the ceremony for nothing. The fees for burials and other religious services have also been reduced by law, and therefore the priests refuse to perform them. In Venezuela and other of the countries similar legislative enactments have been made, and the rite of civil marriage has been established, for which the fee is only fifty cents.

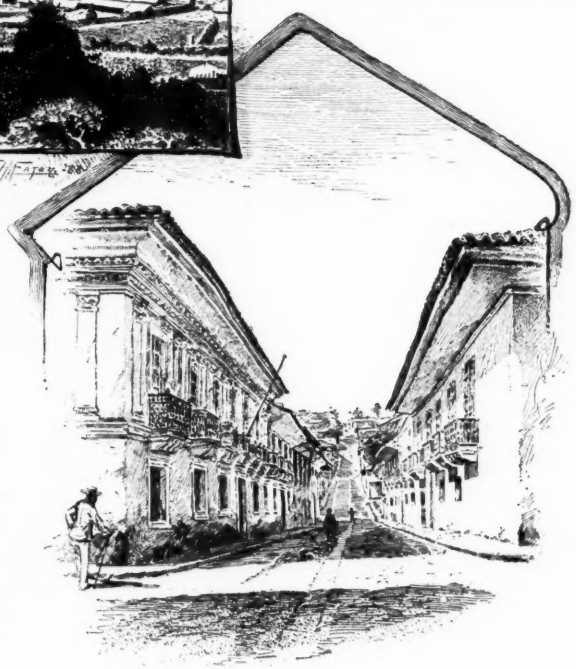
It is a peculiarity of the Indian that he will sell nothing at wholesale, nor will he trade anywhere but in the market-place, in the spot where he and his forefathers have sold "garden-truck" for three centuries. Although travelers on the highways meet armies of Indians bearing heavy burdens of vegetables and other supplies upon their backs, they can purchase nothing from them, as the native will not sell his goods until he gets to the place where he is in the habit of selling them. He will carry them ten miles, and dispose of them for less than he was offered at home. We met one day an old woman trudging along with a heavy basket of pineapples and other fruits, and tried to relieve her of part of her load, offering ten cents for pineapples which could be obtained for a quartillo (two and a half cents) in market. She was polite, but firm, and declined to sell anything until she got to town, although there was a weary, dusty journey of two leagues ahead of her. The guide explained that she was suspicious of the high price we offered, and

inferred that pineapples must be very scarce in market, or we would not be willing to pay so much on the road; but it is a common rule for them to refuse to sell except at their regular stands. A gentleman who lives some distance from Quito told me that for the last four years he had been trying to get the Indians, who passed his house every morning with packs of alfalfa (the tropical clover), to sell him some at his gate, but they invariably refused to do so; consequently he was compelled to go into town to buy what was carried past his door. Nor will the natives sell at wholesale. They will give you a gourdful of potatoes for a penny as often as you like, but will not sell their stock in a lump. They will let you have a dozen eggs for a real (ten cents), but will not sell you five dozen for a dollar. This dogged adherence to custom cannot be accounted for, except on the supposition that their suspicions are excited by an attempt to depart from it.



THE CITY OF QUITO.

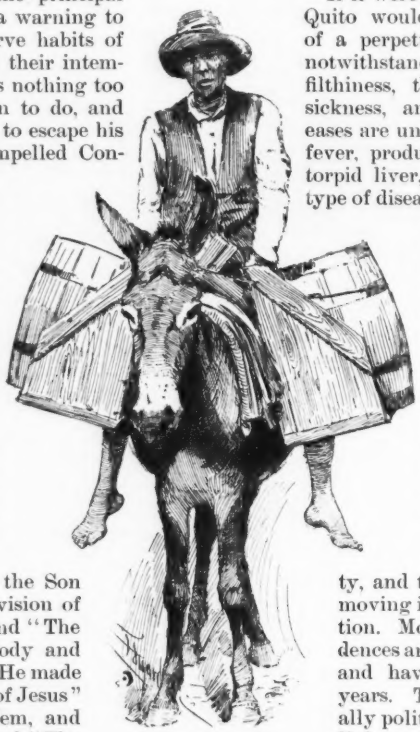
The capital and the productive regions of Ecuador are accessible from the sea-coast only by a mule-path, which for several months in the year (during the rainy season) is almost impassable. In the dry season it requires eight or nine days to traverse the distance, with no resting-place where a traveler can find a decent bed or food. This path is the only means of communication between Quito and the outside world, except along the mountains southward into Bolivia and Peru, where the Incas in their time constructed splendid highways, which the Spaniards permitted to decay, until they are now practically use-



A STREET IN QUITO.

less. The roads were so well built, however, as to stand the wear and tear of three centuries, and the slightest attempt at repair would have kept them in order.

Although the journey from Guayaquil takes eight or nine days, Garcia Moreno, a former President of Ecuador, once made it in thirty-six hours. He heard of a revolution, and springing upon his horse went to the capital, had twenty-two conspirators shot, and was back at Guayaquil in less than a week. Moreno was Dictator for twelve years, and was one of the fiercest and most cruel rulers South America has ever seen. He shot men who would not take off their hats to him in the streets; and had a drunken priest impaled in the principal plaza of Quito, as a warning to the clergy to observe habits of sobriety or conceal their intemperance. There was nothing too brutal for this man to do, and nothing too sacred to escape his grasp. Yet he compelled Congress to pass an act declaring that the Republic of Ecuador "existed wholly and alone for the service of the Holy Church," and forbid the importation of books and periodicals which did not receive the sanction of the Jesuits. He divided his army into four divisions, called, respectively, "The Division of the Blessed Virgin," "The Division of the Son of God," "The Division of the Holy Ghost," and "The Division of the Body and Blood of Christ." He made the "Sacred Heart of Jesus" the national emblem, and called his body-guard "The Holy Lancers of Santa Maria." He died in 1875 by assassination, and the country has been in a state of political eruption ever since.



BREAD PEDDLER.

Architecturally, Quito is not unlike other Spanish-American towns, except that it is dirtier and a little more dilapidated. There is not even an excuse for a hotel, and private hospitality is restricted by the poverty of the people. Few travelers ever go there—only those who are compelled—and the demand is not sufficient to justify the establishment of a hotel. One-fourth of the entire city is covered with convents, and every fourth person you meet is a priest, or a monk, or a nun. There are monks in gray, monks in blue, monks in white, monks in black, and orders that no one ever heard of before. There are all sorts of priests, and the jolly or grim old fellows one sees in Vibert's pictures are found on almost every corner in Quito.

If it were not for the climate, Quito would be in the midst of a perpetual pestilence; but notwithstanding the prevailing filthiness, there is very little sickness, and pulmonary diseases are unknown. Mountain fever, produced by cold and a torpid liver, is the commonest type of disease. The population of the city, however, is gradually decreasing, and is said to be now about sixty thousand. There were five hundred thousand people at Quito when the Spaniards came, and a hundred years ago the population was reckoned at double what it now is. Half the houses in the town are empty, and to see a new family moving in would be a sensation. Most of the finest residences are locked and barred, and have remained so for years. The owners are usually political exiles, who are living elsewhere, and can neither sell nor rent their property. Political revolutions are so common, and the results are always so disastrous to the unsuccessful, that there is a constant stream of fugitives leaving the State.

Although Ecuador is set down in the geographies as a republic, it is simply a popish colony, and the power of the Vatican is nowhere felt more completely. The return of a priest from a pilgrimage to Rome is as great an event as the Declaration of Independence; and so subordinate is the State to the Church that the latter selects the presidents, the congress, and the judges. A crucifix sits in the audience chamber of the president, and on the desk of the presiding officer of congress. All the schools are controlled by the bishops, and the children know more about the lives of the saints than about the geography of their own country. There is not even a good map of Ecuador.

THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

The Spaniards are famous for their politeness, and in Ecuador, as in all parts of South America, courtesy is a part of their religion. The lowest, meanest man in Quito is politeness personified, but it is all surface. He will stab you or rob you as soon as your back is turned. The Ecuadorian gentleman will promise you the earth, but will give you not even a pebble. This hypocrisy results in mutual distrust. No one ever believes what is said to him; partnerships in business are seldom formed, and corporations are almost unknown. If a man gets a little cash he never invests it in public enterprises, but keeps it in a stocking for fear he may be swindled, and the fear is well founded. Only the Indians keep faith, and that exclusively among themselves. To steal from a Spaniard they consider not only proper, but justifiable. The Spaniards stole all they have from them. They never rob, swindle, nor betray one another, and are as faithful as death to their own race.

In support of this statement, it may be noted that there once was a revolutionary conspiracy among the Indians. An uprising was planned to take place simultaneously all over the republic. As the natives could neither read nor write, they were given bundles of sticks, each bundle containing the same number. Only one was to be burned each day, and the night

BRIDGE OF COWHIDES.

after the last was burned was to see the uprising. None betrayed the secret. Of the many thousands who were admitted to the conspiracy not one violated faith.

Everything is done in the most primitive manner, as there is very little labor-saving machinery in the country. The agriculturists do not plough, but plant the seed by poking a hole in the ground with a stick. The wheat is threshed and the corn shelled by driving horses over them, and other labor is performed in a similar manner, the women working beside the men, and receiving equal wages. There is a river running through the centre of the city, which might furnish plenty of water power, but is utilized only by a few small flour-mills. There is but one steam-engine in the entire country, and that is in a sugar-mill, where a dozen or more hands are employed. Wages are exceedingly low, from ten to twenty-five cents per day, and skilled mechanics are unknown. There are a few rude shops where agricultural implements are manufactured in a primitive manner, but each family generally makes what is needed for its own use. The amount of goods imported from abroad is exceedingly small, and as no records are kept at the custom-houses, it is impossible to discover what they are or what is paid for them. The only industry that has sprung up in recent years is that of beer making, and twelve breweries have been established, which supply the wants of the people. Beer is very rapidly replacing the native chica and aguardiente as the national beverage.

Although Quito for a long time was noted among the Spanish-American cities as a home of art and science, and once had three universities, the picture galleries have been robbed and destroyed by the revolutionists, and the education of the people is almost completely neglected. There is only one printing office in the entire republic outside of Guayaquil, which is owned by the government, and is used simply for the printing of official documents. The press and type were made in the United States. There is but one newspaper, the Official Gazette, which is published by the government, and is circulated gratuitously among the officials of the republic as a means of convey-

ing to them the decrees of the President or the laws of Congress. Although Ecuador is one of the richest of all the South American countries in its natural resources, there is neither peace nor industry; and until the influence of the Romish church is destroyed and foreign capital and labor are introduced, I do not think there will be progress or prosperity. There is at present no encouragement to immigration, and foreigners are looked upon with distrust. Several colonies of Germans have entered the country, but most of them have died or moved away.

Revolutions are frequent; they usually begin by an attempt to assassinate the President. The plan of procedure is usually for the discontented political faction to create a mutiny in the army, either by bribes to the officers or promises of promotion. As the private soldiers always obey their officers, like so many automatons, and are as willing to fight on one side as the other, to secure the officers is to secure the army. The next step is to seize the barracks and arsenal, put the President to death, proclaim some one else provisional dictator, and then call a junta, or convention, to nominate a constitutional executive. Señor Caamaño seems to bear a charmed life, as for three years, while he has been President, he has had numerous remarkable escapes. The last attempt to assassinate him was in January 1886, while he was going from Guayaquil to Quito. He was riding, as travelers usually do, by night, to escape the heat of the sun, when his small escort was attacked by a band of mountaineers, and fled, leaving the President to look out for himself. He jumped from his horse, ran into the forest which encloses the road, and creeping through the trees to the river, swam to the other side, and made his way, thirty miles on foot, to the hacienda of a friend, where he found refuge. For two days and nights he was in the forest without food, and when he finally reached a haven he was totally exhausted. For a week or ten days he lay ill with a fever, but couriers were sent to Guayaquil and Quito, and arriving before the reports of his assassination, assured the government officials of his safety. At the same time a mutiny broke out at the military garrisons in both cities, but was quelled, and the leaders were summarily shot.

The man who originated this revolution was Elroy Alfaro, a native of Ecuador, and the unsuccessful candidate for the presidency when Caamaño was elected. He had been engaged in such undertakings before, and at the time of Caamaño's inauguration was very nearly successful in an attempt to overthrow the government. For several months he had control of the provinces along the sea-coast, but was finally driven out by the legitimate army, and escaped to Colombia, where his last plot was planned. The govern-

RUINS OF THE PALACE OF ATAHUALPA.

INDIAN WATER-CARRIERS, QUITO.

ment of the latter country, however, denounced him as an outlaw, and upon the failure of his recent outbreak he took refuge in Peru, where he is again hatching conspiracies. During his exile, partly to amuse himself and partly to keep his hand in, Alfaro has fulminated sundry violent manifestoes against the prevailing party in Ecuador; and the latter in their turn have consistently held him up to public execration as the apostle of anarchy and aguardiente.

EARLY NEW-ENGLAND CHOIRS AND SINGING-SCHOOLS.

BY FREDERIC G. MATHER.

HANDEL led the advance in the contest of the eighteenth century as to whether the Lord or the Devil should have the better music. It was, indeed, a struggle of great proportions. Two hundred years before that time the Meister-singers had left the impress of their culture upon the German people. They had also thrown their influence upon the side of the Reformation. Unsentimental England acknowledged their power by laying aside the songs of the Crusaders for the chants of the blind crowders and the lays of the minstrels. Then came the ribald lines of the Cavaliers, and the friendly sarcasms known as masques, which marked the greater part of the seventeenth century. With the end of the English Revolution, Henry Purcell appeared as the founder of the modern school of English music, in the same manner that Samuel Richardson afterward gave us a prototype of the modern novel in the pages of "Pamela" and "Sir Charles Grandison."

Handel's earlier years were passed while the adolescent opera was in a transition state. The change from the English to the Italian score was the triumph of Bononcini and the destruction of Handel.

Failing in opera, Handel revived the scriptural dramas of Neri, which, as the oratorios, still remain the massive glory of sacred numbers. Sacred music, cathedral and otherwise, was also produced by Weldon, Greene, Boyce, Arnold and Cooke. The last half of the century witnessed a swarm of composers more purely secular in their efforts. What Boyce was to sacred music, Arne, Giardini and Linley were to Vauxhall, Sadler's Wells and the London Theatre. Many of their songs would pass the bounds of decency to-day; but they revealed the popular taste of an age that relished the works of Fielding, Smollett and Sterne.

While the battle was raging between the cathedrals and the oratorios on one hand, and Vauxhall and the operas on the other, Handel had passed away. Haydn and Pleyel were doing their best for the cause of sacred music, and Jackson was giving a more melodious expression to the better class of lyric poetry. Dibdin sang of the ocean; while the declining years of the century showed that the interests of music had fallen into the hands of Shields, Webb and others, who could adapt rather than create; who could copy better than they could compose. It was a kind of draw-game; but the devil had held his own very well, and he had secured his share of the new music that was worth preserving.

In the Established churches, choirs came into favor, with orchestras of flutes, hautboys, clarionets, violoncellos, bassoons and serpents; and what a sound was there—what a chaos of cacophony—when the "village choristers" gave the "Hallelujah Chorus," with such a variety of halleluyas, holleluyears and allyluyers, and ahmens, aumens and ameens that none except those who had heard it before knew what the singers were about. It was not strange, after such a performance, that the rector protested against "being fiddled out of church"; or that he announced a hymn, and added: "Now, let the people of God sing."

The choir, as a disturbing element, did not appear in the dissenting churches. Sternhold and Hopkins' version of the Psalms antedated Rouse's version by many years; and the words were still "deaconed off" a line or two at a time by the minister, or some officer of high rank in the church:

> Oh! why withdraw thy hand aback,
> And hide it in thy lappe?
> Oh, pluck it out; be not slack
> To give thy foes a rappe.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Ye monsters of the bubbling deep,
> Your Maker's praises spout.
> Up from the sands, ye codlings, peep,
> And wag your tails about.

Of course every word uttered by the minister was gospel truth, and to be sung as he had lined it. The gossips tell of one old man whose infirmities made him lose his place. As he attempted to explain,

THE LEADER FROM THE CITY.

the choir took up the explanation and his comments line by line after this fashion:

> My eyes, indeed, are very dim;
> I cannot see at all.
> I really b'lieve you are b'witched:
> The devil's in you all.

In later years, the precentor—well wigged and powdered—stood forth and led the song, the minister saying:

> Like to an owl on ivy bush,

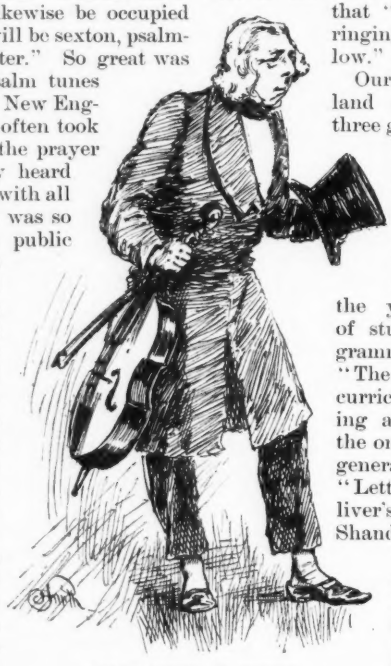
And the precentor responding:

> That woeful thing am I.

Or, the precentor, as a part of his duties, trained the children to sing from Watts' "Divine and Moral Songs," by linking every two lines together without reference to the meaning, as:

Birds in their little nests agree:
And 'tis a shameful sight.

In America, the contest was not so much between sacred and secular music as it was between the good rendering and the poor rendering of sacred music itself. The emigrants to New Amsterdam were provided with "a house for a school, which can likewise be occupied by the person who will be sexton, psalm-setter and schoolmaster." So great was the reverence for psalm tunes in the earlier days of New England, that the people often took off their hats, as in the prayer time, whenever they heard one sung. And yet, with all this reverence, there was so much opposition to public singing, that groups of the brethren would remain outside of the church doors till it was over. A writer in the *New England Chronicle* in 1723 declared: "Truly I have a great jealousy, that if we once begin to sing by rule, the next thing will be to pray by rule and preach by rule; and then comes Popery." A council of churches held at Braintree, in the same year, to regulate the disorders occasioned by "regular singing," ordered "to sing by rule and by note alternately, for the satisfaction of both parties;" but such an arrangement could not last long. The advocates of regular singing believed with Julius Pollux of old that "there are no less than thirty-seven qualities of the human voice," and that these various qualities must be trained just as the various pipes of an organ must be tuned; so they were glad to welcome the Rev. John Tufts, of the parish of Newbury, who, being grieved that York, Hackney, St. Mary, Windsor and Martyrs, were the only tunes sung by note, had, in 1714, published the first book in New England "on the art of singing psalm tunes, with trebles of twenty-eight tunes, so that they may be learned." Thus the reverend Tufts became the predecessor of the singing-schoolmaster in New England; while, along the Hudson River, we learn that Ichabod Crane had "instructions in psalmody" every week; that "his voice resounded far above the rest of the choir and congregation;" that "the echoes are still ringing through Sleepy Hollow."



THE SINGING-SCHOOL TEACHER.

Our theme is of New England as it was two or three generations ago. The district school was taught by a woman two months in the summer for the little ones, and two months in the winter by a college student for the youth. The course of study included neither grammar nor geography. "The Three R's" were the curriculum, "reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic;" and the only works at hand for general reading were the "Letters of Junius," "Gulliver's Travels," "Tristram Shandy," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Tom Jones" and "The New England Primer," with its "In Adam's Fall, We Sinned All," a fitting thing for the boy to learn who dared to break over the custom of "keeping Saturday night." Those days came long before Catharine Hayes linked the operatic strains of Madame Grisi with the ballads of Jenny Lind; before Russell dived deep in his boots to find the notes of "The Old Sexton"; before Mario warbled "the chest C," or Brignoli essayed "M'appari;" and before "Take My Yoke Upon You" was set to the garden scene in "Faust," or "Guide me, Oh Thou Great Jehovah" followed the plaint of the wanderer in

A NEW-ENGLAND MEETING-HOUSE CHOIR.

"Martha." Those elder days of which we sing marked the triumph of the choir over every form of opposition; and they were days long to be remembered.

> Talk not to us of Patti's fame,
> Or Nicolini's tender frame,
> Or Cary's alto—but a name—
> Or Whitney's wondrous basso.
> They sing no more like Jane Sophia
> And Anna Maria, Obadiah,
> And Zedekiah in our choir,
> Than cats sing like Tomasso.

And when the church in the next town was to be dedicated, with what pride did we take over the choir from 'our town," and how we folded our hands with satisfaction as we saw Grandfather Jabez leading the combined choirs of the several towns; Uncle Nathan taking a leading part, and Cousin Elijah playing the flute obligato to Aunt Fanny's solo. Happy were we if we could add a bass-viol to the orchestra. The violin and clarionet were set apart for dancing. As for organs, but one church in all that region had such an expensive and "citified" machine; and as for the propriety of using the thing in the meeting-house, God never intended that man should make music by kicking his heels in a box like that! He should be praised with all kinds of instruments as in the days of Daniel.

The choir was recruited from the singing-school, either through gratuitous instruction on the part of the choir, or more frequently by hiring a teacher, who came at stated intervals, paid his own bills, and refused to "board round." He was a "professional," who solicited pupils at so much a head for so many evenings once in two weeks. The village schoolmaster was nowhere when the singing-school teacher came around; but if anyone in the village—like the newly-arrived blacksmith—attempted to put on airs, he was sure to find that the boys had introduced his bow to a candle just before it was time to go to school. The earlier teachers had no instruments, but afterward the violin came in, and then the bass-viol. Many a time had Daniel Webster driven over those bleak hills with his college mate, who carried on a string of singing schools, a fact that he recalled fifty years later in the words, "You are still B—, with your old bass-viol, with *Laus Deo* painted on the back."

Many a memory have others of those long winter evenings, when sleighing parties were formed to go to "the school," and when every girl was sure

of an escort home, no matter how she got there! It was the day of corn-huskings, and apple-bees, and quiltings and barn-raisings; but for real enjoyment and sound benefit the singing-school surpassed them all.

Imagine the hard wooden benches—the desks of the day-scholars, looking like a line of barracks; the room, small, square and low-posted, lighted by candles that each singing pilgrim has brought. The teacher tunes up his instrument, turns over the pages of the Handel and Haydn singing-book, strikes his tuning-fork and calls on all to "sound the chord." The plainest sort of instruction is given in "Do-re-mi," care being taken to sing only half-notes; and then the school soars away on some minor tune like "Martyrs" in common metre:

Thee we adore, Eternal Name;
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

Such tunes as Windsor, York, Street and Greenville (Rousseau's Dream of the Story of the Redeemed), are given with frequency and effect; but the teacher who can train his school to sing "The Voice of Free Grace" has established his reputation; thenceforth he need not solicit pupils, because the pupils will seek him. In this simple way the teachers and the pupils plodded through the book, and were content to master a few tunes and anthems written "in four bars." There was no change till 1835, when Lowell Mason put forth his "Choir"—a work including many beautiful subjects from the works of Haydn, Mozart, Cherubini, Nauman, Marcello, Mehul, Himmel, Winter, Weber, Rossini, and other eminent composers; then came Mason's books and the works of Zeuner, Bradbury, Greatorex and Warren, which have formed the connecting link with the sacred music of to-day.

THE "COUNTER" SOLOIST.

The Church has had its poets; just as the camp of every age has had its Tyrtæus, the court its Pindar. Every hymn-writer has reflected the religious spirit of the age in which he lived. In our day we rejoice in the measures of Faber, Keble and Heber in England, and of Croswell, Schaff and countless others in America; but the standard of our fathers, for many years, was "Watts and Select," with its hymns of self-examination, sorrow and doubt; and yet the choirs and the singing-schools did not always give us "Complaint" and "Before Jehovah's Awful Throne;" they also gave "Coronation," "Sherburne," "Boston" and "Majesty." They sang the more joyful strains of "Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun," "Strike the Cymbal," "How Long, Dear Saviour, Oh, How Long?" "Fly Like a Youthful Hart or Roe," "While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night," "Sound the Loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's Dark Sea."

They found relief in fugueing tunes, that often gave a most startling effect: "And Take Thy Pil- and Take Thy Pil-

and Take Thy Pilgrim Home," "And in the Pi- and in the Pi- and in the Pious He Delights," "And Learn to Kiss- and Learn to Kiss- and Learn to Kiss the Rod," "Stir up this Stu- Stir up this Stu- Stir up this Stupid Heart," "And More Eggs- and More Eggs- and More Exalt our Joys;" but the climax of sentiment and good singing was reached when the choir or singing-school took up a verse like this:

True love is like that precious oil
Which, poured on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed.

It was not strange that Bishop Seabury wondered whether Aaron would have any hair left after he had been treated thus by the choir:

Its costly moist—ran down his beard—
Ure beard—his—beard—his—shed—
Ran down his beard—his—down his robes—
Its costly moist—his beard—ure shed—
His cost—ure robes—his robes—his shed—
I-t-s—c o-s-t-l-y—moist-ure—s-h-e-d.

After many failures the choirs learned that it was best not to be too ambitious, even in sacred music. As to the singing of the congregation, it was discovered that the notes should be of equal length, that the range should not extend beyond middle C to C or D above. Then came a reaction in favor of plainer music, and "Mear," "Dundee," "China," "Old Hundred," were prominent. As the singing-school faded from sight, the quartette choir appeared on the musical horizon.

As memory goes back, it gathers in the later and more dreamy strains of Ole Bull's "Cantabile Doloroso" and "Carnival of Venice," or the more brilliant touches of Vieuxtemps; and yet it rates the singing-school master as superior to them both, although he never went beyond the "Caliph of Bagdad," and never rode a bicycle on the E string of his "fiddle." As we listen to the orchestras of Zerrahn, Thomas or Damrosch, to the fugues in E, or G, minor, on the great organs; to the more delicate touches of a Thalberg, a Gottschalk, or a Pease, or to the heavy pounding of the piano by the "accomplished" young lady of to-day, we must, after all, favor the orchestral accompaniment of the choir of long ago. Compared with that, the chorus by the choir, what were Keller's "Hymn of Peace," or the divine oratorios rendered by a thousand voices? What were even the "Gloria" or the "Qui Tollis" from the Twelfth Mass of Mozart? Then, as you hear a single voice roaming through the great space and imploring the "Angels Ever Bright and Fair, Take, Oh Take Me to your Care," you wonder why the angels do not take the singer away and spare Handel's gem from any further malice: and even when Nilsson, or Patti, or Kellogg, climbs to those dizzy heights of music and stays defiantly there, you may yield them the palm of altitude, but you cannot think any singer equal to dear old Lucy B—— who could "sing counter," and, as the master said, "hit it every time," although it ranged above the soprano. They do not write the score for counter to-day, because it ranges too high except for angels' voices. It has been dropped an octave, and now it is called "contralto." That angelic voice was laid away long ago—for Lucy B—— was your grandmother, and with her you had to "bid a last farewell" to the singing-school, the village choir, and many other of the "Joys We've Loved so Long." Henceforth they must live in memory alone.

TWO CORONETS.*

BY MARY AGNES TINCKER,

AUTHOR OF "SIGNOR MONALDINI'S NIECE," "BY THE TIBER," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

HERE!" said the landlady, sinking into a chair; "I told you so!"

This remark was addressed to her husband, who entered at that moment in top-boots, with a rifle slung across his shoulders, and a tall, white pen-feather stuck jauntily in the band of his gray felt hat. But his game-bag hung very limp.

He had been visible only a moment before riding up to the door; one of those superb horsemen one sees in Italy, where the men are centaurs. They are the best horsemen in the world, especially men of the middle class and those brought up in the country. Much use of the carriage spoils the horseman. It is not that these men are more showy in the chase, or sit on their horses better than some soldiers of other lands; but they do not seem to know that there is a horse under them.

Certain appreciative glances from a lady across the street had sent the landlord into the house with the complacent smile and protruding breast of rampant vanity; but his wife's withering finger of scorn produced a sudden change and collapse. He had but three larks in the bag, he was obliged to confess; and he poured the poor little gray songsters out before her.

"It is your fault," he declared, like a true son of Adam. "I told you to find me some bits of looking-glass to put on the *civetta's* head; and you were too superstitious to break one bit into three. The others had their *civette* all of a glitter; and the birds came about them in clouds."

"There's a *civetta* who has got looking-glass enough, and the reflection of her face is enough to break one into a thousand pieces," cried the landlady, glancing through the window and across the way. And rising, she closed the shutters with a bang.

"Perhaps she would give me some supper," remarked the landlord, taking a step to retire from the contest.

"No, Signore!" said his wife, and shutting the door, she set her broad back against it.

Then she shouted out her orders to some one half visible at the end of a long passage: "Take these larks and cook them, Nanna. Send Giacomo down into the cellar for some wine [she expressed it, *caccià da bè*], and tell him to bring up the *stracchino*. Checca, bring the soup for your father. I put rice in it to-day," softening, and leaving her post at the door. "And would you like two eggs in *tegamino*? They are just laid."

The storm was over, and they sat down to table the best friends in the world.

Their guest passed the sad hours alone. Europe had suddenly lost all its color for his mind; and home, unforgotten, but long blurred in its outlines by nearer scenes, came up before him with almost startling distinctness. He saw the faces and heard the voices. The past, with a hundred trivial incidents, came up before him, and people long since dead occupied the scenes that had known them in life. Mrs. Nelson's form appeared without any apparent reason; and without any apparent reason, too, a chain of forgotten incidents connected with her came up, link by link, till they snapped as with a spark of electricity.

"Why! the little girl was the child we brought here ten years ago!" he said. "Yes, they called her Beatrice. Why didn't I think!"

He had come up to Ombra for a day only because his journey led him that way, merely recollecting that he had been there before; and his visit to Fran-

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cesco Alinori had been simply a coincidence. Now he recollected all, and wondered at his forgetfulness.

The Sor Teresa Lanciani had died just before he came abroad the second time, Mrs. Nelson had told him, holding an Italian letter in her hand, when he went to take leave of her; and she had begged him to see the child, if he should ever be in her vicinity. It was too late now; for in the morning he must set off on his return to America. He was so impatient to go that he could scarcely content himself to wait till morning. He felt himself smitten with a sudden sense of being needed at home.

In the morning he started, traveling through a splendid daybreak, topaz all over the sky; while in his soul all was shadow and sadness.

At Florence he bought a pretty turquoise ring—"I am a rich man now," he sighed—and enclosed it in a note to the Signor Francesco Alinori, begging him to give it to Beatrice with his good wishes and excuses.

"A girl likes a ring better than a more useful thing," he said. "Indeed, it is useful, if it makes her happy for a moment." He recollected that the child had had a sober, neglected look.

"It never rains but it pours," says the proverb. Just as the doctor was leaving London for Liverpool, a second mourning letter reached him. It was from Francis Elder, and was stained with tears. It announced to him the death of Dr. Martin, his father.

Crushed and dazed with grief, he embarked upon the ocean, which seemed to him a fit emblem of all earthly things, forever wandering, forever moaning, and forever bitter.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FAIRY GOD-FATHER.

The Selwyn homestead was one of the pleasantest old places in Southport. It was a square mansion set in the midst of gardens, the white fence on the street almost hidden in roses, and a row of elms outside. Three beautiful elms, named the Three Sisters, made a shady arbor in the midst of the garden, their tall, straight trunks supporting a mass of fountain-like verdure, tossed and drooping, far above the table and chairs kept always below. A low divan had been built around each of these trunks; and many a pleasant reunion had been held there on summer mornings or moonlighted evenings.

There were fruit-trees and a stable farther back, and a kitchen garden quite out of sight.

Everything about the place was in perfect order on a lovely June morning of the year following Dr. James Martin's return to America; but it needed all the verdure that grew there to hide the discolored walls and railings, where only a speckling of white was left. The inside of the house was unmistakably shabby, though exquisitely neat; and only at the soft twilight hour could a ghost of those once charming rooms be seen.

The Selwyns, mother, son and daughter, had just finished their breakfast, and were sitting around the table in silence. One would have judged from their expression that they had a depressing sense of nothing to do. There was no other person in the house. Mrs. Selwyn and Edith did their own work. Patrick, a servant of their better days, came every morning to work in the garden, bring them wood and draw the water. No one but themselves knew that his sole remuneration was the produce of a half of the land which he cultivated for himself. The Selwyn dignity was sacred to this faithful soul.

Mrs. Selwyn was a fragile, delicate-looking woman, with thin gray hair, sunken eyes, and "brow ruled like a score." Her slender shoulders were bent, her small hands scarred by labor. The time was long past when she had washed her dishes at arm's length with a swab, and handled pots and kettles with old gloves on to protect her fair fingers. All this rough work fell to her; for Edith must do the sewing and mending; and she had two pupils in drawing, and was trying to get a few in piano music.

Edith was, evidently, the strongest character of the three. But she looked helpless, because she looked starved.

The patients had not come, and the family's needs were pressing. The remains of breakfast on the table showed it. They had had rye coffee, corn bread, and some pieces of salted fish.

XUM

The table was clean; but many of the articles which had once adorned it were seen no more. They had been changed into food and clothing. All the silver they had left was an old candlestick and a few teaspoons. The mate to that candlestick had gone to pay Mr. Selwyn's funeral expenses.

The young doctor sat with downcast eyes. His cheeks were pale and hollow, his eyes fevered. He seemed to be lingering to say something which he had not the courage to say. Their taxes were overdue, and he had been urged to sell the place. How could he tell them? It would kill his mother to leave the house. It would also, he felt sure, ruin his own hopes. If there was any chance for him, it was in keeping a firm hold on the remains of their social standing and its outward signs. Banished to a cheap apartment on a back street, he would fall out of sight entirely.

Besides, as if his misfortunes were not already enough, the poor boy had fallen in love with Alice Blake, old Doctor Blake's granddaughter, and presumptive heiress. Then, crowning all, he was hungry.

James Martin had carried all before him in Southport. The young ladies smiled upon him, the old ladies praised him, and children were proud to be ill and have him come and pinch their cheeks, and tell them that he would have them well in less than no time. Charles Selwyn had seen him only the evening before, walking with Alice Blake in her grandfather's garden.

Mrs. Selwyn glanced at her son with an expression of dread. She had a painful, though familiar, proposition to make. Since he remained silent, she stretched out a trembling hand, and gathered up their six silver spoons. Edith understood the movement, hardened her face, and waited.

As they hung on that last instant of silence, as a heart hangs that in another moment will break, the latch of the garden gate was heard opening and shutting.

At that sound their faces changed. Mrs. Selwyn dropped the spoons from her shaking hand, the young doctor started and reddened nervously, and Edith sprang up and went to the window.

"It is Doctor Martin," she said.

The other two faces fell, but hers dwelt for a minute with an earnest gaze on the face of their visitor.

He stood in a garden-path, looking about him. Alice Blake had said to him the evening before: "You complain that the Selwyns are ceremonious with you, and that Charles does not come to your house. Do you expect compliments from people who are starving, soul and body, and too proud to complain? I wonder they have the heart to be civil to anybody!"

And thereupon had followed a long conversation between the two, who were too good friends ever to become lovers.

The doctor was shocked at what he learned. Poor, gentle martyrs! This, then, was the meaning of their reserve! They were simply dying!

This information was like the snow-drift that goes to increase a rolling ball.

Doctor James Martin's mind was much more burdened in those days than any one would have imagined. He seemed the gayest of the gay. Sunshine surrounded him, success crowned him, and opposition shrank before his stalwart form and bright, direct eyes. He seemed to carry a breeze with him, and to have more life than he knew how to use in his present mode of existence. He took long walks, he sawed wood, he pruned trees, and after a snowy winter's night he might have been seen at early dawn shoveling the snow off the sidewalk. When the grass began to grow, he shaved the lawn.

He had worked off a good deal of mental irritation, as well as superfluous life, in this way. At the bottom of his heart he was more than discontented; he felt that alarm, daily increasing, of one who sees himself losing some precious thing which he can never regain. He was surfeited with flattery, and ashamed of the excess of his popularity, which made him seem to himself almost an impostor. What they admired in him was not what he knew to be admirable; and what he most earnestly knew to be best, they did not understand, or were indifferent to. They liked him because he was handsome, accomplished, agreeable and successful; he wanted them to like his ideas.

Doctor Martin was a doctor all through, even to his shadow. He had a passion for leaving things better than he found

"THERE! I TOLD YOU SO!"

them. But his was not that crude reforming instinct which is a moral Procrustean bed: he suggested good to bad silently, presented a better to good and a best to better, and waited for their adoption, having faith in human nature. He did not complain if the change was gradual, since the improvement might be more lasting if slowly accomplished, and he liked to see things grow.

But this Southport society was growing the wrong way: Its culture was not a development of its own character, but a veneering. Their feathers were all borrowed ones; their refinement an affectation. With a great deal of self-assertion and even boasting, they secretly had no faith in themselves, and were always looking abroad for their models of propriety as well as of bonnets. This pinchbeck elegance was infinitely depressing to him, and the exceptions to it were so few as to afford little consolation. Moreover, exceptions were dying out. They were chiefly old people. His own father and old Mr. Selwyn had been examples of this class.

"*Jove arcana!*" the doctor would mutter, as he tossed the snow, or sawed the wood, or cut the grass, "are all my studies, and travels, and aspirations to have no other end than this?—a mixing of pills and powders, and a cultivation of sham gentilities!"

He would not say it, even to himself; but his own mother and sister tried him more severely than did any one else. His father had been wont to sing upon occasion for their benefit the old song—

> Hi! Betty Martin, tip-toe, tip-toe,
> Hi! Betty Martin, tip-toe fine!

and had laughed at their airs. But the old doctor had been a much more easy-going, indolent man than his son turned out to be.

"It would just suit Charlie," the young doctor thought, as he stood looking about their pleasant garden. "He is a good fellow; but he does dote on rose-water."

"What a pretty place it is!" he added.

The apple-trees were in blossom, the cherries were just dropping their bridal veils, the lilacs were beginning to open a stubborn bud here and there in the dark waxen clusters, and the rose-bushes were full of buds. From behind the house was heard the cackling of a hen. It was the only hen on the place, and the egg over which it was rejoicing would be exchanged later in the day for salt. There was a chicken also; and Patrick would carry it to market when it should have gained another half pound of flesh. And there was a single turkey getting itself ready for Thanksgiving time, when Patrick would fight the grand battle of the year, and commit who knows how many sins of wrath, deceitfulness, perhaps of violence, in order to sell it for a high price against all competitors.

"Yes, it is a pleasant old place," said Doctor Martin. "They must n't give it up."

Alice Blake had said to him the evening before, "I am so much afraid they will have to sell their house. If they come to that, I shall hate the human race."

Doctor Selwyn appeared, and invited his visitor to enter.

"No, I won't go in," he replied. "It is too early to ask to see any ladies but the Three Sisters. Can you give ten minutes of their and your company?"

Doctor Selwyn murmured a half audible assent, and accompanied his friend to the elm arbor. "He wants to buy the place! That is what he was looking about for!" he said to himself as he sank rather than sat down.

Doctor Martin began at once. "I have come to ask a favor of you. I want to go away for a month or two to look after the property aunt Betsey has left me; and I must have some one to attend to my sick people."

He affected not to hear the faint gasp his companion could not restrain.

"There are not many sick, as you know; but scarlet fever is appearing. Can you oblige me?"

He only glanced at his speechless friend to receive a bow of acquiescence, and went on. "I was talking with Doctor Blake last evening."

"Ah! and with Alice!" thought the listener; but he held his breath to hear what would follow.

"He is getting old. He is scarcely good for surgery any more. Why don't you cultivate him? Pardon me, Selwyn! I don't want to be intrusive or indelicate; but I remember that you used to be a

little thin-skinned, and wait for people to offer you what you had better have asked for frankly. I don't know as you would wish for a partnership with Doctor Blake; but I think that you could have it. I think, too, that Alice would like it, if that would make any difference."

Another gasp.

"If you don't look sharp," Doctor Martin went on, "some other fellow may step in. Of course the doctor is crabbed, and would be like a pair of splints to you. But he can't live for ever; and you can have it all your own way by-and-by."

"Thank you!" murmured Selwyn in a trembling voice.

Doctor Martin looked studiously away from him as he went on. "You must n't mind my calling you thin-skinned. It is a condition of a fine organization, I suppose. But it does n't serve a person whose circumstances forbid his keeping himself wrapped up in pink cotton all the time. Look at my brother-in-law now: He is the most successful lawyer in Southport, and will be a judge. Yet the greatest gift he has is push. I don't mean to under-rate him. His head is a flint; but he has a kind heart. He cried when poor father died; and he never lets a day go by without coming in to see how mother gets along. He is more comfort to her than I am. But, for all that, he does n't care whom he nudges when it is a question of getting on."

"I am afraid that push is n't a Selwyn virtue," the young man answered in a tone which betrayed something like resentment. With the prospect of a change of fortune, his dignity began to assert itself anew. Already his poverty and suffering were lifting themselves like a mist, and moving away into forgetfulness.

Then, suddenly, he realized his seeming ingratitude and real ungraciousness.

"I thank you, Martin!" he said with emotion, and held his hand out. "It is true, I was always a sort of girl. Of course I need this help, and I am more thankful than I can tell you. As for Doctor Blake, I could n't imagine a better fortune than to have him take me in.

The visitor rose promptly. "All right, then! I will come for you this afternoon at three o'clock."

"I have done a stupid thing!" he thought as he went away. "I gave him a favor dipped in gall. I declare, I did n't mean to lecture him. It was a miserable mistake!"

Charles Selwyn returned to the house, wondering how he could ever have been discouraged.

Mrs. Selwyn was washing dishes in the kitchen when she heard her son enter the next room, and immediately after the voice of Edith exclaiming, "Why, Charles! what is the matter?"

Smitten with a fainting sense of some crowning misfortune, the mother supported herself for an instant against the table before her, then went with a staggering step to the sitting-room. Edith had half risen from her chair, holding with both hands her lapful of sewing. Her brother stood swinging his cap about, his face very red, and unmistakably joyous.

His story was told in a dozen words.

"Oh!" cried Edith, letting her work fall. "Oh! mother, Charlie, was there ever another man like that!"

Mrs. Selwyn turned silently, and sank on her knees before a chair, covering her face with her hands.

A few minutes later the garden gate opened again, and Patrick appeared. The young doctor called out to him from the window: "Patrick, kill and pick that turkey right away, so that we can have it for dinner."

"Is it the turkey, sir?" asked Patrick, stupefied.

"Yes: it's the turkey, sir," replied Selwyn.

Patrick went off with a wondering mind toward the poultry-yard.

This startling order recalled Mrs. Selwyn from her thanksgiving. She rose, wiping her eyes. "Would n't it be better to have the chicken, Charles?" she asked, strong in her habit of economy.

"Come think of it; we will have them both," he replied; and, going to the window again, called out: "Patrick, kill the chicken too."

"Is it the turkey and the chicken both, sir?" asked Patrick, doubting his own senses.

A happy half-hour passed in planning; and they had already made a fortune, paid their debts, and renovated the house and the whole place, when Patrick's voice was heard at the kitchen door: "Here's the turkey, sir, and the chicken, sir!"

CHAPTER IX.

TO PERRY'S.

Doctor Martin set out to visit his township, making a journey very different from that made to the same place now-a-days. A sail of seven hours in a little steamboat brought him to a pleasant town on the Penobscot river. From there, a yellow coach and four horses took him to Shepherdsville, a pretty village at the head of a bay. Thence the only conveyance was a two-seated open wagon, drawn by a pair of farm-horses. This was Perry's stage; and it only made the trip to and from Beechland once a week, passing over a road that led straight northward, through a heavily-wooded country, to the owner's farm. Beyond this farm was the doctor's township; and beyond the township was an unknown wild country, with a heath farm as the *ultima Thule* of civilization. Everything which the scattered population along this thirty miles of road had to buy was purchased at Shepherdsville, the greater part of it by the stage-driver; and this responsible office had been filled by three generations of Perrys.

In this region the forest swarmed with deer. Bears were sometimes seen, and wolves more rarely; but their growl and howl, and the fox's bark were frequent sounds in the wild orchestra about Beechland. The brooks were full of trout, and the fields of birds. All these creatures, undisturbed hitherto, as far as the knowledge of man went, while shrinking backward, still crept to the borders of their violated domain to watch with a shy fascination the approach of the inevitable destroyer.

Doctor Martin slept at Shepherdsville, having learned that he could proceed the next day at eight o'clock.

"What hour do you mean by eight o'clock?" he asked of the landlord of the Shepherdsville Arms, while eating his solitary breakfast.

"Eight o'clock," said the landlord solemnly, "means seven o'clock and sixty minutes."

"Then I have only fifteen minutes," remarked the traveller, consulting his watch.

The landlord glanced at a tall clock in a corner of the dining-room, "You have fourteen minutes and a half," he said. "Perry divides the dot. He's 'most harnessed now."

The doctor went out in search of this model of promptness, and found a young man harnessing a pair of dull bays to a wagon. He was a tolerably good looking fellow, clad in a blue home-spun suit, a straw hat, and oiled boots. He glanced at the stranger, returned with some reluctance the cheerful "Good-morning!" and went on with what he would have called his "tackling" without taking any further notice.

"Is this Perry's stage?" the doctor asked.

Without looking at him, the man replied briefly, "It is!"

"Who is Perry?" pursued the doctor.

The young man waited till he had deliberately buckled a strap before answering. "There are two. I am one, and my father's t'other."

"Do you drive the stage?" asked the doctor, who never lacked information for want of questioning.

"I drive the stage."

"I am Doctor Martin," persisted the other. "I suppose you knew my aunt Betsey. I am going up to look at the place. I went there once when I was a boy, and thought it the finest place in the world."

There was no reply.

"Do you own the stage or is it owned here?" asked the doctor.

"The stage is ours."

Young Mr. Perry pronounced the word "aours;" but as his speech was decent, and whereas few persons pronounce perfectly their native language, we will not insist on these little peculiarities.

"The horses are yours, too?"

"The horses are ours," the young man replied firmly, tightening a girth with decision as he spoke.

"I suppose they pay you something for carrying the mail?" the questioner pursued.

"I reckon they do!" said the driver grimly.

It was eight o'clock. The two men mounted the wagon and set out. There was a few minutes pause at the post office, where a thin leather bag, directed to "Four Corners," was brought out; then they continued their journey. The

commissions had all been executed, and the boxes under the seats were full of parcels.

"I have forgotten about Four Corners," the doctor said, as they jogged out into the woody country. "How many miles this side of Beechland is it?"

"Five mile and a half."

The traveler sighed, and gave up for a time all hope of conversation. Seated behind the driver, he examined the country through which they were passing with that interest which can be felt only by those who are able to compare their own with foreign countries. The first thing that attracted his attention was the superior grace of American trees. Nowhere had he seen forests so beautiful. Then came a shrinking from the ugliness of the dwellings, the almost universal lack of taste in whatever man had touched. Lastly, an appalling sense of the general waste grew upon him. Tracts of land burnt over and left a desert of white stones, and wide fields populated with ugly stumps, where forests had been annihilated, as though oaks grew in a night, like mushrooms, and a group of royal beeches were a trifle!

"They have no sense of a future!" he thought indignantly. "They don't know the first element of agriculture nor of beauty."

Then some solid mass of forest would sheet him in with its soothing shadows: here, a blackness that the eye could not pierce; and there, quivering with glints and flashes of golden sunshine, where that spark of infinite life—which was Jupiter—sought and showered with heavenly riches the waiting terrestrial bosom—that was Danäe!

Toward three o'clock they reached "Four Corners," a miniature village built at the intersection of two roads. Here was a white meeting-house on an elm-shaded green, half-a-dozen dwellings, a blacksmith's shop, and a store, which was also the post-office. On the arrival of the mail, the letters and papers were all spread out on the counter, and everyone selected his own.

In a back-room the store-keeper, or his wife, was in the habit of receiving mysterious visits, to the stern disapproval of one half of their neighbors, and the ingenuous ignorance of the other. These visitors in a casual manner dropped in, often with a mournful, abstracted expression of countenance.

Mr. Perry drew up his horses with as much of a flourish as they were capable of displaying, and delivered the mail-bag to a man who appeared to receive it. Already there had begun a slow concentration of men at the store, and the windows of the houses were adorned with female heads. One man descended from a rail fence, perched on which he had been waiting for the stage; the bald-headed doctor came from his white cottage across the street; the solemn minister from his two-story house beside the church; and lastly, there appeared a handsome Spanish-looking gentleman, for whom everybody made way.

This gentleman also touched his hat to the stranger, at which the doctor and the minister saluted. For the others, it would seem that their idea of propriety was to elaborately ignore his presence.

Nothing had struck, even amused, our traveler, on making acquaintance anew from the outside, more than this affected indifference of his countrymen, which, he well knew, really covered a consuming curiosity.

"We are the most affected people in the world," he thought. "The small distinguished percentage apart, nothing is so difficult for an American as to be himself."

The Spanish-looking gentleman, who, in spite of his looks, was a New Englander, talked with the minister. Doctor Pennel stood somewhat jealously apart, and waited to be noticed by them. The others looked on respectfully. An almost royal etiquette surrounded the minister, Mr. Wilder. Hats were taken off in salutation; but no one spoke to him until he had been spoken to. Only Mr. Haslem, the rich lumberman, and a city gentleman, besides, could take such a liberty.

Doctor Martin waited a moment in vain for some one to be conscious of his presence; then stepped out of the wagon, and seeing Doctor Pennel quite neglected, approached him.

"You are, perhaps, a physician," he said. "I see a doctor's sign on the door opposite." And he introduced himself.

This reception was a glowing one.

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Everybody in that region had known Miss Elizabeth Martin; and all who had talked much with her had heard of her nephew. She had read his letter to the doctor, the minister, and Mr. Haslem, and shown his ambrotype to everybody People had come from far and near to look with wonder and suspicion at the braided Palm-Sunday branches he had sent her from Italy, and to admire the bits of marbles and alabasters that had come to her from over the seas.

Miss Betsey Martin might have sighed with contentment in dying, could she have known how her name would be spoken where she so long had lived. They had known her for many years; and for them she had not been good in vain. While he listened to their serious, appreciative words, her nephew felt that she had made a place for him, and that he was among friends.

It is, perhaps, the greatest merit of any society that goodness and greatness are not thrown away on it; and when they are so wasted, does not the holy scripture justify us in calling them swine ?

A blushing young woman in a gay muslin gown and starched petticoats made her somewhat flustered progress to the stage, and was helped to the front seat by an attendant swain. She was going to visit a friend farther up the road.

At the same time, the stage-driver, who, the doctor found, was generally called Isaac, or Ike, made his appearance from the room behind the post-office, where he had spent the interval of waiting. The face he brought out of this retreat was very different from that which he had carried in; redder in color, and more agreeable in expression. One perceived also an odor about him which betokened rum.

It could not have been rum, however: for Martha Washington was abroad in the land, and only when furnished with a doctor's certificate that he was a very sick man, could Isaac have lawfully obtained a glass of any spirituous liquor.

Nor was this phenomenal change of color and expression peculiar to the stage-driver. The same happened every day to at least a dozen other men, sometimes even to Doctor Pennel; and there was one man who went in so many times a day, getting redder and more jovial every time, that the stern, pale-blooded minister encountering him on one of his exits, openly accused him of being in a suspicious condition.

"All right, parshon!" he replied, becoming instantly and intensely solemn. "Got my shtifkit; 'shpepshy!"

Isaac, having regained his seat, snapped his whip, looked at Dr. Martin and winked facetiously.

The doctor took leave of his new acquaintances, and they pursued their journey, Isaac and the young woman in front conversing volubly, their companion asking himself why the conviction that he was a hero at Four Corners pleased him, while to be a hero at Southport was an annoyance.

He found the reason somewhat far away. The religious instincts in these men were yet spiritual and uncompromising, and their hero-worship was a looking up without groveling. They admired, standing erect the while. To them, worldly prosperity was most probably the result of personal superiority or ancestral dignity; and where they gave respect they presupposed moral worth. They had not learned to disguise as charity secret sympathy with evil-doing, nor to become the accomplices of vice under the fair shield of prudence.

The doctor could imagine how their faces would freeze to him if they believed him to be dishonest, whatever his prosperity might be.

The stage stopped before a little red house set down like a bird-cage in a green hollow. Isaac had bought knitting-needles, spool-thread, a hoe and some rice for the young couple who came down to the bars to receive them, and to chat with him and Melissa a few minutes.

"By George, you have courage!" exclaimed the doctor, regarding the farmer and his wife with admiration. "What do you hope to do with that land?" pointing to a field almost snow-white with rocks, where a few patches of corn dotted the waste.

The young farmer looked at him with a certain one-eyed expression, which he would himself have described as cute.

"You come here three years from

now," he said, "and you will see grass and clover that you could swim in where them rocks are."

"Sir," said the doctor, "I take off my hat to you!" suiting the action to the word.

They drove on to the next farm, already visible to them through a strip of birch woods. Here Melissa of the starch and blushes was to stop on a visit to her friend, Sarah Jane Brown. "And there is Sarah Jane now," she cried excitedly.

Through the last lace-like birches a group was visible in the door of the house; and instantly a young woman detached herself from it and hastened down the path to the bars to meet her visitor. An elderly woman, with a tiny child holding a fold of her skirt, followed, and an awkward hobble-de-hoy lounged from one foot to the other in the rear, bashfully divided between his mother's command to advance and his fear of encountering strangers. The same hesitation seemed to possess a man who had been hoeing in the garden.

The two young women gazed at each other from a distance, their faces bursting with joy, and then went with a rush into each other's arms, followed by two resounding kisses.

"Oh, Melissa, you don't know how tickled I am to see you!" cried one; and "You ain't no tickleder 'n I am!" responded the other.

The boy was grinning from ear to ear. The elder woman welcomed the guest with an air which the doctor found stately. She was Roman-nosed, wore glasses and did not smile, which, in contrast to the others, made her look severe. Her voice, too, was cultivated, if somewhat arrogant in tone, and her language was good. Mrs. Brown was, in fact, writhing over the rustic expressions used by her daughter in the hearing of this distinguished-looking gentleman. He had taken off his hat to them all, and Mrs. Brown had courtesied to him, the others merely smiling broadly. He had observed during his whole journey that country people did not appear to think a salutation deserving of an acknowledgment, even when they showed themselves pleased by it.

Isaac began to hand over a number of parcels to "Miss" Brown, who consigned them one by one to her son. "Here's yer pound of green tea, and here's yer two pound of loaf-sugar, and here's yer pound of castile soap and yer two ounces of nutmegs. Here's yer box of blackin', and here's yer factory cotton and two spools of cotton number fifty, and a paper of Sharp's needles, five to ten."

Mrs. Brown examined the list and paid for the articles in English and Spanish silver, reckoning them as shillings and pence.

"Here's yer *Portland Transcript*," the driver pursued, "and yer *Augusta Age*," handing over two papers. "And here," turning to Sarah Jane, and speaking with slow and solemn emphasis, "here's a letter from yer beau!"

"Oh! you get out!" exclaimed Sarah Jane, blushing and giggling as she received the letter.

Mrs. Brown looked severely at her daughter, and catching her glance, conveyed such an arrow of silent reproof as put a stop to the giggling, and restored Sarah Jane to temporary propriety.

The doctor had tried to make acquaintance with the youngest child, a pretty girl of four years; but she only stared at him out of two bright eyes as blue as sapphires, and kept her rose-bud of a mouth closely shut.

"Why don't you answer the gentleman, Eliza Ann?" her sister said.

She pronounced the name Lizerann.

The driver mounted to his seat, Mrs. Brown courtesied, the young woman bowed, and the doctor raised his hat. They were about to start, when Sarah Jane had a sudden flash of recollection.

"Where are the English stockings?" she asked.

Isaac's face changed. "By gracious, I forgot 'em!" he ejaculated, and lifting both hands, let them drop heavily at either side.

"Oh, Ike, how could you?" cried the girl, and stood looking at him, the picture of dismay.

"I vow, I forgot 'em!" repeated Isaac with a crest-fallen look; and bent to gather up the reins.

"What shall I do?" murmured Sarah Jane tragically, tears gathering in her eyes.

"I declare, now, I forget 'em," said Isaac again, evidently much distressed;

and gave his whip a feeble swing over the tails of his horses.

Feeble as the hint was, they started, as unerringly scenting their near stalls and hay-mow as the war-horse scents the far battle. Sarah Jane went to the house, supported and comforted by Melissa.

"It's the first time I ever saw a woman cry for a pair of stockings," the doctor remarked.

"She's goin' to be married Monday," said Isaac moodily, his head sunk forward on his breast.

They drove on in silence for a time, their road ploughing into the superb forest again.

"Sarah Jane is a first-rate girl," said the driver at length, rousing himself from a gloomy reverie. "She isn't stuck-up, like her mother."

"Mrs. Brown is a lady," said his passenger. "Who is she? How did she come here?"

As he had assumed a defensive tone with regard to the lady, the driver showed signs of continuing the offensive: "She came here because she married Tom Brown; Tom Brown was born here, an' b'longs here."

The doctor said nothing.

"Her father was Major John Cameron, of Shepherdsville," Isaac continued more mildly. "They are big-feelin' folks, but mighty poor."

"The sun was sinking toward the west, and grotesque shadows of the two men were projected in advance of them as they jogged along. From Four Corners their road was partly eastward. The trees rustled softly, with a sound like waves breaking on a sandy beach.

The doctor was thinking of his aunt, remembering with a pensive tenderness the last time he, a child, had passed this way, with her by his side. What good company she was to the children as well as their elders! The driver also was lost in reverie which seemed anything but joyous.

Presently they came to a wide clearing with a great log farm-house in the midst. This was "Perry's," the termination of stage-travel.

Isaac roused himself with a sigh, and gave the reins a shake.

"I'm sorry I forgot them stockin's!" he remarked, betraying the subject of his musings.

The people in that part of the country were just beginning to build frame-houses in place of the original log ones; and the Perrys had with their own hands put up a small addition to their house. It was the strangers' quarter, and contained two rooms, and a separate entrance. It was an alien-looking structure, the walls a little crooked, and the windows uneven. In contrast to the brown logs beside it, it looked like a flower in a button-hole. Its clap-boards were washed a brilliant white, its door painted a lively green, and the window-sashes red. It showed the natural love of color, laughed at, at home, and admired abroad.

"Perry's" was a rough, live, disorderly place. The large barn was bursting with hay, the house was gay with tow-headed freckled boys and girls, the orchard had a hundred gnarled old apple-trees, the large back-yard was surrounded by piles of fire-wood, and paved with chips. In the midst of these chips sat the elder Perry, filing a wood-saw with a sound to set one's teeth on edge.

Two rough boys ran to let the bars down at the approach of the stage, and the saw-filer sat with file suspended. Mrs. Perry, a painfully ugly but good soul, seeing that her son had a passenger, ran to smooth her disordered hair, and pull down her tucked-up sleeves. aAmand Perry, a long-legged ambitious girl of fifteen came out to the door-step; and there was something in the dimness of the entry behind her which resembled a carnival mask with a white frill around it.

This was grandmother Perry, eighty-five years old. She was becoming a little silly, and her prominent nose and chin, associated with a toothless and ever-smiling mouth, made her unbeautiful to a high degree. She did not smile the less because she was always kept in the background, and seemed quite unaware of any deficiencies in herself or others.

The green door of the frame-house was opened from the inside with a sound of bolts, and Mrs. Perry welcomed the stranger cordially when she did not know who he was, and enthusiastically when she did. She had known Miss Martin all her life, and remembered perfectly the little boy who had come to Beechland with her one summer. Why, he had given

Isaac his jackknife when he went away! Did n't he remember Isaac?

All the family stood looking in at the parlor door while this welcoming conversation was going on; and the doctor was rather glad to escape into the bedroom to which he was presently shown.

"It's the school-mistress' bed-room," Mrs. Perry said; "but she's gone down to Four Corners to spend the Sabbath with the Haslem girls, and won't be back till Monday morning. I'll fix up the other room for you before that. I don't suppose you'll stay with Mis' Winter, seein' she's all alone."

Mrs. Winter was the keeper of the doctor's house, and as she was an old woman, and about going away, he did not mean to give her the trouble of entertaining him.

The bed-room to which he had been shown gave a very good impression of the school-mistress. It was clean, and full of tasteful devices for order and convenience in a small space. It showed a love of nature in bits of moss, beautiful lichens, and airy bouquets of grass-blossoms. The same hand had also been visible in the parlor, where a cornice of oak-leaves, pinned together with thorns, ran around the white-washed walls.

"She must be like poor aunt Betsey," the doctor thought. "Aunt Betsey always did that sort of thing." And he was prepared to be very friendly with the school-mistress.

Supper was served in the parlor in honor of the visitor; a New England country supper of that time, delicious and suicidal. Of course Mrs. Perry accompanied the whole with a running fire of apologies, declaring that nothing was fit to eat, and that she was afraid the doctor would starve.

His secret and fervent prayer was that he might not spend the night in a protracted nightmare after the succession of sweets, cream, butter and coffee he was compelled to swallow.

He escaped at length to his bed-room, and blowing out the candle, sat down at the open window to look for the North-star and wait for sleep.

He heard the sounds of life in the house subside to perfect stillness, and the forest sounds flow in to take their place. The doors were quietly closed, but no key turned; the windows all remained open. Trustfulness and security were in the air.

A white-rose bush grew outside the window, and from time to time a sweet breath of its perfume reached the watcher. It came mingled with the first whispering foam of the deep sea of sleep. Fragmentary foreign began to float among the present scenes, on the soft, unconscious flood, where everything finds place. A little turquoise ring came, inconsequent and pretty, and after it floated a pretty Italian letter of thanks, written in painstaking delicate characters.

Beatrice had received her ring with a rapture which the giver could have no idea of, and which did not transpire in her letter, though it rippled with *issimi;* and she had spent days and used many sheets of highly-ceremonious paper before completing it to her own satisfaction and the satisfaction of the family.

"Poor little girl!" said the doctor rousing himself. "I wonder what puts me thinking of her! I must go to bed. I suppose she is about getting up."

And he retired.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPIRITUALISM AND LIKE DELUSIONS.

BY DR. ALLAN McLANE HAMILTON.

THE revelations of a recent sensational trial are suggestive and amusing as evidences of the virility of a popular delusion and its influence upon a number of intelligent people. The chief victim is an experienced and supposedly clear-headed lawyer, who is tricked by the shallowest of devices, and the list of dupes includes many well-known men and women, who, fearful of ridicule, have so far kept in the background, leaving their priestess to her fate. One of them was actually so gullible as to pay a large sum for the restoration by celestial sculptors of a mutilated piece of statuary, while others without question accepted portraits of dead friends—painted by "spirits" with artistic proclivities—some of which portraits would undoubtedly have caused the originals to turn in their graves, provided they had had during life the least particle of self-respect or artistic feeling.

Much of this credulity arises from the unaccountable love of the occult and mysterious which seems to be an integral part of our mental make-up, common both to the educated and the ignorant; and it would almost appear that if the cultured individual were more credulous than his less favored brother, it cannot be denied that he is more obstinate in the retention of his fixed idea, when he has one. There is undoubtedly no delusion so difficult to remove as that of a popular nature, especially when it directly concerns the deluded one's environment and personality. Medical men daily meet with instances which severely tax their faith in the existence of any such thing as common sense. The learned college president or clever railroad operator clothes himself with disease-defying armor supposed to be electric, but which, nevertheless, does not cause the slightest deviation of the galvanometer needle; or they seek the assistance of ignorant men and women who thumb greasy playing-cards or lapse into fictitious trances and guess more or less shrewdly as to the health or business affairs of their clients. The records of a comparatively recent will case show that no less a person than the late Commodore Vanderbilt was in the habit of sending a lock of his hair to a quack in another city, who made a diagnosis thereon; and persons of unquestionable sanity are content daily to go through with the mummery of a supposed faith-cure. An ingenious and enterprising "Cancer Doctor" in Central New York sells to his dupes ordinary pieces of paper to be applied to the offending parts, after he has rubbed them until they are sufficiently electrified to become attached to the wall, a demonstration which is usually sufficient to convince the patient.

The subject of Spiritualism, which immediately concerns us, is but one phase of a mental state which has probably existed for all time, and a discussion of its antiquity would lead us into an interminable history, in which the early Scriptural instances of the vision of Job and the Witch of Endor play a conspicuous part; the mental epidemics mentioned by Hecker, and the state of agitation at a subsequent period which was marked by the epidemics of St. John and St. Vitus are more recent evidence of the outbreak of general popular delusions.

Modern Spiritualism dates back only to about 1716, when nine persons of the family of John Wesley all had communications with disembodied souls by means of raps; and in 1825 Justinius Kerner described an outbreak of the spiritualistic craze in Germany, which in many respects resembled that detailed by Adams, who wrote about the perturbations of the Wesley family.

About forty years ago we find our own unfortunate country invaded; but the familiar so-called manifestations of the Fox family need but the briefest mention. During the spring of 1848, the good people of Western New York were set agog by the wonderful tales of the Pulvers and Foxes, and these, so far

as we know, were the first manifestations of Spiritualism in this country. The pretended discovery of a murder by means of spiritual direction was enough to inflame the public mind to an intense degree, and the apparent substantiation gave an air of reality which brought the Spiritualists many converts. Two men named Bush and Granger, with one of the Foxes, in obedience to the commands of the "spirits," began digging in the cellar of the latter, in which the rappings had been heard, and after penetrating the soil about five feet, a plank was reached; when this was torn through, the auger, which was loose in the handle, fell out of sight. A further search revealed the presence of bones and hair, which were supposed to have belonged to a human body; but there is no absolute proof of this fact, and it is quite reasonable to suppose that the presence of these things was quite accidental, and under any ordinary circumstances would have had no significance beyond that the house was probably built upon the site of a graveyard or shambles. In fact, this incident and many others had a decidedly suspicious coloring.

Shortly after this time the people of the entire central part of New York State gave themselves up to the most extraordinary behavior. Each town had its "circles," and no less than eighty mediums presented their claims for recognition in the small city of Auburn alone. The state of fanaticism and folly, the mob violence and the wild and unreasonable behavior approaching fatuity, of the many people whose daily life was governed by supposed spiritualistic direction, resembled in degree that of any of the forms of popular craze of the middle ages more than anything else. Fortunately the better sense of the community asserted itself, and after awhile law and order prevailed; the pretended communications were proven to be wholly false, and the popular mania subsided. Despite the fact that we occasionally find such exhibitions of folly as that referred to at the beginning of this article, the belief in Spiritualism and the behavior of its followers is much more moderate than it was thirty-five years ago. The courts are occasionally called upon to interfere where a will has been made by a "believer," but the true mental status of the Spiritualist has by this time been pretty well established.

A mere belief in spiritism does not affect the ability to make a last testament or contract, any more than the acceptance of the miracle of the Immaculate Conception as a truth, or others of a disputed nature. It is only when a man's delusion is an insane one, and when it is clearly associated with intellectual perversion of a morbid type, and is what is known to alienists as *insane*, that the court must take cognizance and protect the individual and society. If a believer is commanded by the spirits to do some act of violence—to "remove," as Guiteau expressed it, certain persons he believes obnoxious; to commit some unjust action; or if he is so weak-minded as to become the prey of designing persons—then his mental state is certainly one requiring attention. The tolerance of the courts in regard to popular delusions is, however, to say the least, remarkable. Some years ago a well-to-do Frenchman named Bonnard died in the city of New York. He was a firm believer in the doctrine of metempsychosis, and when his will was opened it was found that he had left a very large sum to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. A contest naturally followed, but the will was admitted to probate, the Surrogate holding that the act of the dead man was consistent, inasmuch as he believed his soul would find a tenement after his demise in the body, possibly, of some canine waif who might receive the protection of the society in question. While savoring of the wisdom of Solomon—and in a legal sense this decision was undoubtedly a logical one—it probably would have been found, on careful examination, that the testator's delusion was associated with others of an insane character.

It is interesting and suggestive to discover the changes in the methods of dishonest Spiritualists, and to find how scientific progress has so materially aided them in their forms of deception. The clumsy rappings of the last generation are things of the past, and instead of being produced by anatomical peculiarities of

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the joints, and mechanical contrivances placed within the shoes of the medium, they are now readily and simply evoked by a small electrical helix, armature and sound-board, connected with wires passed through the table-legs and terminating in a "key" controlled by the operator, while storage batteries and small incandescent lamps furnish a better supernatural light than the more unsatisfactory etherealized solution of phosphorus or luminous paint. Besant's amusing satire of Herr Paulus, who completely discomfited the non-progressive Spiritualists at the seances of his credulous patron, and brought to his aid the resources of modern legerdemain and mesmerism, though a creation of fiction, is hardly an exaggeration; and Herrmann, Kellar and Hertz nightly and unostentatiously reproduce the slate, folded paper, and other tricks which in the hands of Slade and those of his ilk continue to mystify the would-be deceived.

One of the most successful forms of deception consists in the exhibition of "spirit pictures." When these are not produced by actual substitution, or what is known to the profession as "palming," chemistry lends its useful aid to the perpetration of the fraud. The well-known property of certain colorless salts to assume color when saturated with equally colorless solutions of other salts, is often made use of by the Spiritualistic fraternity. A picture painted with a solution of the lead-acetate will immediately become black when it is moistened with some fluid containing a sulphite. Silver salts, too, have properties which are exceedingly curious, and a photograph treated by a mercuric solution, disappears, to return when moistened with a solution of the iodide of potassium. Perhaps, one of the most flimsy impositions is that of spirit photography, two negatives being taken. One of these contains an opaque likeness which, by a very great stretch of imagination upon the part of the credulous individual, may be supposed to resemble the face and figure of some dead friend or relative, and the other is a simple photograph of the sitter. When these two negatives are superimposed and the print is made, it will be found that the result presents the dim outline of a ghostly figure hovering above the living subject. With the proper amount of sleight-of-hand this trick may be made to deceive persons who possess little or no knowledge of chemistry or photography. The cases that interest us, however, are not those in which common fraud plays a conspicuous part, for these are sufficiently familiar to the average newspaper-reader, or to any one who has paid any attention to the subject.

The examples of which I wish to speak are those where the possessor of the delusion is perfectly honest and sincere; and this very sincerity and simple-mindedness must always appeal to our pity. No matter how much we may feel inclined to hunt down the so-called mediums who are responsible for the demoralization, and expose their rascality, it is difficult to entertain for the dupe any other feelings than those of compassion. The consistent possessor of a delusion of Spiritualism should not be ridiculed any more than the impressed witness of the frequently repeated miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, or the devout Catholic who has witnessed the vision of Our Lady of Lourdes.

No person is free from a certain reverence for the mysterious and unattainable; it is this very quality that gives most of us the comfort of religion, or, on the other hand, brings us under the dominance of false beliefs which are more or less injurious. Rochefoucauld says:

> On est faux en différentes manières. Il y a des hommes faux qui veulent toujours paraître ce qu'ils ne sont pas. Il y en a d'autres de meilleure foi, qui sont nés faux, qui se trompent eux-mêmes, et qui ne voient jamais les choses comme elles sont.

This explains much. It may be added that there are many whose vanity leads them not only to the development, but jealous defense of their very delusions.

The creature of morbid imagination, either with the assistance of some stronger mind, or simply by an effort of his own, with the sensuous reward it brings, is very likely to develop false beliefs, which may very easily become deep-seated delusions. Braid, Mesmer, Carpenter, Fère, Charcot, Beard and others have fully shown the importance of that condition of intellection known as "expectant attention," in which the subject becomes to all intents an automa-

ton susceptible to the impressions from without, the responsibility being suspended for a time, as the higher centres of the brain lose their power of control.

A survey of the development of all religious beliefs and forms must impress the philosophical observer with the important part this mental state plays, and this is especially the case in those religions where emotional excitement predominates.

Many of the alleged communications which honest believers in Spiritualism have, are the result of some disorder of the organs of special sense, or of the brain itself, but it is not necessary that actual disease should exist. An active imagination, with sufficiently developed "expectant attention," or fixation of the mind upon one subject, will easily lead the susceptible person into a declaration of the reality of his false perceptions. Galton, an observer of great originality, has experimented and described some very curious mental states, when healthy persons, by a simple effort of will, could conjure up visions of the most varied description. He thus refers to some inquiries made by him as to the prevalence of visionary memory:

I was greatly struck by the frequency of the replies in which my informants described themselves as subject to visions. Those of whom I speak were sane and healthy, but were subject notwithstanding to visual presentations, for which they could not account, and which in a few cases reached the level of hallucinations. This unsuspected prevalence of a visionary tendency among persons who form a part of ordinary society seems to me suggestive and well worthy of being put on record. The images described by different persons varied greatly in distinctness: some were so faint and evanescent as to appear unworthy of notice; others left a deep impression, and others again were so vivid as actually to deceive the judgment. All of these belong to the same category, and it is the assurance of their common origin that affords justification for directing scientific attention to what many may be inclined to contemptuously disregard as the silly vagaries of vacant minds.

There are many historical instances of illusions and hallucinations among persons of great intellectual vigor, and I may be pardoned for referring to a strange fact, which is not generally known, in regard to the late President Lincoln, and this is recited by Wharton. Mr. Lincoln was remarkably superstitious. Just after his election in 1860, when he came home tired out, he threw himself upon a lounge in his bedroom, which was opposite to a mirror. "When he looked into the glass he saw himself reflected nearly full length; but his face had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. He was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again, he saw it a second time—plainer, if possible, than before; and then he noticed that one of the faces was a little paler—say five shades—than the other. He got up, and the thing melted away, and in the excitement of the hour he forgot all about it, nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come back again; but he never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though he once tried very industriously to show it to his wife, who was worried about it somewhat. She thought it was a 'sign' that he was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that he should not see life through the last term." Nor was this a single case of morbid cerebral action in the life of this remarkable man. "He was," says his biographer, Mr. Lamon, "readily impressed with the most absurd superstitions. He lived constantly in the serious conviction that he was himself the subject of a special decree, made by some unknown and mysterious power, for which he had no name. He had great faith in the virtues of the 'mad-stone,' although he could give no reason for it, and confessed it looked like superstition."

There are many other instances of illusion and hallucination, most of which are familiar—notably that of the Great Napoleon, who saw his star upon the eve of battle. I may call attention to an English case unknown to many, which belongs to a class which is suggestive of a very common sort of fatuity. Doubtless it has done service in another way, and has been made use of by the Spiritualists:

A young lady used to play on the harpsichord while her lover accompanied her on the harp. The young man died, and the harp remained in her room. After the first excess of her despair, she sank into the deepest melancholy, and some time elapsed before she could again sit down to her instrument. At last she did so, gave some touches, and hark! the harp, tuned alike, resounded in echo. The poor girl was at first seized with a secret shuddering, but soon felt a kind of soothing melancholy. She became firmly persuaded that the spirit of the lover was softly sweeping the strings of the instrument. The harpsichord from this moment constituted her only pleasure as it afforded to her mind the certainty that her lover was still hovering about her. One of those unfeeling men who want to know

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and clear up everything, entered her apartment; the girl begged him to be quiet, for at that moment the dear harp spoke most distinctly. Being informed of the amiable illusion which overcame her reason, he laughed; and, with a great display of learning, proved to her by experimental physics that all this was very natural. From that instant the young lady grew melancholy, drooped, and soon after died.

There are numerous recorded cases of disturbed functions dependent upon actual disease of the brain. Epilepsy is responsible for many curious examples, and so are other equally obscure cerebral disorders. I may refer to a case in which the very real hallucination followed the commonplace agency of a good dinner and too much wine:

We were on a visit at N——, in Nottinghamshire, and had dined with a most respectable surgeon, and had taken more wine than usual. It was in the summer time, and the weather very hot and dry, which combined circumstances rendered us feverish and uncomfortable. It was late when we returned to our lodgings, and our sleeping-room was small and ill-ventilated. We went to bed, but not to sleep, and tossed and tumbled, changing our position every moment, but was too restless to repose; at length we turned towards the window and perceived between it and the bed there stood a short, thick-set, burly figure, with a huge head, staring at us in the face. Certainly nothing could appear more real and substantial, and after gazing on this monstrous creature, we put out our hand, when the monster opened his ponderous jaws and bit at us. We tried various experiments with the creature, such as putting our hand before his face, which seemed to cover part of it. The longer we contemplated it the more palpable was this figure, and the more wrathful were its features. Struck with the apparent reality of the apparition, we mechanically felt our pulse; it was throbbing at a fearful rate; our skin was hot and dry, and the temporal arteries were throbbing at a railway speed. This physical condition had produced the phantom. We then jumped out of bed, when the spectre seemed to be nearer, and of more gigantic proportions. We then threw open the window to admit a little air, sponged our head and body, and thus, by removing the cause, the monster disappeared.

This illustration, while only an evidence of temporary misconception, certainly shows how easy it may be for an impressionable man or woman to declare that he has actually seen an actual person; and the chances for deception are so numerous that the truth seeker will always eradicate the possible physical and mental causes even before he proceeds to question the authenticity of the particular story.

A great many years ago, a clever observer, Dr. Forbes Winslow, tabulated the conditions which might lead to the successful "raising" of ghosts or spirits, and these are so concisely put that I will present them:

GHOSTS OF THE MIND'S EYE OR PHANTASMA.

Illusive perception, or ocular spectra; conversion of natural objects into phantoms.
Illusive conception, or spectral illusion; creation of phantoms.

GHOSTS OF THE EYE, OR OPTICAL ILLUSION.

Atmospheric: Refraction, reflection.
Gases.
Lenses and mirrors.
Diseases of the eye.

The conducive temperamental and emotional conditions may be "credulity, enthusiasm, superstition, timidity, imagination, poetic frenzy, sympathy, exalted joy, deep love, nature, protracted anxiety, delirium of fever, alcohol or narcotics; exhaustion, diseases of the brain."

There is no more unpleasant task than that of gravely listening to the earnest story of some personal friend who details with all sincerity some apparently incontrovertible story of Spiritualism which he finishes with a triumphant "Now, what can you say to that?" I am usually reminded of the schoolboy's riddle which implies an answer affecting the veracity of the lad in question. There is always some "perfectly honest person," or some individual "of undoubted standing in the community" who has actually had the experience; and doubt means skepticism that nearly always hurts the feelings of the narrator.

The latitude for errors in human testimony is very great, and there have been so many wonderful happenings which were for a long time inexplicable, but were finally cleared up, that, all things being equal, most of the stories of the Spiritualists are based upon guesswork, coincidence, or are based upon unjustifiable assumption.

An example of how easily a delusion may affect a number of people at once—a simple illusion being the starting-point—is the following: A large crowd of people gathered in front of St. Paul's Church, in London, and were gazing intently upward at the statue of a saint who was apparently nodding at them. The greatest excitement existed until a sparrow-hawk that had perched upon the ringlets of the figure flew away, when the illusion was explained. It can be easily imagined how some excitable person not waiting for the denouement might have told his own story and readily deceived many gullible persons. The records of the investigations of the Society for Psychical Research, and the older English trials, as well as the French Causes Célébres, are full of startling illustrations of the unreliability of human testimony; and in these days of scientific precision and materialism, it is much easier to prick the popular delusion than it was in a more sentimental age. Even the matter of circumstantial evidence has nearly had its death-blow.

MY KINDRED.

WHERE in forests deep and still
Slants by mossy rims a rill—
Where the fronded ferns are stirred
By the swift, low-winging bird—
Where amid the cloistered trees
Dart the honey-seeking bees—
There I know my kindred be,
There they ever beckon me.

I am kin to sylvan things:
Where the vine-wrought roofing swings
O'er dusk coverts leafy-green,
And shy creatures frisk between
Dewy sward and swaying limb,
There from chambers cool and dim
Many a pair of twinkling eyes
Meet my own without surprise,
And my kindred welcome me
To their woodland revelry.

I am kin to every flower
Shedding perfume hour by hour,
Kin am I to grass and weeds,
And the drowsy-whispering reeds;
To the streams that part and meet,
To the wind-blown fields of wheat,
To the tresséd ranks of corn,
To the midnight and the morn.
Me the pleasant south-wind knows;
And the breath that shrewdly blows
Over many a frozen firth
Of the rude and ice-girt north,
Deftly as the hands of Time,
On my temples sifts its rime.

I have glimpsed a smiling face
Peering forth from many a place
Where thick vines and saplings grow;
And where tell-tale banks of snow,
Piled in hollows soft and deep,
Prints of lightest footsteps keep,
I have traced with subtile care
Trailing garments light as air.
Bending an attentive ear,
Through the thickets I can hear
Sounds of laughter, clear and fine;
And by tokens I divine
Truths unknown to human speech—
Secrets that my kindred teach!

James B. Kenyon.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

PHILIP and I were brothers. Our mother had been nervous and timid about our safety ever since our father was killed by a fall from a wild horse he was endeavouring to break.

I was the elder, but not so studious as Philip; and I chafed far more than he under the constant repression to which we were subjected. At times, when the fever that stirred my blood surged through every vein in wild throbs for liberty, he would serenely stretch himself on some mossy bank, and with words of sweetness and peace, try calm my restless mood.

"See, Ralph," he would gently urge, "we live in dreamland on these glorious heights.

"Here are peaks upon peaks, bathed in softest purple haze.

"Are we not sheltered as fairies are by this friendly, low-branching holly, under which we lie at ease; while just beyond us the graceful ash fills all the air with the fragrance of its snow-white clusters?"

I did not then know, what the world has since known with full meed of praise,

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that our Philip was a poet—God bless him! But his fanciful words soothed me like some strange strain of music; and often lulled to rest the tumult in my breast.

Yet, he was in no wise namby-pamby, and, when fairly roused, he could be depended on for any manly sport.

One fine October morning, as we were gathering chestnuts in the woods near our home, we met Jim Catesby, who invited us to join in a coon hunt that night.

The party was to start from his father's house, and I persuaded Philip to go; and knowing well that mother would never consent, I prevailed upon him to keep the affair a secret.

During the day, I was so excited I could scarcely contain myself, and it seemed as if the sun stood still, and would never give place to the darkness I longed for. Philip, on the contrary, was very grave and quiet, and swung in the hammock under the locust trees with not a word to say. He gulped down his dinner as if the effort nearly choked him; and when nine o'clock came at last, and mother, as was her wont, kissed us good night and gave us her blessing, I detected a tear in the dear boy's eye. The fact was, I myself felt rather queer, for we had never before deceived her so.

We had to prepare for a rough tramp, and reach farmer Catesby's, a mile distant, all within an hour.

I had a finely tempered steel hatchet—a present—in a leather case, and I was also the happy possessor of a bull's-eye lantern. When we donned our corduroy trousers and tucked them inside our high boots, boy-like, I stuffed my treasures into my ample pockets, adding a box of matches.

To our inexperience, it was a strange feeling to escape from the shelter of our peaceful home, out into the gloom of the night, and skulk along like hunted criminals, under those protecting walls, until we reached the highway. Once, indeed, I was sure for a moment that we would be discovered, when our watch-dog, Remak, greeted us with a low growl.

But one whisper from me of "Down Remak, down," was enough. This animal was a fine pointer; he had been a splendid hunting dog in his day, but he had grown old. He was kept chained during the day, but was loose at night.

On this occasion, we took no further notice of him, but hurried forward to our rendezvous. There we found a stirring scene, which effaced all thought of our mother, as we both entered heartily into the spirit of the preparations.

In the party were half a dozen men, experts in raccoon hunting, roughly clad for the mountain tramp, and several light one-horse wagons were ready to start. One of these vehicles, contained two packs of trained beagles and terriers mixed, which did not seem altogether friendly, for they kept up an incessant yelping.

As we made our appearance, the yawping, cut-eared kennel, saluted us with a chorus of shrill barks, which was promptly answered by the deeper voice of Remak. We turned in amazement, for he had followed us so slyly, that this was the first intimation we had of his presence.

I began to explain to Mr. Catesby, that the dog had come along, unknown to us, when he laughed and said:

"If you boys knew an old pointer as well as I do, you would be up to his tricks. He wants to join in the sport. Let him alone."

The raccoon is very wary, and like the fox, steals out under cover of night; but he must be hunted on foot, and we were only to drive a couple of miles over a tolerably good macadamized road, whose white surface became quite visible to eyes when once accustomed to the darkness.

Presently the leader shouted, "Ready; jump in men," and we all leaped into the wagons.

Remak kept with me, and curled himself down at my feet.

I had never felt so big before, for except Jim Catesby and ourselves, all the party were grown and bearded men.

I was very supple and a good climber, and Mr. Catesby said, when the coon took to the trees, my hatchet would be just the thing to cut the boughs off.

As we jolted along, the dogs quieted down somewhat, but there was much loud talking and boisterous laughter among the men, as they told spicy stories of previous fox and coon hunts in which they had taken a part. After a while, Mr. Catesby called a halt, as we had

skirted along the mountain side as far as the open road would permit, and the time had come to take to the fields on foot, and follow the dogs whose keen scent was relied upon to start up the game.

It was now nearly midnight, and the deeper blackness of the earlier night had yielded to a dim starlight, so that we could struggle on after a fashion in the wake of the dogs.

We had a rough-and-tumble pull over stubbly hill-side fields, and once, after Philip had slipped down a jagged rock, I thought I noticed a slight trickle of blood on his face.

But the dear boy hastily brushed it off with his coat-sleeve.

"It's only a scratch," he explained; "pray say nothing—"

For an instant my heart thumped violently, as I remembered that this my younger brother, who had been led there at my instigation, was the very idol of our mother's soul, and not near so rugged as I; but at the same moment a general outcry made me aware that the game was started.

I just caught a glimpse of a large raccoon, as he scudded past us from under the cover of the very rock where Philip's fall had made us pause a minute before. He now led us a wild chase, with men and dogs in hot pursuit; in the course of which, worm-fences were pulled down and we went helter-skelter from broken ground to the craggy hillsides, which we had scarcely scaled, when the game doubled and took to a rough bare field, in the middle of which a large sycamore shot aloft, its pale trunk gleaming with a ghostly sheen amidst its distorted branches.

The wily coon, with swift movement, glided up to the topmost bough of the sinuous tree, where it swung itself with a secure grip of its sharp claws.

Now the sportsmen quickly brought rails from a zig-zag fence, and piled them near the foot.

These were soon kindled into a large fire, by whose bright light even the little fluffy, grayish ball into which the animal had rolled itself, could be plainly seen.

Philip's poetical eye at once caught the beautiful adaptation, and he exclaimed in tones of entreaty:

"Oh, don't kill him! Spare him because he is so clever.

"Only look how he has chosen a tree of a color blending with his own beautiful gray fur.

"Just see; he seems to be a part of the branch upon which he has so closely coiled."

The men stared as if they had heard a sermon in Greek. That anyone, not gone clean daft, should wish to spare a coon was past all comprehension.

But the next moment, as if overcome with the absurd idea, they burst into loud guffaws. I was foolish enough to feel nettled and ashamed of my brother's gentle mood, and I determined that they should not make a guy of me. So, kicking off my boots, I began to climb the tree very rapidly.

I just caught one imploring look from Philip's pale face, for the smooth bark demanded all my attention to keep a secure hold. But I was too excited to heed his mute appeal, and I soon had ascended safely to the branch upon which the coon hung.

Now, clinging on with one hand, with the other I disengaged my hatchet from its sheath, and under my sharp and well-directed strokes, the bough gave way, and went crashing down, bearing with it the clinging coon.

There was a clamorous shout of "Bravo, Ralph! Well done, boy!" The dogs instantly flew at the poor creature, who, momentarily stunned by the sudden fall, seemed unable to make fight; but, strange to say, before I could fairly reach the ground, it had once again eluded its fierce tormentors and made off, though this time not so swiftly as before.

It was evidently hurt, and the chances were now all in favor of a speedy capture. It took me some moments to pull on my high boots and readjust myself, during which Philip hung back for me. But I, flushed with the pride of victory, and stung by his recent mawkish speech, cried out angrily:

"You have shamed me already enough to-night with your baby ways; don't wait, but hurry on like a man."

I had never before taunted my brother, whom I tenderly loved; and he stood for an instant as if stunned by some un-

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expected blow, then shot ahead after the others, making no answer.

Ah, how I afterwards yearned in the terrible watches that still awaited me that dismal night, to recall those scornful words.

He passed on, and Remak alone remained. The sporting party had made for the hills, whither the crafty coon now led them, evidently intent on gaining the shelter of some friendly cave or hole in the rocks well known to him.

So rapid was their pursuit, that by the time I was ready to follow they were vanishing in the gloom of a thick forest, although I could trace their course by the confusion of sounds that filled the air.

Quickly scanning the scene, I hoped to gain upon them by making a short cut across the open ground, and scaling the nearest height over a jutting and precipitous rock.

I thought that the denser shade, which I could just discern by the flickering flame of the expiring embers and the dim starlight overhead, must be a growth of the mountain laurel; and it seemed an easy thing to swing myself from bush to bush by the aid of these tough shrubs.

So I started off, but as I leaped up the first ascent, holding on to whatever I could catch at, Remak began to growl as if alarmed.

It was too late to pause, and I at once sought to gain a higher point, when the twig I had seized for support proved to be only a small cedar tree, which gave way under my weight, and I went crashing down.

In the suddenness of the fall, I could not tell how or where I was going, but I felt myself sinking as if into a depth, not with a sheer descent, but rather as one rolling down a steep and stony bank.

Remak had tumbled with me, and piled around us were the detached fragments of broken boughs and loose gravel we had dislodged. We were both scratched and bruised, but there were no broken bones, and I quickly struck a light, having my matches at hand, and fortunately the bull's-eye being closed, was not broken.

I had placed the lantern on a ledge near by, and was about to examine my position, when I was startled by a low growl, and almost at the same instant a pair of luminous eyes flamed before me, as a fierce wild-cat made a spring at my throat.

But my faithful Remak had seen the movement in time to save me, and with an agile bound he fastened his teeth deep in the neck of the ferocious creature, just as an outstretched claw grazed my left arm.

The catamount, as he fell back profusely bleeding and uttering horrid cries of rage and pain, tried to turn upon the dog and shake him off. But the noble pointer, with rigid limbs, as if carved in granite, held his death-grip fast.

Yet he must soon have been overpowered, as the wild-cat was writhing his supple body for a closing clutch, but I clove in his skull, just between the eyes, with my hatchet.

As the huge feline received the fatal wound, it gave a yell so loud and piercing, that had we not been shut in under the rocks, it must have reached the ears of the retreating huntsmen.

The cat relaxed its hold of Remak, and rolled over heavily.

The released dog, whose ear had been badly torn, crouched at my feet with bloodshot eyes and lolling tongue.

Until now I had not been able to discover where I was, so I eagerly peered around and perceived that I had rolled into a cave, which must have been hidden from view by the mass of débris that in the course of years had accumulated at its entrance.

But short space of time was granted me to observe anything, for a new horror far more blood-curdling than the first fierce onslaught now manifested itself.

In one corner of the cave, near its mouth, and shutting out all hope of exit, was coiled a huge rattlesnake.

It is a well-known fact that this most deadly of all our venomous reptiles does not deal its fatal stroke so long as its attention is diverted by noise. The confusing sounds caused by our fall into the cavern, and the more fearful uproar of the desperate battle that had just been waged, had until now held the serpent fully occupied.

Yet this disturbance had caused a constantly increasing irritation, which now

displayed itself in the raised head and quickly darting forked tongue, while its erect tail, encircled with several rings of rattles, vibrated violently to and fro.

How many remorseful thoughts flashed through my brain at that sickening instant of deadly peril, when all escape seemed hopeless. With what depth of anguish did I recall that I was overtaken, as it were, by the Divine vengeance, when my soul was steeped in the sin of disobedience.

In the frenzy of despair I cried aloud: "Oh, God, mercy, mercy!"

At this loud outcry the horrible reptile paused in the very act almost of piercing me with his fatal fang.

I began to beat a slow retreat into the interior of the cave, clapping my hands and shouting with all my might, while Remak, as if he, too, divined my object in making so much noise, set up a constant barking.

The glittering serpent eyes were no longer fixed upon me, but glanced from side to side as if bewildered; the convolving folds relaxed, but it continued the vibrating motion of its horny tail.

Forced to retreat into the interior of this awful cave, hugging the wall closely, with my lantern fastened to my belt, so as to have my hands at liberty, I slowly groped my toilsome way.

The exterior cavern was small and the gallery through which we passed narrow, and I began to be aware that the walls were humid, when presently I entered a beautiful hall hung with dazzling stalactites, which filled it with a thousand illusory shapes.

Was this, I thought, some witch's hall, where evil spirits assembled to hold infernal rites, such as I had read about in fairy tales; and guarded at its portals by hideous monsters?

My boy's love of adventure, that spark of the heroic which every youth carries in his soul, all my wildest dreams of the wonderful stirred within me; and the almost abject terror I had experienced in presence of the deadly snake, the awful peril of my situation, the consciousness that my lamp would flicker out before I could hope to escape, the improbability of rescue, since no one knew of the existence of this cavern, all faded in the exaltation of the moment, as I perceived, like a jewel in some rare setting, a pellucid stream issue from an opening in the rock, pause for a moment in its concave bed, and then disappear under an arch.

I approached the edge of the basin and saw fastened to a jutting point by a thong of twisted bark, a quaint raft such as I had never seen before.

It consisted of three logs bound with bands of bark, and although I did not then know its name, it was really an Indian's catamaran, left there in days gone-by by some son of the forest.

I wished then for Philip, as I thought how *his* fancy would have run riot in this wonderful place!

As I stooped over for a closer inspection, quite forgetful of my danger, so lost was I in admiration, Remak, who had until now quietly followed me, quickly darted back as if prompted by some sudden impulse, and running through the narrow aperture we had just traversed, in spite of my cries to detain him, he disappeared.

In another minute I knew that he had returned to give battle to the snake. I did not dare to stir, but stood still, transfixed by terror, as I heard the low defiant growl of the dog mingling with the hissing and the sharp rattle of the serpent.

My blood congealed as the ominous sounds increased, betokening their near approach.

The reptile was wounded, but had twisted itself around the dog; and as they appeared before my terrified gaze they presented a hideous spectacle.

Both were writhing in the agonies of death, and my faithful Remak's eyes were glazed, as dog and snake rolled towards me in the struggle of their mortal combat.

With a cry of terror, I jumped on to the raft for safety, when the rotten thong burst asunder by the violence of my movement, my lamp fell in the water and went out, and I had barely time to throw myself full length, and hug the tiny float with my arms, when I was carried out into the current of the mimic stream and whirled onward.

Can any words ever describe all that I endured in that frightful subterranean peril?

Hid away in the bowels of the earth, held fast under the everlasting adamant-

ine rocks, in silence only broken by the gurgling splash of waters, in utter darkness, at intervals in smothering air, ever and anon my body grazed by projecting points, in absolute ignorance as to what moment I might be ground to powder by attrition, or hurled into atoms by some swift descending fall!

Alone, all alone, before my God, even as when the freed soul shall shivering stand for final judgment!

But ah, above all torture, as if preyed upon by some insatiate, never glutted harpy, was my quivering sense of sin—my disobedience to the dearest of mothers, my anger against the best of brothers.

My wilfulness, my pride, my impatience of restraint. Ah, how all these reproachful thoughts oppressed me!

"Can this be the last hour?" I moaned, as I felt myself growing weaker and weaker. But hope made me cry out, "Mercy, my God! for I am all unworthy."

Then, as if my contrite prayer had been answered, there fell upon me the peace of resignation; and oh, joy, like a herald of heavenly bliss, a new-born love filled my soul.

I can just remember there passed my lips a fainting canticle of praise, as I seemed to resign myself to the inevitable; and now came a new sensation. Ah, what strange rays of light were cast athwart the solemn darkness of my surging bed? To my already wandering brain it seemed the glory of Paradise that beamed so brightly on me. And I thought, as I flashed forth into God's ra liant, sparkling light, that the circumambient air was that of Heaven.

Then, with an expiring effort, sure that Paradise was gained, my voice rang out, "Jerusalem, my happy home"—and I sank into a deep swoon.

* * * * *

Had hours, days, or weeks passed by, when I awoke from rigors, and out of burning fevers, to open my eyes into the Elysium of my precious mother's fondest gaze?

But why should her soft brown hair be streaked with strands of grey, and why should Philip, darling Philip, look so pale?

"Have years gone by?" I feebly asked.

"No, my dearest Ralph," said Philip; "the change you see has been wrought by sorrow, not by time."

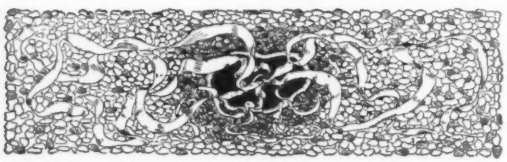
"God be praised," said mother, "all danger is past!"

Afterwards, I was told that the country round had been roused to search for me, and that as I floated into the now historic Antietam, I was picked up on my raft in an insensible condition.

There is now a hamlet built near the mouth of this cavern, called Cavetown; and Jim Catesby shows the wonders of the cave for a small fee, as Time has not dealt kindly with him financially.

And the explorer, who is so disposed to amuse himself, may notice, when he throws logs of wood into the cavern's stream, that after an hour's interval of time, they may be found afloat in Antietam Creek.

Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren.



HOUSEKEEPING BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.

BY CHARLOTTE REEVE CONOVER.

ON a certain breezy hill overlooking a little city,* a meadowed valley, and the winding of an Indian-christened river, there stands a peculiar residence. This word "residence" ought, perhaps, to be converted into a species of collective noun, so vast is the family it shelters and so remarkable its domestic arrangements. It is an abode where, under the protective folds of our Stars and Stripes, Uncle Sam does the marketing and the Goddess of Liberty keeps house. In the archives at Washington this institution is known as the Central Branch of the National Asylum for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, but that is merely official and does not express anything. To its friends and habitués it is known as "The Home," and such it is in almost every sense of that comprehensive word. Here between four and five thousand of the soldiers who defended the Union in the late war are fed, lodged, clothed, taught, nursed and amused at the expense of the Government. The Soldiers' Home is really a miniature city, and for the maintenance of its family is needed not one large building nor twenty, but whole streets of them, branching out in all directions, and crowning the hill like a diadem.

Would not a pen-and-ink peep into this place be interesting?

Suppose then, we enter at the north gate of the Home, or we will say the front-door of the residence. We pass into an enclosure six hundred acres in extent, beautifully gardened and graded, crossed by broad avenues and shaded by forest trees. To our right stands the Hospital. Just before us are the ivy-grown chapel, Memorial Hall and the hotel, and beyond lie gardens and lakes, the pretty homes of the officers, and then a vanishing perspective of brick barracks. With all these, however, we have nothing to do in this paper, as they belong to the social and official rather than to the domestic interests of the Home.

The pivot on which an ordinary household turns is the kitchen. This may not be a fact that it flatters our souls to acknowledge, but it seems to be universally true. As we eat, so accordingly do we sleep, converse, manage our children, write poetry and do works of charity. Let us then look into the back premises, as it were, of Government housekeeping, and see how the Goddess manages her household when she is not sitting in a brown study on a gold dollar. On one of these shady avenues, opposite a long row of brick barracks (by no means as ugly as the name implies), stands a three-story brick building, with a pillared portico along the front. This building contains the two dining-halls, on the first and second floors respectively, each 90 by 130 feet, together comprising an area exceeding half an acre. In the rear of this is the kitchen, a large, irregular apartment, lighted from the sides and from above, and with floor-space enough to accommodate a mass meeting.

The bakery, bread-room, dish department and refrigerator are also under this roof. No pantry is necessary, as the food is kept in separate rooms, shelved to the ceiling to hold each day's portion.

The Goddess is a thrifty housewife, and starts the domestic machinery at three o'clock in the morning. At that hour the kitchen and dining-room are opened and aired, the steam turned on in the range, and the regiment of help begins the day's work. Breakfast is served at six. An average of four thousand men are fed three times a day from the general kitchen, and from four to five hundred at the Hospital. Imagine the work necessary to prepare a Friday breakfast, with seven barrels of mackerel, fifty-four bushels of potatoes, and five hundred and sixty gallons of coffee to be cooked and served promptly at six. A certain amount of confusion might be excusable in the preparation of so monstrous a meal as this; but, beyond the clatter of tin and stone ware and the tramp of many feet,

* Dayton, Ohio.

TEA SERVICE AT THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

there is astonishingly little. Each man knows his place and his duty, and never strays from either. There are thirty men in the kitchen department under the direction of the chief cook and his assistant. Some prepare vegetables, others cut the meat and the bread, still others make the coffee. They do not interfere with one another, nor do they waste time, or labor, or food. There are no grease spots on the floor, no unwashed cooking utensils, no (visible) dishcloths. It is the true military order and neatness which admits nothing short of perfection. This perfect state led me to accuse the head cook and his right-hand man of being gentlemen of leisure, as my frequent visits to the kitchen invariably disclosed them leaning in nonchalant attitudes against a table. I furthermore expressed the wish that my family of five gave me as little concern as did theirs of five thousand.

"Ah, you should see us at five o'clock in the morning," the head-cook said with a look intended to convey the fact that at that hour they were very far from being gentlemen of leisure, whatever attitudinizing they might indulge in later in the day.

Across one end of the kitchen is a range, twenty feet long. This is used exclusively for cooking meats, and the quantity of roast beef for one dinner, about twenty hundred-weight, or nearly three entire beeves, is easily accommodated. The cavernous fireplaces exhibited to tourists in the feudal castles of the old world and declared large enough to roast an ox whole, make a more imposing show as to size, but in the matter of practical utility they must give way to the superior merits of the Soldiers' Home range. One side of the kitchen is lined with huge iron pots or coppers, heated by steam, for cooking vegetables. On the opposite side is a row of stationary coffee-boilers, seven in number, each holding from sixty to a hundred gallons, and all filled and emptied twice a day the year through. Here is the way coffee is made at the Soldiers' Home: First the boilers are filled with water, and the steam turned on under them. Then, while the water is heating, the ground coffee is measured out of the bins and put into perforated tin receptacles, the shape and size of wash-tubs, one of which fits into each copper. This is on the principle of the French coffee-pot which requires no egg for the

clearing. A bucketful of brown sugar, more or less, and a sufficient quantity of milk are then emptied into each copper, so that the coffee when boiled is ready for the table. At a signal the waiters file into the kitchen, one behind the other, each armed with as many tin coffee-pots as he can carry. Very rapidly the faucets are opened, the coffee-pots filled; and in perfect order the procession marches back to the dining-hall, to distribute its beverage among the many tables. When this achievement has been repeated often enough to fill four thousand bowls, the coffee grounds are hoisted out by pulleys and emptied, the coppers cleaned, the floor wiped up, and everything is in readiness for the next meal.

The hash machine keeps company with the coffee-boilers on the same side of the kitchen, and is run by a four horse-power engine. This machine has in addition to the usual bewildering number of cog-wheels and levers, five sharp blades which work very quickly in a shallow revolving cylinder containing the hash. Saturday is the day set apart for this dish so celebrated in boarding-house lore; and nine hundred pounds of corned beef and thirty bushels of potatoes are required to make the morning meal. The chopping is done Friday afternoon, and it takes three men and the above-mentioned machine forty-five minutes to turn out the necessary amount.

Mashed potatoes are served twice a week, and the routine is the same. Two men ladle the hot potatoes from the boilers into a tub; five others stand about, and belabor its contents resoundingly with wooden mashers almost as tall as themselves. When the potatoes in this tub have been crushed sufficiently, it is removed by men who swing another into its place, and the ladling and pounding are resumed. Fifteen times this process is repeated, before there are enough mashed potatoes for dinner.

All the eatables for this family are supplied on the same gigantic scale. A statement of the quantity of food required at the Home has a Falstaffian ring which might well make a prudent chronicler hesitate unless supported by official figures. Forty-five pounds of tea every night for supper! "Sir," said a skeptical old lady on hearing this, "I buy a quarter of a pound of tea and it lasts me a whole week."

Seventy-five gallons of milk are used each day at the general kitchen, and as much more at the Hospital. Seven hundred gallons of Irish stew are prepared for breakfast once a week. Strawberries and eggs are rarities on the Government table, but when they are put on the bill of fare it requires twenty-five bushels of the first and twelve hundred dozen of the last to meet the demand. One visitor remarked that it was no wonder eggs were expensive in Dayton since all the hens in the Miami Valley must contribute to the observance of Easter Sunday at the Soldiers' Home.

Forty sheep are taken from the slaughter houses to the range on each day that mutton potpie is served; and eighteen barrels of flour are baked into bread and consumed every twenty-four hours. This reminds me of the bakery, which naturally fills an important rôle in the government ménage. A large room redolent with odors of fresh bread, pies and cinnamon cake, forms a vestibule, one might almost say, to the vast ovens which open into it. At the time of my visit it contained, as principal furniture, a long table completely covered with very appetizing pies. The baker informed me that the whole number for one day's dinner (of which but a small proportion was to be seen) required twelve barrels of apples for the filling, three tubs of butter for the upper and three tubs of lard for the lower crust. I said I should like to see the process of pie-making. "Well, Madame," said a floury personage, presumably the head baker, "you will have to take a pretty early start. The men heat up the ovens at midnight, and begin filling the pans at one o'clock. You see they have twelve hundred pies to make before five o'clock when the ovens must be ready for the bread." I concluded to leave the pie-making to my imagination and take the word of the soldiers on the subject.

Twenty rolling-pins hung in a rack against the wall. Being prepared almost for anything, I should not have been surprised to hear that they rolled their piecrust out by the acre with a giant rolling-pin, like a lawn-mower, and run by horse-power; I found, however, that

XUM

their implements differed from ours only in number, not in size.

An adjoining room is filled with flour barrels, wooden troughs, molding boards and all the paraphernalia of bread making, including the steam dough-mixer, a machine run by the same little engine that furnishes power for the hash-chopper. An iron trough, ten feet long and half as deep, is arranged so that it may be tilted to receive the dough. Running through the bottom from end to end is an axle with six revolving arms or blades, resembling the screw of an ocean steamer. Three of these paddles revolve one way and three the other, thus working the dough to one end of the trough and back again, no doubt doing as thorough service as a pair of stout Irish arms in a family baking. Twenty minutes are sufficient for the kneading of a batch of dough requiring six barrels of flour. The ovens hold one hundred and twenty-six pans of ten loaves each. Ginger-bread is furnished once a week, when an area of four hundred square feet is baked.

The dining-room, or mess-hall, as you must call it if you would be truly military, is a well-lighted apartment, with long vistas of wooden tables, white and smooth from daily scrubbing, and like all the appointments of this household, clean enough to cheer the soul of the typical New England housewife. On the second floor is another room similarly fitted up. The tables in each room accommodate at one sitting eleven hundred men, but as that is but about one-fourth of the actual number to be fed, they have to be filled twice at each meal. A short time before the dinner-hour all is quiet and orderly, the stools in rows and the tables empty, except for the salt and pepper standing guard in the middle of each. A few men lounge idly about, and one cannot help thinking they must have forgotten that four thousand hungry veterans will besiege the doors at twelve o'clock. Suddenly a bell rings. You notice that a small army, two hundred and thirteen, in fact, has gathered in the passage-way from the kitchen. Each man carries a tower of plates and, as the signal sounds, they begin to march down the centre aisle and file off between the tables, distributing the heavy stone plates as they go, with a noisy clatter. The next signal calls for knives and forks; then bowls, bread, butter, etc., in their order, and all are placed with very little confusion.

The seating of the first two thousand men occupies just five minutes. When this is done, the sergeant gives the order to "Fall in for meat" or "potatoes," as the case may be. Twenty minutes are allowed for eating, though the men are never hurried in their meals. At the end of that time another bell rings, the men pass out of the hall; and twenty minutes more are allowed for clearing the tables and setting them again. It seems incredible that this can be done in so short a time, but as I have watched the men I know it can. The first squad of waiters dash deftly in with wooden trays, on which they collect all the bits of bread. They are followed by those who remove the knives and forks; then by those who empty the dregs of coffee into buckets. Another row of waiters pile up the plates, and stand waiting for the signal to start. When these have vanished there are others behind them, whose duty it is to brush off the crumbs and place the clean dishes on in the order I have described before. After the second set of men have finished their dinner and left the hall, the tables and floor are scrubbed, and everything is once more in order.

Just off the mess-hall is a room devoted to dishwashing. It is filled with plate-laden shelves running to the ceiling, and in the middle is a row of zinc-lined tubs with hot-water pipes and faucets. The celerity with which nearly ten thousand dishes pass through the dish-water and back to their places is marvelous. They are all, however, more or less nicked, as a result of this lightning process, and no private housekeeper will find this surprising. The dish-washing, like the table-setting, is conducted with military precision. The thirty men with arms full of bowls cannot pass into the dish-room until the bell announces that the other thirty men with the plates have left. If they should meet once through a mistake in the signal, I judge the effect would be something like Chickamauga.

Framed upon the dining-room wall is

a list of regulations and a weekly bill of fare. I quote from the latter to show the quality and variety of meals provided the veterans:

SUNDAY.

Breakfast—Fried ham or sausages, potatoes, bread, butter, coffee.
Dinner—Roast mutton, sweet potatoes, turnips, pickles, apple pie, bread, butter, coffee.
Supper—Stewed fruit, cookies, bread, cheese, tea.

WEDNESDAY.

Breakfast—Baked pork and beans, fried hominy, bread, butter, coffee.
Dinner—Roast beef, mashed potatoes, stewed onions, bread, butter, coffee.
Supper—Cold corned beef or pigs' tongues, pickled beets, bread, butter, tea.

FRIDAY.

Breakfast—Salt mackerel or white fish, potatoes, bread, butter, coffee.
Dinner—Stewed codfish with egg sauce, turnips, bread, butter, coffee.
Supper—Stewed prunes, cinnamon cake, bread, cheese, tea.

Other days in the week show a corresponding variety of food, all excellent. The order is changed to suit every season. On Christmas Day the warriors are treated to four hundred turkeys, seven barrels of cranberry sauce, twelve hundred mince-pies, and oranges, celery, oysters and other delicacies in proportion.

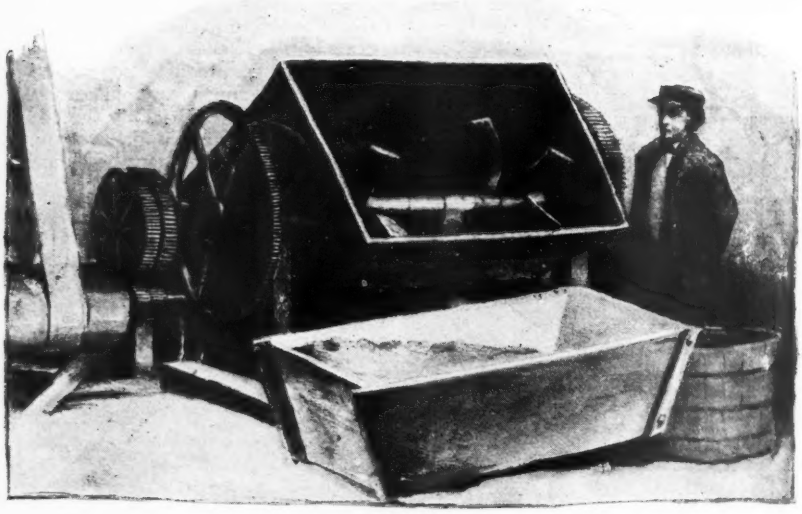
It may be interesting to know what this wholesale provisioning costs the Government. The total amount paid out for food in the quarter ending December 31, 1887, was $87,085.08, or an average cost per man of 20 cents a day. This includes the wages of employés in the kitchen, dining-hall and bakery to the number of one hundred and seventy-two. The list is as follows: One mess-hall sergeant, two corporals, sixty waiters, thirty-five dish-washers, seven bread-cutters, four knife-cleaners, ten moppers, two elevator attendants, thirty-two cooks and assistants, eighteen bakers and helpers and one vermin destroyer.

In addition to these, one hundred and fifty-three men are detailed each week from the "Camp" to supplement the paid force of waiters, making three hundred and twenty-five in all. No women are employed anywhere in the Home.

Now, where does all the food come from?

MASHING POTATOES.

Every quarter a schedule of requirements is sent out from the Commissary Department, and advertised in several daily papers. It states the quantity wanted of tea, bacon, crackers, mince-meat, beans, pickles, mustard, tripe,



THE BREAD-MAKING MACHINE.

cheese, etc., etc. Sealed proposals are received, and contracts awarded by the proper officers of the Home. All goods must be accompanied by samples for testing, and if not satisfactory are rejected. Meat of all kinds is bought "on the hoof" (as the profession expresses it), and is fattened and butchered at the Home. A cooling-room adjoins the slaughter-house, which can accommodate about twelve carcasses. A part of the Home grounds is cultivated for farm purposes, and in it are raised potatoes, cabbage, etc., but never in sufficient quantity to supply the requirements without aid from outside sources.

Wash-day at the Soldiers' Home does not cause the *bouleversement* of domestic affairs that it has been known to do in some private households, where the one Biddy has to spread herself out, metaphorically speaking, over such a wide area of labor. Imagine an Irish maiden, "fresh over," applying to the Goddess of Liberty for a situation:

"Is the washin's large, mem? How many in the family?"

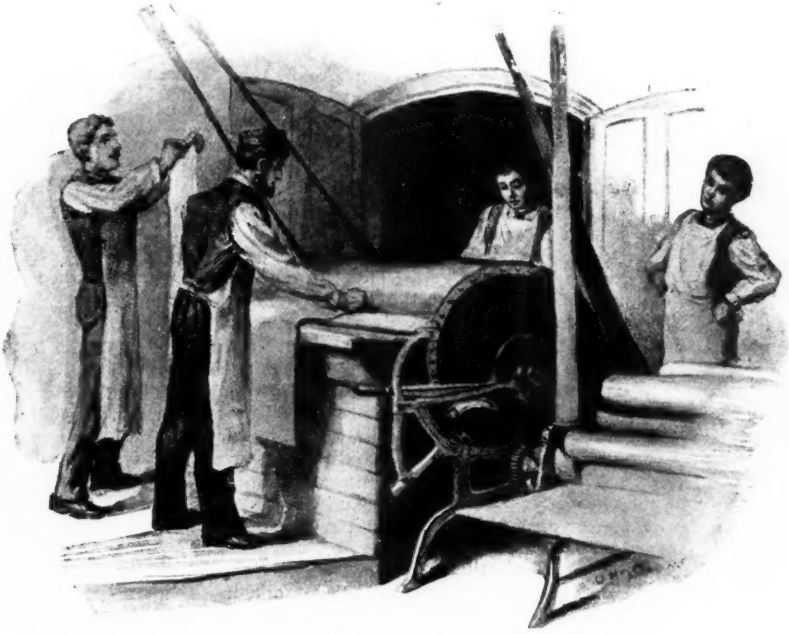
"Only five thousand," would be the reply.

As may be supposed the laundry work for such a family is by no means trifling. Nearly the whole week is devoted to the work, which includes an average of forty-five thousand pieces, or over two millions in the course of a year. The laundry is a large brick building situated about a quarter of a mile from the kitchen, and surrounded by a forest of non-umbrageous clothes-posts. There are four departments on the ground floor. The first is the delivery room, where the clean linen is packed on shelves awaiting distribution to the various barracks. Back of this is the mangling room, occupied by the two gigantic steam mangles and by several long tables upon which the linen is folded. The next door leads to the drying room, in which the general plan consists of a multitude of clothes-racks shut up in an air-tight ovèn and running in and out of their Tophet on iron wheels fitted to a single track. This room is, of course, not used when the weather permits out-of-door drying. The rear room is the laundry proper, and has for its furnishing eight large washing machines and two wringers, besides a bewildering assortment of buckets and baskets. Even had I been able to see

through the blinding steam which surrounded everything and made it difficult to use any of my senses, I should not have understood the principle of the washing machine. I infer, however, that it is the same which governs those we see gorgeously depicted in the windows of retail grocers, which machines are always manipulated (according to the pictures) by a young lady in bare arms and a blue silk skirt.

The wringers found in the Home laundry are deserving of a housekeeper's attention, being so unlike those used in private families. They are shaped like an iron cauldron with the edge rolled in toward the centre and over, like one form of a Japanese basket; and into each, one hundred and fifty shirts are packed at a time. A belt attached to the engine whirls the wringer at the rate of six hundred and fifty revolutions every minute, and in five minutes the water is effectually squeezed out of every garment with the precision and neatness of a conjuror's trick. Every article is required to be plainly marked with the number of the barrack and the number of the bed to which it belongs. All are examined weekly, and repaired, if necessary, in the tailoring department upstairs. I am told that the soldiers who do this work take great pride in their housewifely accomplishment. I saw one patch executed by masculine and military fingers, and can bear testimony to the neatness of the stitches.

Now, a word as to the economy at the Home. Every conscientious housekeeper watches the income and the outlay of her household, and sees that nothing is wasted. This is here done by the authorities to such an extent that it seems to be reduced to a basis of pure science. For instance, the soldiers' clothes, when past their original usefulness, are sorted out according to their various degrees of utility, and the better parts cut up into dusters and cleaning rags. The woolen socks are raveled out, as far as they are intact, and the yarn used for darning purposes. Only what remains after all this careful revision is considered "rags," and is sold



THE STEAM MANGLE.

by the sack once a year to the highest bidder. The amount realized last year was twenty-two hundred and forty-nine dollars. I regret that I did not ascertain whether the old lady who was so struck with the amount of tea used in the Home was informed of this item of domestic economy, and her comments thereupon. Doubtless she would have many reminiscenses of hard-hearted ragmen who offered her only seventeen cents for the careful hoardings of years. A neat little income of between fourteen and fifteen thousand dollars is realized annually from the sale of various refuse, including hides and horns from the slaughter-house, and drippings from the kitchen; and of this sum, twelve hundred dollars represent the value of the skimmings from the dish-water which is cooled in shallow tanks for that purpose.

It is a management with such economic principles constantly in view, even down to sordid details like these, that has made the Home not only a mighty example of frugal housekeeping, but (which ought naturally to follow) a great financial success as well. The soldiers who lived through the four years of hardship and danger, who braved the terrors of Gettysburg and Bull Run, who slept in open fields and bivouacked under uncertain skies, who have most of them left a sturdy limb on a Southern battle-field, are now peacefully pegging out the remainder of their wooden-legged existence in the pleasant precincts of the Home. They meet about the comfortable barrack-stove to recall the days when they shivered over the embers of a rain-soaked camp-fire; and as they discuss the bill of fare, the tale goes round of many a salt-pork banquet that was not helped out by mince pie.

QUEEN ROSE AND HER COURT.

BY TREBOR OHL.

I.

Out of my gardenful,
Sweetheart! the sweetest cull.

ALL who have plucked, for love's dear sake, a rose; or lived to gather up its ashen petals when love and rose were dead, read, unprompted, the language of sweetest mortal passion written in its hues. For that which is immortal, the dew-washed lily yields a voice more fit:

> A lily on her breast, and in her eyes
> A deep, sweet peace. . . .

What other words could speak so well of saintly living? Or these—of death and woe?—

> . . . In starless night,
> A woman, with a red rose in her hair.

We send to radiant youth, with pulsing life in every vein, "a rose whose balmy snow is not more fair than her sweet face;" we lay the lily—

> The pearl-white flower that holds
> Within its lustrous satin folds
> The soul of perfume,

in the same pure hands when their pulse is stilled forever.

The legends of these royal flowers, told in every tongue, breathe the kinship of humanity: whether the Persian maid hides beneath her gauzy yakmah the token which her light foot almost crushed as it fell; or our own American girl buries her cool face in a wreath of blooms, upon one of which is traced in waxen letters a lover's name.

The Arabic flower lore tells of Eve kneeling at the gate of the closed Paradise beseeching from the sentinel with flaming sword only one flower, one—"A bud from all those unkissed, blossoms of the first fair garden." And the angel, looking on the flower of her face, was wrought upon by sorrow for the exile which must ever shadow its beauty and that of all her daughters, to grant her prayer. He plucked for her one crimson rose from the meeting of the four rivers of Eden, and flung it into her frail, imploring hands. And the legend goes on to say (with Browning) that to each

woman, "Once, and only once, and for one only," breathes the entrancing fragrance of the Eden rose.

> The world may bring her content or joy;
> Fame, sorrow, or sacrifice;
> But the hour that brings the scent of the rose,
> She lives in Paradise.

Fair France has given us the story, quaint and mystic, of the matchless Bon-Silene. How an old Roman statue of Silenus stood with heathen grace in a grim monastery's garden, much to the unrest of a good monk, who, while his well-ordered conscience demanded its removal from the cloister grounds, valued it for its antiquity. One day, while still delaying to order its removal, he took his after-dinner stroll with a visiting ecclesiast. As he approached the statue with pricking conscience, lo! he beheld the Silenus rent in twain, while between the fragments branched a rose-tree whose silent growth had cleft the marble god. A single bud perked up its fragrant head for greeting, but no one knew the stranger's name, and none had seen its fellow. It was like a new love in its delicate beauty: the same, yet not the same. The bishop reached his hand above it in blessing, and said: "It shall be called the rose of Le bon Silene." So it was named for all years and lands, and is ever the emblem of first love.

> Fair are the flowers . . . .
> But their subtle suggestion is fairer.

Curious legends, and metaphor in prose and verse, cluster about their brave, bright faces. To take from literature all that has been inspired by or associated with some surpassing flower, would rob it of more gems than all the genius of the world could furnish forth with settings.

One faded leaf sometimes—no more—the incense of whose remembered fragrance rises to our highest thoughts and draws them back to youth's abandon of innocent passion.

> They blossom in the shadow of life's gloom, and glorify forever God's brown dust.

In April days, "when early crocus yields a yellow gleam," the most sordid soul is fain to invest in a modest nosegay (dear, old-fashioned word). Mine is not so large—one yellow Lenten lily with its leaves—but its breath is potent. I have heard 't is never wholesome, and the ancients devoted it to the Furies, who were fabled to torment their victims with its stupefying vapors. Not so to me! It is instead the Turk's "Golden Bowl," and as I peer into its yellow cup I dream. Dreams have no limit, and mine are bearing me "'Mid creamy daffodils which the sun shines over." Not even the story of that ancient dude, Narcissus, from whose ashes the flower is fabled to have sprung, can win me with its quaint conceit from the title of those days when little Nan clutched in one fat hand a "daffy" from my grandmother's garden; and, holding tightly to mine with the other, we trudged through ways "mossgrown, and sombre with swaying vines."

If you, my little Nan, had lived; "if daffodil and primrose were not frail"; ah, yes, if—. The poet's narcissus is the waxen-white member of the family, but in the memories brimming in this "Golden Bowl"—*my* daffodil—I drink to the brief poem of your life, my little Nan!

To the Court of the Rose come pages from far Greece, the crocus in livery of blue and gold. The mountains of its native land glow with the royal colors. England naturalized it as early as the time of Edward III., when the saffron-crocus gave its name to an English town, where baskets full of the pretty yellow blossoms are annually gathered while the sun shines hottest. These torn and thrown aside are useless, save the stamen threads in the centre. The latter are kiln-dried, pressed into cakes and ready for the market. The very name, crocus, is from a Greek word meaning "thread" or "filament," from the only useful portion of the flower. The origin of this, like the narcissus, in Grecian flower lore, is the death of a love-lorn youth.

The days go on: April has flown, its promised fulfilled, and in their turn mingled, sweet, vanished beauties, in the stronger perfumes and glow of summer flora, whose blossoms come like offerings laid upon the grave of one more spring.

The pinkish plumes of the French "herbe d'amour," the mignonette, freight with delicious odors the moist, warm air. It is Cowper who tells us of a window-garden—

> . . . the sashes fronted with . . .
> . . . . those fragrant weeds,
> The Frenchman's darling.

The sweet, familiar story of the little seed borne by some vagrant wind into the crevice of a prison wall! The French prisoner of state who watched the swelling seed to wile away his desperate solitude. The lesson of patience and hope taught by the tender leaves opening in gloom and unconscious of their mission. And then the freedom which came to the prisoner to crown the hope which the fragrant plant had called to life within his heart. All this we read. No wonder it was to him a living thing! No wonder he named it "Little Darling."

Still there are roses three score ten and two.

The Marechal Niel and Jacqueminot, both flowers of a family enchanting, are named after officers of high repute in France. The story of the Niel, a tale of romance and sentiment, with no dark trace of crime or bloodshed, runs briefly thus: At the battle of Magenta, in 1859, an Irish officer by name of Niel, Commander of the Third Army Corps, which distinguished itself, was ill with marsh fever in Italy. His wife attended him, and one day a peasant woman brought him a basket of roses, of which flower he was extremely fond. When all their short-lived charms had faded, one stem commenced throwing out new shoots. Examination discovered a bit of root embedded in the moss about its stem, which was that of a yellow marsh rose with single petals. It was preserved, and in the spring rewarded its caretakers with three rare, pale buds, quite unlike those of the parent stock.

About this time the officer was summoned to Court to receive the Cross of the Legion of Honor of France. After the imposing ceremonies, the new Marechal approached Eugénie, then in the zenith of her power and beauty, and presented to her a curious yellow rose, telling the story of its mysterious birth. "Monsieur le Marechal," said the Empress, graciously, "I shall name it for you." Lightly touching it with her lips, she continued as he bent before her, "It is named for the soldier *sans peur et sans reproche;* as gallant in the salon as on the field of battle, the Marechal Niel!" In the joyous impulse of his Irish heart at this graciousness, the Marechal besought her to wear it one evening as his gift and then return to him "the happy rose." With surprised dignity the Empress drew herself up as he craved her pardon in confusion. Notwithstanding this he was seen the next day to take from an envelope just delivered to him a faded rose whose perfume betrayed the first "Marechal Niel," whose daughters since that time have been the tribute flower to beauty.

The history of the Jacqueminot runs thus grimly: The General of the French in this case was a fiery West Indian by birth, with one only child, another ill-fated "Marguerite." Let much alone to the care of an old nurse, at sixteen she was beloved by the son of a neighbor who was two years her senior, who loved her honorably with youth's impassioned and unquestioning faith.

The General, returning unexpectedly to his home from his distant post, inquired in vain for Marguerite. The nurse, in terror of his rising fury, unwisely denied all knowledge of her whereabouts. Without further parley the frenzied man seized a slender rapier from the wall, and rushing forth into the garden came at once upon the two lovers sitting side by side, his arm about her waist.

Innocent, yet alarmed at the deadly weapon in her father's hand, Marguerite threw herself instinctively before her lover. With as ready intuition, the boy drew in self-defence his own weapon, which all gentlemen wore, with little chance against the skill and deadly purpose of the old soldier. A few swift passes and young Hubert lay pierced and lifeless at their feet. As the scene progressed, horror deepened and congealed in the young girl's eyes, till with a cry of repulsion and agony as her father uttered her name, she swooned at her dead lover's side. She died with the summer, never once breathing her father's name. From letters found in her innocent missal the father learned how loyal was the love that but awaited his return and sanction. His whole nature was from that hour softened by his remorse. Against the garden seat which held the lovers when discovered had twined a pale, pink rose, whose stems were stained with his victim's blood, and the General ordered it cut to the ground.

In the spring from the buried roots

new shoots came forth, and one bore a single, perfect rose, not pink, but glowing velvety red, a royal rose, full of passionate beauty. When called by the gardener to view the miracle, the stricken father buried his face in his hands and wept aloud. "Shall I cut it down, my master," said the old servant, anxious to spare him pain. "No," was the answer; "it is the flower of God; let it grow!" and the rose was named for the hand that spared it, Jacqueminot. "It is but a legend, I know," but it fills me with sadness, and I like not so well the rose that needed a young heart's blood to paint its glowing cheek.

The far-famed roses of the Pæstum, blooming but twice a year, "which now a Virgil, now an Ovid sung," arrested the voyager as he sailed by those shores with their wafted odors. The streets of Rome were strewn with the royal blossoms on festal days, while the voluptuous Egyptians hung them in garlands in their banquet halls, in token of silence to be kept without on all that was spoken within those walls.

II.

But who in space may legends trace
Of half fair Flora's train?

The Arabs have a tradition that "Adam fell out of Paradise with three treasures: the myrtle, sweetest scented of flowers; a wheat-head, chiefest of foods; and pressed dates, rarest fruit of the world!"

Our common myrtle is that which the Jews formerly used at the Feast of Tabernacles, and is still held in veneration in Judea, where it is most abundant. Myrtle was dedicated by the Romans to Venus, and when about to proceed to their sacrifices the Roman women bathed beneath the shadow of the myrtle tree and crowned themselves with its leaves.

An amusing anecdote told by a French writer illustrates other qualities of the myrtle besides its sweet odor. Its volatile oil was formerly considered particularly excellent hair-dressing in the form of pomade. A gentleman, led by an ignorant servant into the wrong room to await a lady upon whom he called, amused himself by examining various small vases and their contents. Mistaking the delicately scented myrtle pomade for lip salve, he proceeded to beautify his mouth. At this instant the lady of the house entered, and, endeavoring to greet her, he found his lips sealed by the astringent. The open jar revealed to the lady the cause of his contortions, and she broke into a peal of irrepressible laughter, in which he was only too glad to join as soon as his rigid mouth would permit.

In times when English wines were more used, Warwickshire was noted for the cowslip wines of its farm-vines, and many "Christabels" could say:

It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers.

During April and May the cowslip is gathered for wine, but in the later months the silk-worm thrives on this æsthetic diet.

It would be base ingratitude in one to whom they came like missionaries in a heathen land to withhold tribute from those daughters of the dawn, the morning glories. No more exquisite lines were ever traced by Florence Percy's graceful pen than these:

Ye hold not in your calm cool hearts, the passion of the rose;
Ye do not own the haughty pride, the regal lily knows;
But, oh, what blossom has the charm, the purity of this,
Which shrinks before the tenderest touch, and dies beneath a kiss.

When parch of drought and plague of grasshopper had done their worst, some years ago, in all the great Southwest, it was this little vine of hardy seed that saved the land from barren desolation. Brought by the greedy flying hordes and left upon the soil, when the last swarm of their offspring stretched young wings and flew out toward the sunset the seeds of the morning glory swelled and grew, until the story of Jack's fabled beanstalk faded into insignificance. They waited not for 'tendance or trellis, but perked up trim leaflets under the very feet of the passers in the street.

They ran races over the cracking earth, throwing to right and left with tender glee their trailing tendrils and leaves, whose palm-like shape lent grateful shadows to all new-sown seeds; and when the boundary line of fence was reached, turned unbidden and raced backward with the breeze, laughing all the way in smiling blossoms.

Oh, never can you know the beauty of a flower, until for weeks and scorch-

XUM

ing months you have watched your tender plants, your cool, green sod, your rarest shrubs, and then your tall shade trees, burned by a red sun from a brazen sky; while all the time millions of greedy, loathsome creatures devour the little life they have to resist the shriveling heat. When there is nothing left, no, not one leaf of all your patience and your love has tended, they go away and you are left in desolation. Then, to see something green; why, you would kiss the most noxious weed that grows and water it with tears of gladness that it shows that most restful and refreshing hue. The stupid parsley is a balm to your eyesight, and the morning-glory a ministering angel straight from heaven's gate.

So did they come to our ravaged prairies in 1875. Their netted vines checked evaporation, and the earth grew moist beneath them. They climbed the naked trees, and in their hurry to cover the brown, bare limbs, wound round and round each other, until great silken ropes encircled the trunks, and out the long branches pretty tendrils and sprays twisted, flying gay banners all the way in every choice of color.

> The deepest purple dyes were theirs,
> The tenderest tints of blues,
> * * * * * *
> While some were colorless as light,
> Some flushed incarnadine,
> And some were dashed with crimson
> Like a goblet stained with wine.

The parsley and the vines repaid royally those who wisely welcomed them, for in their shadow the new grass and foliage gathered strength; but too many cried, "Nothing but weeds," and pulled them up with late regret. To those who felt their grateful beauty at that time, the morning-glory will have a sweeter significance forever, and the parsley will be mentioned with respect.

> Something—a worth beyond their own,
> A charm to all things else unknown.

Marian Douglas sings of the peony's plebeian bloom:

> And childhood's spell yet makes for me
> A flower of flowers, the peony!

And who has not felt the gleam and glow of poppies through the fields. No botanist has told us whence the poppy springs, nor how, but when sheaves ripen in Eastern or Western lands, though seed be sown in soil all new and strange, the wheat no sooner takes its hold than the unsown, unbidden blossoms open out, and

> Rich ripe ears sway down to flowers idly fair.

The Greek girls wove the mingled blossoms in their hair, and when every field and grove was peopled with imagined deity, Death's half-brother, Somnus, weighed down many eyelids with the poppy, that its pungent breath might bring repose.

Of it the late Helen Hunt Jackson wrote:

> . . I smile to think that days remain . . .
> Perhaps to me, in which, though bread be sweet
> No more, and red wine warm my blood in vain,
> I shall be glad, remembering how fleet
> Lithe poppies ran, like torchmen, with the wheat.

The violet, of which Shakespeare sings as "sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath," can boast the loves of many lands and climes. Modest little maid-in-waiting though she be, at the Rose Court, she yet can parade royal favor and high honor. Native of humid southern groves, the violet defies as well the Alpine blasts. A blossom is the violet of political convictions, too, since once it gave the name of "Corporal Violette" to the Great Napoleon, and later when he became "Le Pere Le Violette" of France, a bunch of violets upon a Frenchman's coat bore evidence as surety of his fealty; as did once the white rose of English York, or rival Lancaster's crimson flower.

In various lands the violet's name has lent itself to snowdrop, wall-flower, moonwort, as well as to the gentian, as "Calathian" and "Marion's Violet;" while the periwinkle masquerades as "La violette de Mars."

The Romans brewed a sybaritic wine from the violet, and the famous sherbet of the Turk is but violet syrup—a draught more suited to Titania than to the swart Turcoman.

The Highland lassie makes of powdered violets a favorite cosmetic, which they consider almost magic in effect. One of Professor Hooker's translations from the Gaelic reads: "Anoint thy face with goat's milk in which violets have been infused, and not a young prince who will not bow before thy beauty."

The Mohammedans have two traditions of the violet extracts. In one the Prophet modestly declares: "It is above all others, and its excellence is above other extracts, as is the excellence of me above all creation." It reads so like the testimonials of modern celebrities that one almost wonders what the Prophet was paid by the advertiser—sacrilegious nineteenth century thought!

The other tradition represents the Prophet as declaring: "The violet is as the excellence of Islam above all other religions."

In India, the violet grows with saucy head erect, the sky of tender blue above, and the flower like the sky below, but here they bend their timid necks 'neath "crisp old leaves astir with pride." The Floral Games of Toulouse were instituted in the fourteenth century by Clemence Isaure; who, during a tedious imprisonment, is said to have sent the violet, her favorite flower, to her knight to wear at these games; but whether East or West, in Southern grove or 'mid the icy Alps—

The same dear things lift up the same fair faces:
The violet is here!

Its royal sister, heart's-ease, is fabled to have been at one time white, until a wandering arrow from Cupid's twanging bow "purpled it with love's wound." The coat of arms of the great Quesnay, founder of the Order of Economists, sketched by Louis XV. himself, was three emblematic pansies—perhaps "for thoughts." Some flowers, like some women in different moods, seem to deny themselves, as the marigold, now called in France "soucis" (cares), once signified, like the pansy, "a comforter of the heart."

There is no blossom grown, no leaf of shrub nor tree, but by association somewhere, somehow with a subtle thrill can dim some laughing eye, or brighten like a flash the saddest face we know, at the sight of its familiar curves, or but the passing fragrance of its breath.

But though we know all this, our own dear memories seem a sweet possession all unshared as each heart whispers to itself—

And yet, and yet say what you will;
Laugh, if you please, at my lack of reason:
For me wholly and for me still
Blooms and blossoms the summer season.
Nobody else has ever heard
One story the wind to me discloses;
And none but I and the humming bird
Can read the hearts of my crimson roses.

THE LUCK-PENNY.

BY E. A. BLOODGOOD.

"UNCLE JOHN! Uncle John! do you believe in luck?" demanded a chorus of young voices, as the owners of them came crowding round a gentleman who sat reading his evening paper on the piazza of a country-house. Uncle John took off his spectacles, and looked smilingly at his nieces and nephews.

"Why do you want to know, children?"

"Because Kitty is so silly!" replied the youngest of the group, Kitty's sister, "And she has a luck-penny that old Miss Wayne has given her, and she says she is going to wear it always, and we laughed at her."

"Never mind, Kitty," said Uncle John, drawing his favorite down on his knee; "you stick to your luck-penny. I know of some queer things that happened about one once, when I was young."

"Oh, do tell us what they were, uncle? Did they happen to you?" asked the boys.

"No, not exactly; but I know all about it," said Uncle John. "I will tell you, if you want to hear it, for it never was a secret."

"I hope it is a love story," said romantic Kitty.

"I shall not call it a love story," said her uncle; "but, perhaps, you will. You children don't know much about your uncle Henry, for he died when your mother was but a little girl. She was the youngest of a large family, and he and I were the oldest, and we lived in a country town, where our father was a lawyer. He was not very well off, and Harry always was of a restless disposition; so he managed to get away from the family roof-tree when he was about twenty-two, and started with a little money that had been left him, to see the world and better himself, as he said. The next thing we knew he was in India, fighting under an English colonel against some native rajah, who had mutinied, up the country. He wrote me an account of the glorious 'scrimmage,' as he called it, that they had with the natives; and enclosed in his letter a small, thin gold coin, with curious characters engraved on it. He had bought it of one of the soldiers, who had taken it from the body of a native prince, apparently of high rank, who had probably worn it as an amulet, or charm of some value, for the chain by which it hung round his neck was clutched in his death-grip.

"'Please give it to Miss Margery for a luck-penny,' Harry wrote, 'and tell her I am sending her all my luck with it, possibly; but I am quite willing she should have a double share!'"

"Who was Miss Margery, uncle?"

"She was a young lady whom Harry and I had known for a long time. She was an orphan, and lived in our town with some relatives who were not very kind to her. She was a timid, gentle girl, inclined to be delicate, and who needed more tender treatment than she got in this rough world. My brother, Harry, and she were great friends, and might have been something more, perhaps, if they had had any prospects, but as it was, he went away, and Miss Margery's life turned out very differently.

"She smiled when I gave her the token and the message. She had the sweetest smile I ever saw, and said she would wear the coin, and hoped there would be luck enough for two about it; and I was to tell my brother so when I wrote. But long before my letter could reach him poor Harry's head was laid low. He was killed just at the end of the mutiny, and only a few days after he sent the gold coin home to Margery.

"She was the greatest consolation I had in those days, and many an hour we talked of Harry, and grieved for him together, and his last gift, the little luck-penny, never left her wrist, where she wore it fastened to an old-fashioned tortoise-shell bracelet, the only one she had. We would often look at it, and try to fancy what the strange characters which were engraved on it meant, and gradually the thing came to have a mysterious charm for us both, but especially for Miss Margery.

"'Poor Harry,' she would say, with the tears in her pretty eyes; 'I wish he had kept it himself, and had all the good fortune it could bring him.'

"'I should be happy if it brought you the happiness he bequeathed you with it, Miss Margery,' I said, 'and so would he. Who knows? Perhaps some astounding piece of luck is on its way to you even now.'

"She only shook her head, for she had so much sorrow, poor child, that she could not believe any good could happen to her. But my words were prophetic for all that. Some weeks later, a queer old bachelor, a distant relative whom she had never seen, died, and when his will was opened it was found that he had left the whole of his large fortune to Miss Margery.

"Of course our little town was convulsed with excitement. Money was harder to come by in those days, and ups and downs were not so common as they are now, so that Miss Margery was regarded as heroine of a romance, and wherever she went was pointed out as a wonder. She took it all very quietly, and hardly seemed to realize the difference in her circumstances. My father and I

transacted all the necessary business for her, and a very short time saw her in possession of the money. But one change followed another, as it so often happens. Miss Margery's step-mother, who, after her father's failure and death, had returned to her own relations, on hearing of her inheritance, wrote her a letter, in which she proposed that they should live together, Miss Margery taking a house in the city and going into society under her care. This my father strongly advised, as the stepmother belonged to a family of well-known and highly respected people, though they were rather poor. The heiress would have proper protection and see something of the world—as she ought to do, my father told her, before settling her future life in any way. So it was decided; and in a marvelously short time Miss Margery bade us all good-bye and went away to her new home. How well I remember her pale little face as she sat in the stage-coach beside my father, who was to take her to town.

"'Good-bye, Miss Margery,' said I; 'don't lose the luck-penny, and don't forget the old friends for the new.'

"'I never shall forget, never!' she said, and she burst out crying and covered her face with her handkerchief.

"'Get off the step, John,' said my father very shortly, 'the stage is starting,' and I got down and went home with a big lump in my throat, and feeling anything but happy. Well, well! that's forty-five years ago, and it seems like yesterday!"

"Oh, please go on, uncle! What happened next?" said the girls, as he paused a moment.

"Well, Miss Margery had a fine house in the city and a very grand time, from all we could hear. And as for me, I worked along for a year or so in my father's office, but my younger brothers were close on my heels, and the town seemed to get duller and duller every day. So when I got an opportunity to go into a lawyer's office in the city, I took advantage of it at once, though it was not a very good opening. Miss Margery knew of my arrival, and sent for me to come and see her as soon as I got to town.

"I found her just her own sweet self, as modest and gentle in her splendid house and with her gay surroundings, as ever she had been in the unhappy home of her earlier days. She looked stronger and prettier, but that was all the change. She seemed very glad to see me, and though she had other visitors, she left them to her step-mother, a handsome but rather stiff-looking dame, and talked with me all the evening of old times. She still wore the little old bracelet with the luck-penny hanging from it; and, as I took her hand to say good-bye, she called my attention to it, and told me that it had been much admired by a French gentleman whom she had met, and who was an authority on such matters, having a fine collection of coins himself. 'I know he longed for it,' she said, smiling, 'and I believe he would have offered to buy it, if he had dared. As it was, he only asked permission to bring a friend of his to see it, a gentleman who has been in India and, I think, in the army there. I dare say they will be at my ball next week; and I only hope they will not try to get it away from me. You don't know,' she added, 'how superstitious I have grown; but when I think how strangely the whole course of my life has changed since I had this coin, I feel as if not only my past and present, but my future, were in some mysterious way connected with it.'

"Well, the next week I went to the ball, and a very splendid affair it was, and, of course, it seemed doubly so to a country hobble-de-hoy like myself. People gave parties in their own houses in those days, and not in restaurants as they do now. The house was lighted up from top to bottom, and the musicians playing away, and all the beauty and fashion of that time were to be seen there. But the prettiest of all, to my mind, was Miss Margery herself, who stood by her step-mother receiving her guests. She came forward as soon as she saw me, and welcomed me so sweetly that my feeling of strangeness disappeared in a moment, and I began to look round me, quite at my ease, while she turned to speak to some new arrivals.

"One of these was an elderly gentleman, quite ordinary in appearance, but he was followed by one of the handsomest and most singular-looking men I ever saw in my life."

"How was he singular, uncle?" said the boys. "Was he very tall and big?"

"No, he was only a middle-sized man, and rather thin, but as dark as a mulatto, though you could see he was not one. His features were delicate, and he had large black eyes, but his expression was what made him look so strange. It was proud and melancholy, and yet fierce, and he had a foreign look about him, and a way of gliding along rather than walking, that made him seem stealthy. The old gentleman introduced him to Miss Margery, and he made her such a low bow that it was more like a salaam than an ordinary salutation. By this time every one was looking at him, and a whisper ran round, especially among the ladies, 'What a handsome man! Who is he?'

"The elderly man began talking to Miss Margery in a very vivacious way and with a great many gestures, like a Frenchman, I thought; but the dark one stood looking at her in a fixed yet cautious manner, not joining in the conversation at first, but evidently taking in every detail of her appearance. Presently the old gentleman, who seemed to be very eager about something, appealed to his friend, and they both bent over Miss Margery's wrist, which she held out, as it seemed to me, rather unwillingly, while they examined some ornament on her arm. I managed to edge a little nearer, and saw that it was the luck-penny. This, then, must be the coin-collector and his friend, of whom she had spoken to me.

"Just then the dark man looked at Miss Margery as if to ask permission, and took the coin lightly in his fingers as it hung from the bracelet. The moment he glanced at it closely, his dark face turned the strangest ghastly color I ever saw, and his black eyes shone out like two coals of fire; but it was only for an instant, and before any one had had time to notice it, he was himself again. He said a few words to the other gentleman, who had now taken his turn to look at the coin, shrugged his shoulders, and stepped back a little behind Miss Margery.

"But I could not forget that look, and, taking it with the strange appearance of the man, it made me very uneasy.

"Just then I heard one young fellow behind me say to another:

"'What is old De Long raving about now? Is it Miss Margery's arm or her bracelet he is in such raptures over?'

"'Neither,' said the other; 'he 's got hold of some coin she wears, and he seems to be half crazy over it.'

"'Whole crazy, you mean,' said the first one. 'Miss Margery had better be careful of her treasure if she values it, for I verily believe De Long would not stop at robbery or murder to add to his collection. He is certainly stark, staring mad on that point. Who is that dark, handsome fellow he has with him?'

"'Don't know, I 'm sure, except that his name is Nair, Colonel Nair I believe they call him, and they say he comes from India. De Long is taking him about everywhere. Birds of a feather, I suppose.'

"'Well, whoever he is, he 's going to cut you out with our hostess, my boy!' said the first man. 'There, she 's going to dance with him now.'

"And, sure enough, Miss Margery took the Indian colonel's arm, and waltzed away with him into the dancing-room. My annoyance was not decreased by this, nor by the conversation I had overheard, and I began to realize what an unprotected position the poor girl stood in, with her large fortune to make her a mark for adventurers of all sorts. I thought I would at least try to find out something about these foreigners and what they were up to, so I stepped over to the mother, who was talking to Mr. De Long, and begged the favor of an introduction to him. She looked surprised, but I did n't care for that so long as I gained my point, and I soon got him round to his hobby, and from that to the subject of Miss Margery's coin in particular. He took to his mother-tongue as soon as he found I understood French, and informed me that the coin was undoubtedly a rare antique, and worth a large sum in money, but had been valued by its possessor chiefly as an amulet, from certain marks on it which had seemed to indicate this. The inscription he could not read, and he had been much disappointed by finding that his friend, Colonel Nair, who had lived in India, and whom he

had brought with him this evening expressly to see it, could not help him in this respect. He had seemed more interested in the fair possessor than in the object itself. 'As was most natural, of course,' the Frenchman gallantly added. When I took this opportunity to make some inquiries about Colonel Nair, he answered briefly that he had come out here with excellent letters, and that he was a man of much cultivation and intelligence, and greatly interested in coins. On that I saw that he was edging back to his one topic again, so I left him and went away to the dancing-room. Just as I reached the door I met Miss Margery and her partner coming out, and she introduced us to each other, but he did not seem to have much to say, though he answered politely enough when I asked him some questions about India and the different regiments there, finally saying that I had had a brother who had done some fighting there. He gave me a dark, sidelong look at that, and said that he himself had been stationed in a remote part of the country, and had known very little of other regiments than his own.

"'And that was a native one I'll be bound,' thought I to myself, as I looked at his dark face. Not but what he spoke English well enough, though I noticed a slight, peculiar hissing sound in some words as he pronounced them. His eyes never met mine all the time I was talking to him, but seemed to be following Miss Margery, who had left us and gone into the other room, and my last remark met with no answer. He had silently disappeared, and presently I saw him gliding up to her side, where he remained for the rest of the evening.

From that time the Indian colonel followed Miss Margery up wherever she went, and, from what I could learn, seemed determined to distance all other competitors for her favor. I did not see much of it myself, of course, being only a hard-working lawyer's clerk, who knew no one, and went nowhere, but there were several young fellows in our office who went in society, and I used to hear them talking about it. For society was small in those days, and people wondered and speculated, and inquired about the colonel—who he was and where he came from, and so on—and all to very little purpose, it seemed to me. 'Othello,' as they nicknamed him, remained inscrutable, and although plenty of people, and some of Miss Margery's other suitors in particular, would have been glad enough to have proved him to be as black in character as he was in countenance, they could not discover anything about him, good nor bad, and had to fall back on a general accusation of want of openness, which was all they could bring against him. Mr. De Long, his sponsor, socially speaking, was well known enough himself, but all he could or would say was just what he had told me, that the man had brought excellent letters from India, and was a friend of his own friends there. They seemed to be together a great deal, and whenever I went to see Miss Margery, there would be Colonel Nair, and generally Mr. De Long too. The more I saw of them, the more uneasy I got; and if I had had the chance, I think I should have taken the liberty of an old friend, and begged Miss Margery to be careful what she was about, but I never found her alone, though she was, apparently, always glad to see me, and would sometimes even welcome me as if my coming were a relief to her. For that was the queer part of it. Of course everyone else thought that she was as infatuated with the colonel as he was with her, but I had my doubts whether it was a case of infatuation on either side. It often seemed to me that she shrank from him, and only allowed him to hang round her because in some way she could not help herself; and as for him, though his attentions never ceased, I could not shake off the idea that he had some object in them apart from a liking for her, or even a desire to get hold of her money. He had a way of calmly taking possession of her that used to make me long to spoil his handsome face, especially as, it struck me, she often submitted with some unwillingness. He never talked much to her, nor she to him; he simply stood or sat beside her, held her fan, or got her what she wanted, and at parties he was her constant attendant, so I heard, and kept everyone else away from her as much as he could.

"All this time, Mr. De Long's interest in Miss Margery's coin seemed to increase

rather than diminish, and whenever he could he would hang over it and rave about it, with his eyes glittering so that he really did seem to be a little crazy on the subject. I noticed that whenever he was looking at it, or handling it, the colonel's eyes were fixed on him with their curious, sidelong glances, and never removed till he dropped it again; and once or twice I caught them exchanging a queer look over Miss Margery's head, as she sat uneasily between them.

"One thing she stuck to: she never would take off the bracelet, nor let Mr. De Long detach the coin from it, beg as he might in French and English by turns.

"One night in particular he said he had been making researches, and believed he had discovered that the inscription on it was in the Kufic character, which, as far as I could make out, was a lost alphabet that nobody had been able to read since Noah's Ark, nor ever would be. How that made it so very valuable I could not see, but he did; and he implored Miss Margery to let him have it, just for a '*leetle* moment,' as he said, to see if this were true, and he actually laid his hand on it, in his excitement, in a way very different from his usual French politeness. Just at that instant the Indian colonel, who stood close to Miss Margery, with his hands folded over each other, in a way he had, as if they were slipped into hanging sleeves, suddenly drew them apart, and apparently by accident struck Mr. De Long a violent blow on the elbow. As he did so a small white object flew out of the Frenchman's hand, or his sleeve, or wherever he had kept it, and landed just at my feet. He dashed at it, but I was too quick for him, and before he could touch it I had picked it up, and saw that it was a little flat box, like a pill-box, without a cover, filled with wax, which was smoothed to a level surface. The Frenchman looked daggers at me as I examined it, puzzling myself as to what it could be for, till it flashed upon me that he had meant to take an impression of the coin with it and produce an imitation, and then perhaps wait his chance to substitute it for the real one in some way. Whether they were leagued together or not, this plan had evidently not suited the Indian fellow, and he had therefore frustrated it, for though he bowed very low and apologized for his awkwardness very gravely, I was sure it was intentional; and so was the Frenchman, for he turned white with rage and glared at the other without a word.

"'Permit me to return you your property, sir,' said I, stepping up to him and offering him his pill-box, with the hope that he would turn on me and give me a chance to speak my mind to him about his dirty trick. But to my great disappointment he cooled off as soon as I spoke to him, took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead, and said very politely, that I did him too much honor, as the article was not his.

"I did n't know whether to be angry or laugh at his impudent lie, and had just concluded to be angry, when the Indian colonel stepped forward, and asking my permission, took the box out of my hand, looked at it a moment, and then, saying slowly, 'Mr. De Long seems to have a secret; let me show him the best way to keep it,' threw the box in the fire, and watched it with his glittering eyes as it blazed up, and shrivelled away.

"'Thanks for this and other favors, all of which I shall do myself the honor to return,' said the Frenchman, looking at him like a demon, but holding himself in. Then with a bow to the ladies, he was gone. The whole passed in a moment, and was over before Miss Margery, who had sat looking on with wide-open eyes, had fairly comprehended what it was all about.

"I tried hard to outstay the colonel that night, so as to give her a little enlightenment as to her precious pair of acquaintances, but it was of no use. He took leave only when I did, and we left the house together, though we parted at the foot of the steps.

"Three days later the mysterious murder of Colonel Nair was the one topic of conversation throughout the city. He was found lying dead on his face in the street near his lodgings, with a slit right through him, made by a dagger, the doctors said, and with his pockets turned inside out, and his clothing showing signs of having been thoroughly ransacked. The night was dark and stormy, and the street a secluded one, and he might have been there some time before

he was discovered. No outcry had been heard, and no suspicious person had been seen about the neighborhood, as far as could be ascertained; and the mystery only seemed to thicken on investigation, for Colonel Nair's watch and purse, and his jewelry, of which he usually wore a good deal, were found the next morning lying a few yards from the scene of the murder, and therefore the idea that it was done for plunder had to be given up.

"Of course my first thought was how it would affect Miss Margery, and I was just going up to her house when a note was brought me from her, begging me to come to her at once.

"I found her in a state of agitation so far beyond what I expected that I could not at first account for it, except by supposing that matters had gone further than I had thought between her and the colonel, but when I asked her if this were so, she sobbed out, 'No; oh, no!' and left me all afloat again. She seemed almost beside herself with nervous terror, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I calmed her down into any sort of self-possession. She kept repeating, 'Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do! Will they bring me into court? Can they ask me any questions they like? Tell me, help me!'

"'No one can harm you in the least, my dear Miss Margery,' said I. 'Trust me as an old friend, one who always has been, and always will be, devoted to you. Tell me what it is that you fear.'

"She was trembling like a leaf, and I put her into an arm-chair and sat down close to her, and after a time she collected herself enough to tell me that Colonel Nair had passed the evening before his murder at her house, and had found her alone, as no one else happened to call, and her step-mother was ill. He immediately used his opportunity to say what, in spite of the mysterious influence he exercised over her, she had hitherto contrived to prevent his saying; and on her endeavoring to waive the subject, had urged his suit upon her with such determination, and in such an authoritative manner, that she became excessively alarmed, and tried to escape from the room. He stood between her and the door, however, and told her fiercely that it was of no use, that she belonged to him, and that she wore upon her arm the amulet that bound her to him for ever, which had been the most sacred possession of his family for generations, and which he, the last of his race, had tracked to the Western Hemisphere, after it had been torn from the body of his father as he lay dead on the field of battle. 'It is mine, and your life is mine,' he said, and then suddenly turning on her he seized her arm with such a wild look in his black eyes, that with a shriek of terror she tore off the bracelet, coin and all, and threw the whole thing in the fire. He let go her arm and rushed at the flames, thrusting his bare hands into them, but the frail tortoise-shell crackled up and was destroyed in a moment, and the thin little coin slipped down and disappeared in the red-hot bed of coals. On this, she said, he had stood for a moment as if stunned, seeming to shrink into himself, with a look of despair and terror on his face that she never could forget; and then stretching out his hands with a peculiar gesture, he said solemnly: 'The glory of my race is departed,' and he glided suddenly from the room and the house.

"All this the poor child told me, looking over her shoulder every moment as if she expected to see the murdered man himself standing behind her; and when she had finished she sobbed as if her heart would break, asking me again and again what she should do, and whether she would have to tell what had happened.

"'They will probably ask you a few questions,' I said, after soothing her as well as I could, 'as you were one of the persons who knew him best, and especially when they find out, as they will, that he was here on that night. All you have to do is to tell the plain truth, without attempting to conceal anything, and then leave the rest to me. I will be at hand, and will do all I can to shield and protect you, and you have nothing to fear. Only try to keep as calm as possible.'

"This was good advice, but poor Miss Margery could not follow it. By the next day she was in a raging fever, and for weeks her life hung on a thread. Her testimony was taken in her room

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as to her last interview with Colonel Nair; and though she told the whole story, as I had advised her to do, it threw, of course, very little light on the murder, except that it explained the presence on his hands of raw wounds, like burns, which had puzzled the police, but which were the result of his attempt to get the coin out of the fire.

"My own opinion pointed strongly to Mr. De Long, as having some hand in the affair. There had been a bond of some kind between them, and then there had been a decided disagreement, as I myself had witnessed, and if ever there was murder in a man's eye, there was in the crazy little Frenchman's that last night I saw him at Miss Margery's house. Moreover, when search was made for him, he had disappeared so completely that not a trace of him could be found, though for months every effort was made to track him. He just seemed to have melted like snow and left nothing behind. I was always sure he murdered the Indian fellow, and so were other people, too; but why? Whether he had hired him to get the coin from Miss Margery by fair means or foul, and thought he had cheated him, or whether the colonel's story was true, and he really was the son of a native nobleman, and De Long thought he had won Miss Margery and his family treasure at the same time, and waylaid him to get it, I never knew.

"But, some years afterwards, my business took me to Europe, and to a city in the South of France, and there, in the infirmary of a mad-house, where I was obliged to go, my attention was called by one of the keepers to a patient whom he spoke of as an '*homme très instruit*,' who had gone crazy through excess of learning, and in whom, though much changed, I recognized the features forever impressed on my memory, of Mr. De Long.

"He was very near his end, the keeper said, and was quiet enough now, though he had been very violent, raving for hours about some one he had killed and a treasure which had been stolen from him. He lay muttering to himself, in a language unknown to me, but as soon as I bent over him he gave a shriek that made the room ring again, and would have sprung on me but for the nurse, who held him down while the keeper hurried me away. I asked about him, but some mystery evidently surrounded him, and I could find out very little. He had come there from the East, they told me, and had been there several years. He was always begging for coins in his quieter moments, and would keep any that were given him, as if they were of the greatest value. They believed he had been a coin-collector, and that was all they could apparently tell me. When I went back the next day, he was dead."

"Oh, uncle! Is that all? What became of Miss Margery?"

"Oh, she was a nine days' wonder, till something else happened, and people forgot all about her. But she never got over the shock of the murder, though she had not cared for the colonel, nor wished to marry him. She was a delicate, sensitive creature, and she brooded over the whole affair and the gossip that went on about her, till it undermined her health and made a permanent invalid of her.

"And though it was, of course, a mere coincidence, the good fortune that had followed the luck-penny seemed to depart with it. A troublesome law-suit was begun by some other relatives of the old man from whom Miss Margery had inherited her money, and though my father and I contrived to save a part of it, a good deal had to go, so that she was no longer rich, while not exactly poor. Her step-mother married again, which, of course, left Miss Margery alone, and in a few years the brilliant future, which had seemed to open before her, faded away as suddenly as it had come."

"What did she do, uncle?"

"She resigned herself with the patience that was part of her sweet character to her altered circumstances. Her delicate health obliged her to live very quietly in the country, but she had a few devoted friends who had always loved her, and with these around her she said she had all she needed to make her happy. Her arm-chair or her sofa was their rallying place, and she herself was the most cheerful of the group."

"There, Kitty, you see what comes of wearing luck-pennies," said the eldest

boy, "to lose all your money and be an old maid, and have to lie on the sofa besides! So come and play croquet while you can. I thank you for your story, uncle."

"I don't want to play croquet," said Kitty;" I would rather stay here." And as the others ran off, she slipped her arm round the old man's neck and said softly:

"I wish I could have seen that lady, uncle. I think you liked her very much."

"So much, Kitty," said Uncle John, "that when I retired from practice I bought a country-place next to hers; and if you want to see her, look over the hedge between our gardens, for there she is."

"Why, uncle, I don't see any one but old Miss Wayne!" said Kitty. "You don't mean her?" And she looked at the figure just visible through the trees, of an old lady in an invalid chair, which was being slowly wheeled by a servant down the path of their neighbor's garden.

"Yes, I mean just her, Kitty; but she is not 'old Miss Wayne' to me. She blooms in everlasting youth in my eyes—Miss Margery."

Kitty's gaze was full of wonder, but she said nothing. And in silence the old man and the young girl watched the drooping figure in the chair as it slowly disappeared from their sight.

THE PERVERSION OF A PLEASANT GAME.

ONE of the early Roman emperors, it is familiarly said, once offered a reward to the person who should furnish him with a new pleasure. What punishment he would have inflicted on the person who undertook to obliterate or spoil an existing pleasure, history has not had the opportunity to tell us. It was not regarded possible then, that the doing of such a thing could be deemed within the range of probabilities. A similar state of mind existed on this subject, I imagine, to that which prevailed concerning parricide in Sparta. When the king of that country was asked why there had been no statute framed against that crime, he is reported to have said: "Because the mere existence of such a crime has not been considered possible."

Things become possible, however, we are beginning to learn, that no one would have predicted. Take, for instance, the game of ball. Who that is middle-aged, or beginning to be, does not remember, above all the active sports of his childhood the hilariously dominating game of ball? Such as it was then, without essential modifications, it was untold centuries ago. Pollux, in speaking of the universality of this game in the second century, refers to something substantially like the simple games practised in the last generation. Such a game as is termed *Base* Ball to-day—although the adjective seems appropriate enough—is a creation of our own time; an evolution, in fact, of quite recent years, doing very little credit to its creator.

The old-fashioned game of ball, though it lasted the summer through, was apt to begin when the frost disappeared from the ground, as it usually did on the March or April town-meeting day in the country; and was as much a token of spring as was the appearance of the Trailing Arbutus or the blackbird's "o-ka-lee." In his spring poem of "May Day," Emerson says of the school-boy:

> The fresh ground loves his top and ball,
> The air rings jocund to his call.

We all remember, too, what this kind of ball was as an implement or toy. It was nearly always made from the yarn

of a raveled stocking, which the shoemaker would cover with leather, putting the red side out, and sticking together the orange quarters, into which this cover was cut, either by a side-to-side or a true seam stitch, the last being considered preferable. Sometimes the yarn was wound on a piece of crude India rubber to give the ball a "bounce"-ing quality; and, however made, it was so soft and pleasant to the touch that the school girls would play "catch," and the milder games with it.

The favorite game of the larger boys was either "Two Old Cat," or Base Ball; "One Old Cat" being played by very young boys, or, as a necessity, when the three, which were a competent number to play it, were all that could be mustered. The choosing of sides and the first innings also were settled by the two captains of a side, by the throwing up, as each choice was to be made, of one of the ball clubs, which the opposite party was to catch somewhere near the middle, when a surmounting of hands to the top settled the privilege sought, which went to the one whose hand topped the upward climb freely. An inch's space would not do for this topping, as the hand must fall so surely just below the level of the top of the club as not to flinch when another club, in case of a dispute about the matter, hit the trial one horizontally on its top.

The games which these preliminaries led to were "jocund" and joyous. They were devised centuries ago, and have been played always for fun. The joy which a boy took in them was electric, spontaneous and ebullient. It expressed to the full extent a boy's vitality and life. The very simplest rules of running from base to base were accepted. The "in" or side playing was "caught," "out;" or the ex-batter was "out" if hit while on a run away from his base, or if he knocked the ball over a fence or set boundary. But the pitching was fair. To throw a ball so that it could not be hit, as it is now thought to be so wonderfully "scientific" to do, would have been, in the uncorrupted game, an unpardonable "foul." It would be called neither good morals nor good playing. When it was repeatedly done a revolution ensued at once, and the matter was corrected on the spot or the game was stopped.

The baseball of to-day has, to be sure, its primitive germ in the delightful boys' game we used to know, but its departure from that in character is both marvelous and malign. Its main object seems to be to obliterate all the fun which the game naturally supplies, with one other —the development of a "pitcher." He is called a "pitcher" principally because he won't or can't pitch. That is, he has learned a contortion of body and swing of the arm that defeats all expectancy of the batter, and extinguishes the true fun in the game. On him more than on any one else depends the success of a side; but what it succeeds to, it would be difficult to tell. When it gets its "innings" they are more or less useless for hitting the ball, because another "pitcher," with tricks peculiar to himself, excites again the admiration of the crowd of spectators by making hits either scarce, accidental or impossible.

In the old game of free and frequent hitting, a side was no more persistently "in" than one is now. It went out as often, but it could tell what it gained by an "inning." It secured the sport for which ball-playing was first invented, and for which it has been played certainly two thousand years, viz., the joy of hitting the ball. When it went out, the other side succeeded to its rapture and experience. The modern game, on the contrary, is something like what fishing might become if some one would only invent a "regulation bait" which no fish would ever bite, or like the hunting which the proprietor of a grove recommended and was called to account for recommending—when he replied that "There was no game in the grove, I knew, but I thought that fact would make all the more *hunting.*"

The "catcher" in modern baseball is another development that must not be passed by. In the circuses there is often a trained athlete, who stands in front of a cannon and catches the ball in his hands when it is fired out, at no very great distance from the gun. The charge of powder which sends it, however, is measured, and serious accidents resulting from the undertaking, I think, are not numerous. But the catcher of the regulation baseball implement or globe, or toy, call it which you will, takes his

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life in his hands. He has to catch a ball which might as well be a cannon ball, with little power to tell where it will find him or he it, and with a certainty that if it hits him serious or fatal injury is most likely to ensue. To make it less possible that his nose or jaw shall be broken, or to prevent his teeth from being knocked entirely out, he now wears a wire cage over his face, not wholly dissimilar to an ox's muzzle or a burglar's mask.

This device, however, does not always prevent a catastrophe. Injury and virtual mayhem to the hands, the "catcher" is always sure to get if he remains in the business long. Calloused joints and broken fingers are certain to come. Injuries which no sane person not a base-ball player would accept for a princely fortune given in advance, are made light of by a true "catcher," and are often referred to by the craft as if they were the scars won in an epoch-deciding battle. The "regulation ball" is really an implement of barbarism. It has hurt others than the catcher, and occasionally kills an innocent person who happens to stand in the line of its path, with easy celerity.

A story is told of a fellow who was found one day tickling the heels of a vicious mule, which, in return, kept continually kicking him against the side of the barn. When told that he was a "confounded fool" for indulging in such recklessness, he replied, "No, I ain't. I am going to play a game of base-ball to-morrow, and it is necessary to get a little practice for it." On another occasion, when a baseball player was addressed concerning the hazards of the game, he defended it by saying that three members only had been killed that year. "But how about the umpires?" asked his friend. "O, we don't take umpires into account." The umpire, sitting quietly in his chair in the midst of the contest, is usually reckoned a most excellent chance target. Probably Mark Twain, who has served lately as umpire, considers his escape one of the best jokes of the season.

I have called the "catcher's" vocation a "business," and that is just what modern base-ball itself is. It has long ceased to be a sport, in any refined or proper sense of the term. Its costume and technical nomenclature, its system of rules, and its umpires are imposing; but I cannot say that anything I have seen in it is very admirable. It has become the fashion—the athletic craze, in fact—and I am, therefore, as I am fully aware, making myself a heretic of the worst order, in questioning its beauty, and by speaking of it otherwise than with a certain Oriental obeisance and profound awe over its achievements.

This game, certainly, whatever it is, is not the sport that was once dear to the hearts of boys and young men the world over. To partake of that, we did not require salaries, and leave legitimate callings. Not the least indictment against the game as now played is, that for lucre or distinction it draws its adherents, and puts a ban upon the charming and delightful old game of ball which we all used to love for its own sake.

I am willing any one should play the modern game who can put his hand upon his heart and say he likes it; but he shall have my pity just the same. I confess I never see a game played, as it is now understood, without feeling that I am in something slightly resembling the atmosphere which surrounds a contest governed by the Marquis of Queensberry's rules.

Joel Benton.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

WHATEVER faults Gov. Hill of New York may have, a tendency to continue old institutions simply because they are such is not one of them. His recent praiseworthy action in signing the bill substituting, among other things, the electric chair as the instrument of capital punishment in the place of the time-honored gallows is well calculated to place him prominently forward as a reformer.

Many questions will doubtless be raised by the innovation, among them the hackneyed discussion whether capital punishment in any case is justifiable. The latter, however, is no part of the present problem, as both the old and the new method accomplish the same result. The only difference is that one is humane, while the other is without question a relic of barbarism, and is eminently out of place in a nation that can in many respects pose as the leader in the march of civilization.

The principal consideration is whether the deterring influence of example will be as great in the case of the instantaneous and comparatively easy death by the electric fluid as in the case of the more lingering and violent death of the gallows? This it will require a practical demonstration to determine, but THE STUDY is inclined to believe that murders will be no more numerous under the new system than under the old. For conviction of murder in the first degree, the deed must have been premeditated or have no important palliating circumstances. A man who would commit such a crime would not pause in his intention because he thought that if detected (and he usually hopes to hide his work) he would be made to suffer on the gallows.

History shows us that in olden times the life of a murderer was forfeited to the relatives of the murdered. Revenge was then the ruling passion, and the effort was to torture the convicted man to an extent commensurate with the cruelty of the crime. With the advance of education, however, the spirit of revenge has gradually been eliminated as a factor in capital punishment, and now the prevailing idea in depriving a murderer of his life is not that of "an eye for an eye," or "a tooth for a tooth," but rather that he is a constant menace to society, on the principle that he has no regard for the sanctity of human life and only awaits the provocation to commit other murders. As, therefore, the removal of the criminal is all that is desired, it is only right that science should step in and present an instrument of death that shall rob an operation which must at best be horrible in the extreme of as much of its offensiveness as possible. Such an instrument is the electric chair.

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Aside from the change in the method of inflicting the death penalty, the bill also contains a number of other important provisions that are to be commended. The exact time of execution is to be left uncertain, when the sentence is pronounced, and a judicious amount of privacy in the execution is to be preserved. This will curb the tendency to convert a criminal into a hero on the one hand, while on the other it will serve to stem the current of morbid curiosity that is now the feature of executions.

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Before death by electricity shall have received the odium that is now attached to the gallows, as it will when the bill becomes a law, January 1, 1889, is it not pertinent to suggest to the authorities of large cities, and New York city especially, that they should then have their arrangements so complete that the streets will be safe from the death-dealing electric wire? It is bad enough to suffer death through the negligence of city officials, though this, perhaps, would be patiently borne by a public used to suffering. But THE STUDY would ask these officials if with all their self-importance they have the arrogance to ask for victims to suffer a death that should only be meted out to the foulest murderers? It is certainly to be hoped that all electric wires will soon be buried.

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He would be a very unnatural American who should declare that he considered the American girl in any respect inferior to the girl of any other country. Likewise he would be a very rash Englishman who should in England seek to criticise the English maid. All this sentiment is, no doubt, praiseworthy, but the question of the practical education of our girls is one that strongly invites comment.

The tendency now-a-days runs too much in the direction of giving a superficial and almost useless knowledge of many things—"accomplishments" that are far from being accomplished—while qualities which would tend to make a practical housewife are neglected. THE STUDY does not wish to be understood as advocating in the slightest measure a restricted education for the weaker sex. A wife that is entirely kitchenbred cannot be a congenial companion for an intelligent man; but neither can a wife who knows nothing of kitchen machinery. What should be striven for is to obtain a combination of the two, and, much as we regret to say it, the young ladies of America seem very far from the standard. The disposition in our average families is to idolize the daughter to such an extent that she almost fancies herself a queen and views all things through the colored glass of what she desires her position to be rather than what it actually is. The statement is certainly not far wrong that the average American girl regards household work as degrading. The skeptic can find abundance of food for criticism in this direction, and can find occasion to commiserate with the poor young man who is unfortunate enough to marry the average American girl, thereby becoming the subject of her doleful experiments in cooking and housekeeping, while she is striving to learn by experience what should have been taught her by her mother. Even in the circles of society where money is plentiful a practical knowledge of housekeeping is very essential, as it is useless to expect a properly conducted establishment where the mistress herself is a poor housewife.

LITERATURE—BOOK REVIEWS.

THE season for intellectual play is at hand. The presence of the summer time furnishes pretexts for yielding to the natural indolence of thought, for humoring the phantasies of the brain, for giving over the hours to amusing recreations and the sweet illusions of the senses. The practice of nature is reversed in the world of mind. It is the time of growth, of blossoming, of fruitage and of harvest. Yet the intellectual worker is prone to lay aside his implements of toil, and the student seeks a respite for his jaded brain in "paper covers."

Animal life is at its best in the season of warm sunshine, flowers and growing vegetation. Athletic games prevail when the blood inclines outward and the sap of the trees upward to the tip ends of buds and leaves. This is the time for renewing and building up the physical side of the mind. For it is now that its windows are open to the external universe and the senses are most receptive to the elements of knowledge.

From this pleasant outlook we turn aside to the consideration of a phase of intellectual life that has present claims upon our attention: Professional men are apt to devote themselves too exclusively to the literature of their special vocation. They profess to have no time for reading other than what the daily newspaper affords. With many business men it is especially true that they find no leisure for anything beyond the literature of the morning news.

This usually means that there is no desire nor taste for other reading. It may mean that the mind has grown so accustomed to thinking of the lighter sort, that it shrinks from making a thoughtful literary effort.

The time is ripe for intellectual reform. Athletics are the fashion; why not provide intellectual gymnasiums for the feeble-minded? Strenuous effort is as requisite for a mental fibre that shall have vigor and strength as for a hardy and healthy frame.

If it be worth while to walk from Fiftieth to Wall street in the morning and back again in the evening, to gain physical vigor, and if a continuance of this practice from day to day results in permanent health and long life, a like exercise of the brain for an hour or two a day in the fresh atmosphere of current literature under the lead of a master-thought will surely beget intellectual force and mental health. The business man who says he has "no time for books" makes a great mistake. A quiet hour in the morning, before business, with a great author, some master mind, will do more than anything else to give equipoise, steadiness and strength to the mind of the business man as a preparation for the day's work. At the close of the day a brain "over-worked" with business, overstrained with care, will find its best relief, its most certain restoration, its most wholesome aliment in the best things of literature. The brain that is so overwrought as to be unable to enjoy a good book at the

day's close will soon wear itself out, thus committing slow suicide.

But what shall we read? This is a most important question. It is very difficult to answer. No one can answer with any considerable degree of satisfaction for another. Shall we read what everybody reads? Within limits, yes, that we may be in the intellectual fashion, but not to the extent of doing violence to our personal wants and tastes. It is sometimes an advantage to have read an author not very popular, as George Meredith, or an almost forgotten writer, as "Jean Paul," or De Quincey, or Washington Irving. In doing so we may be out of fashion, may be compelled to be silent while the conversation goes on around us, but we lose nothing in manners thereby.

There is a good deal that gets advertised as "literature" that may be neglected without loss. Because a book has been printed we are not, therefore, compelled to think well enough of it to wish to read it.

And this suggests to us hints for our guidance in selecting from current literature. Most readers in summer seek only to be amused. Such will find no difficulty in supplying their wants. The demand has already been anticipated. There are some intellectual desires which amount to simple pleasures that may be gratified. We read some books as we take ice cream or soda water. Some books lead us to the very verge of intoxication. A few of such should suffice. We do not find that any quite satisfactory answer has yet been given to the momentous question, "what knowledge is of most worth?" not even in so learned and laborious attempts as those of Herbert Spencer. Nor do we expect a very definite answer, that may be practically utilized, so long as the domain of knowledge keeps extending. We get nearest to a solution, perhaps, when we say that for the individual the things most needful to know are those which most readily assimilate with natural gifts and produce within us a feeling of intellectual health and growth. Life is a growth, instinctive, in a measure spontaneous, under training. Its possibilities are not limited; it proceeds most successfully along the ways provided by nature. Any intellectual gifts or taste may be developed into a passion, but in the field of literature we may wholly surrender our powers only to the guidance and keeping of the truest and wisest minds. In the wilderness of literary under-brush we are in danger of tasting by mistake a poisonous berry that seems innocuous because pleasing to the sense. There are certain great lines of literary work that must be made a part of every man's thought and mental life. Historical reading is one, and is quite as essential as any. History, ancient and modern, affords the most instructive lessons for daily use. The morning newspaper often presumes upon our historical knowledge. The very central issue of European politics to-day has its origin as far back as the campaigns of Trajan on the Danube.

We very naturally breathe more freely in the purer political atmosphere produced by a liberal discussion of a question of national importance. No thoughtful man can afford to neglect the literature of the tariff question. The speeches of leading contestants may be profitably read, if for no other reason than as fine exercises in mental gymnastics. In this connection the literature of political economy becomes a subject of much interest.

The very air is charged with questions of vital importance, political and religious. Leading statesmen in Congress and able politicians on private platforms challenge the public mind to consider and decide upon matters of national concern. We look about us for intellectual helps to define our circumstances and ascertain the ruling tendencies of the time, and find in current literature enough to satisfy the present want.

It is very difficult to understand the state of mind into which some public men have fallen when they openly oppose so righteous a measure as an International Copyright law. If to intellectual work a quality of value be not attributable, then what kind of labor is concerned in the creation of values? Surely the whole structure or fabric called commerce is so inwrought with and by the skill and forces that arise in brain labor, that its existence were inconceivable on the assumption that there can be no property-title in brain products. The intelligence of this country is not very highly flattered by the hope that the Copyright Bill will *probably* pass Congress. Any feeling of uncertainty should be mortifying to the general public. And yet we are afforded the singular exhibition of seventeen United States Senators, led by Mr. Vance, proposing to exclude all "newspapers, magazines and periodicals" *from the privilege of obtaining copyright!* Had this proposal been confirmed by a majority vote of the Senate, the cause of American labor—manual not less than intellectual—would have been wounded to the heart. For its foundations are laid in the intelligence of the people, who, in turn, are chiefly instructed by the very agencies thus sought to be destroyed. Take away the protection afforded periodicals by the copyright law, and how shall they and their writers, employed for wages assured, be maintained? What have Senator Vance and his sixteen companions to show that they earn the money

allotted them from the public treasury? Is the manual labor they perform the basis for the high wages paid them? What is the real measure of value for any service rendered, private or public? Can a professional man lawfully claim pay for *labor* done? How does the idea of property in anything arise? Is its chief characteristic merely brute possession; or, rather, has something proceeding from the laborer into his work consecrated that *property?*

And this is the root of the whole matter: Every man is entitled to the fruits of his labor. He may sell his service for a penny a day, while his neighbor gets twice as much. The difference in receipts has no bearing upon the right of either to sell for what he can get. The supreme law recognizes an original title in both. Now, if the hand of the "day laborer" can produce a value which by the act of production becomes property, how much more the brain which directs every movement of the hand? It seems very simple, and yet seventeen Senators are ready to say that the intellectual worker should not be permitted to have a property title in the products of his mind.

Nevertheless there is hope for the Copyright Bill which has passed the Senate. On this hope hinges much of importance to original American thought and authorship. Already much harm has been done in the saturation of the American mind with foreign thought, made possible by the piracies of publishers. If there is original genius or talent among us—and why doubt it?—it is liable to fail of accomplishing anything for lack of due encouragement in the face of an abundant supply of foreign literature, made cheap because stolen. And here the demagogue meets us. He will not deprive the people of cheap books. The people do no wrong, he claims, by converting to their own profit the brain-work of foreign authors, if it can be supplied at low rates, even though theft be the method of obtaining it.

Let the American mind be fed and kept alive on European thought, if it can be done at small cost. In the meanwhile, let genius and talent, the American soul and the American brain, take their chances, while at the same time the foreign writer is despoiled of his hard-earned wages.

But let us not forget that this easy mode of getting something for nothing, while it brings much that is good, much that educates and enlightens the general mind, brings a great deal that is foreign, much that is inimical to our life and society, much chaff of so-called literature, much that is tainted with the decaying evils, and the growing immoralities of worn out races.

There are some reasons why the Chace Copyright Bill, as it now stands, should not pass; there are many good ones, all on the side of the highest intellectual good of the people, why it should become a law.

We are quite sure that no greater suffering than now exists will in consequence fall upon any portion of the American public, unless it be upon those who have profited materially by the unpaid labors of authors.

It appears that English publishers are exerting themselves against the passage of the measure on the ground that under its provisions American publishers will have the printing of works of English authors copyrighted in this country, but there can be nothing but legitimate commerce in this.

The Minister's Charge. By W. D. Howells. (Ticknor & Co.) Mr. Howells does not make of "Lemuel Barker" a hero of the ordinary type. Indeed, the heroism in this instance amounts to little more than a quiet submission to the inevitable. It is very real, very humorous, very exemplary, but never sentimental nor heroic. The "apprenticeship of Lemuel Barker" begins on meeting, at his own rude home in the country, Minister Sewell, a Boston clergyman. His first intellectual aspirations are attempts at poetry, which are thoughtlessly and unduly commended by the minister, who is afterward compelled to acknowledge his insincerity, at the risk of wrecking Barker's hopes and destroying his confidence in human nature. For Barker, like many other youths with premature ambitions, strikes out for life, calls on Sewell in Boston to verify his hasty words of praise, only to be disappointed by the minister's tardy attempt to be truthful. Barker, in his untutored honesty, disdains insincerity, quietly refuses aid, and then begins his doubtful struggle in a great city. The outcome is to his credit. He remains honest, simple-minded, true. Sewell feels the weight of a "charge," and anxiously follows the career of the youth. But here, we must say, that Sewell, as well as Barker, is undergoing an "apprenticeship," and Barker's useful lessons are often apart from and despite any services rendered him by the minister. Sewell experiences an added trial and not a little vexation in the unsympathetic opposition of his wife.

It is very interesting to follow the successes of a manly youth, fighting his way, without loss of self-respect, through all sorts of sufferings, mortifications and even disgraceful experiences. The true secret of the strong character presented to us so admirably by Mr. Howells is that he, "Lemuel Barker," is always ready in any emergency to bear his fate, to do his present duty, to help himself. He ends by believing himself indebted, not servilely nor dishonestly, but as a man, for what he is, and may be proud of,

to everybody. The great heartless city which has allowed him to grow hungry, to be robbed, to be imprisoned, has yet helped him to become a man. Little need be said here in criticism of this delicate piece of art so well designed and prettily shaped by the author. And yet, taking it altogether, some doubts may be entertained, not of the phrase and style of the artist, which seem almost faultless, nor of the conceit and humor of the tale which engage the attention to the end, but of conceptions here and there of some of the characters, and which seem a little discordant and out of place.

May and June. By E. R. Roe. (Laird & Lee, Chicago.) This is a story of Revolutionary times, with historical scenes and characters interspersed. A portrait of "May," strongly resembling a "superb beauty" now resident in the city of Louisville, suggests the tale, which purports to be the "history of a portrait." The hero is a young artist of Philadelphia, "Bruce Hamilton," who is employed by the Ornithological Society of Edinburgh to paint for its collection the wild birds of America. To this end, Hamilton bravely makes his way into the wilds of the West, then possessed by the Indians. In the pursuance of his duties he finds among an Illinois tribe the heroine of this tale. "May and June" are twins, born at the passing hour of midnight between the two months. They are fifteen years of age when Hamilton meets them. Subsequently they are sent to Philadelphia to be educated, but on the way "June" is lost—stolen by the Indians. Hamilton falls in love with "May," and paints the portrait which is still preserved. Their parentage, together with the strange vicissitudes of their lives, form the burden of the tale. During its progress, the author introduces us to a few prominent historical personages, among them General Washington, and tells in an entertaining way how Illinois was conquered, how the North-west Territory was preserved to Virginia, and the city of Louisville founded. The story is readable, but has no striking merits.

A Dictionary of Lowland Scotch, by Charles Mackay, LL.D. (Ticknor & Company), will prove a very useful handbook for students of Scotch literature, in which a reviving interest seems to be developing, although it is inconceivable that there ever should be a falling away from its master-spirits—such as the "Author of Waverley," Burns and "Kit North."

The author, in a scholarly introduction, claims more for the "Lowland Scotch," which he insists is a true language, not a tongue, than is commonly believed. He discredits the name "Anglo-Saxon," as applied to the English language, and replaces it with "Anglo-Teutonic, which, he adds, "four centuries ago more nearly than now resembled 'Scoto-Teutonic.'"

Scotland is richer than England in the literature of song. "For one poet sprung from the ranks of the English peasantry, Scotland can boast of ten, if not of a hundred."

The philological student will find much of special interest and value in this quite complete dictionary of one of the finest phases of British thought.

Ethics of Marriage. By H. S. Pomeroy, M.D. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The Rev. Dr. Duryea, of Boston, supplies the Introduction to this book, and there is inserted a "Prefatory Note," by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York.

Surely, these names are weighty enough without added apologies for freely discussing with open doors so important a subject. It may be doubted whether the pure in mind and life will care to dwell long over some of its pages, or, whether such as are guilty of "The American Sin"—which, by the way, looks like a libel on our ripe modern civilization and institutions—will take the proffered teaching to heart.

Nor do we believe that American *society* is more corrupt in this respect than any other. The evil may be nearer the surface, but it does not take any deeper hold than elsewhere. Nevertheless, righteous crusades against wrong-doing in society never come too soon, and the highest laws of social order require that its own corruptions shall be at least cauterized.

Some grave questions are started in "Ethics of Marriage" that, we fear, will require the work of generations to demonstrate. This is no reason for avoiding them now. The State must do its part for self-preservation, as well as for the preservation of the Family, which is an element of its security and stability. But, as regards the ill-bred and weak-born individual, a product of human weakness that will recur as long as humanity lasts, we may not return to the customs of the Spartans. Nor is it easy to conceive how any degree of wisdom is going to regulate the selecting power of true and reasonable love in the making of marriages.

The author is certainly justified in severely condemning certain kinds of "advertisements" in "respectable" newspapers. And most of the so-called lectures to "Ladies only" are not less reprehensible.

Very naturally we ask ourselves, will this book advertise and render more notorious the great evil which it condemns and aims to correct? Doubtless it will awaken some consciences that have hitherto remained dead.

A Man's Will. By Edgar Fawcett. (Funk and Wagnalls.) The character and scenes of

Mr. Fawcett's well-written story are not far removed from natural life in New York. It is not wholly fancy which pictures the life of a young man in good social standing at the outset, college-bred, intellectual, bright, by reason of associations, customs, acquired habits to the last terms of drunkenness and ruin. It is very rare, however, that the personal will assumes supreme control of a man's self after *delirium tremens* has once clutched the physical system. The struggle is graphically told, and the triumph is the end of a lesson worthy of study.

But yet it is a sad thing to say, "the world grows wiser," while individuals do not.

The reader follows "Edmund" through his college, business and club life with a deep personal interest, often excusing his waywardness, but suffering with his charming patient mother on account of his cruel self-degradation, and rejoicing with both in the mastery of a ruling passion by his will.

It is plain that Mr. Fawcett grows strong with every new book. For a remarkable insight into character, its springs and motives, as shown in the work before us, he is largely indebted to his earlier studies of social New York.

Prose Pastorals. By Herbert Milton Sylvester. (Ticknor & Co.) Only one familiar from childhood with the scenes here described, conversant with Nature in all her moods and circumstances, with woodland and meadow, forest and stream, garden and field, a playfellow with the animals in the barn-yard, a worshipper of the wild birds and flowers, familiar with their most precious secrets, can fully enjoy the healthful sentiment of this poetic prose. To most denizens of the city the real charms of country life are tame and meaningless, but to one who from birth to manhood has lived such a life these fascinating pages bring sweet memories of work and play, of sunny skies and happy voices, of shady woods and winding streams, of fading twilight and deepening night overhung with an infinitude of glories that stretch from horizon to horizon. The days come and go, and life deepens. Nature and life are but complements of each other.

Cassell and Company re-publish *Orion, the Gold-Beater*, by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. The scenes of the story are laid in New York city, and are calculated to revive interesting memories in the minds of old residents. The plan of the novel is not bad, the characters are well conceived, but the story is spoiled in the telling, and is weighted down with what may be termed "sentimental gush."

Partial Portraits. By Henry James. (Macmillan & Co.) The reader may not at once catch the meaning of the author from the title here assumed. Its real significance transpires as we study the "portraits," for Mr. James' work deserves careful study. He essays the office of the critic, but presents to the view of the reader results that only the hand of an artist can draw. A little thought discloses to us how it is that the portrait painter in the mastery of his art becomes the most perfect delineator of character. The features of his subject, as they more or less truthfully set forth the life, passions and thoughts of the soul, reveal the insight and skill of the artist. In his "Partial Portraits" Mr. James deals with his subjects after the manner of the painter. His profession of unfinished work is the artist's way of flattering his subjects. This is not the usual style of professional critics whose trade it is to disfigure genius, destroy images, and mutilate art in egotistic efforts to make their own appear the better wisdom. The cant of criticism is the most despicable of all human assumptions, while, on the other hand, the talent, to truly appreciate and present as an artist, with discriminating insight not less than with admiring warmth, the merits of literary work, done by no matter whom, is the rarest and most enviable ability. Mr. James possesses this ability in the highest degree. And we nowhere are wounded with a show of cruelty on the part of the critic.

It occurs to the writer that these "Portraits are not all alike "partial" in the sense intended by Mr. James. This may be said, not because of the author's differing treatment, but because, rather, of the widely different features portrayed. The literary artist has his mannerisms not less than the painter or sculptor. We recognize a "Raphael" or a "Domenichino" wherever found. If a copy, some characteristic of the original may have been slighted, but a genuine original cannot be mistaken. The artist has his favorite subjects with whom he is most at home. In them he reveals himself. Mr. James presents to us nine "portraits." How is it possible for him to draw an "Emerson," a "George Eliot," a "Trollope," a "Daudet," and a "Turgenieff" with the same life-likeness? We can only reply that our own impressions, derived from the critic-artist's lines drawn in due perspective and set in appropriate lights and shades, give us in some cases only faint images, but in the majority very clear and distinctly recognizable "portraits."

The Bar Sinister. By Mrs. J. F. Walworth. (Cassell & Co.) This story deals with the "barbarism" of Polygamy, and is well calculated to excite abhorrence for the institution it so vividly paints. Its characters are well-drawn and are mostly respectable personages, apart from the disgusting associations and events which attend and become a part of their life in Mormondom, after leaving their homes in New York.

One's faith in modern civilization is greatly staggered when we see it powerless to prevent a once sweet-natured, pure-minded woman from becoming a Mormon missionary. And when a man of mature mind, with the acquired common-sense that arises from business habits of observing and thinking yields to the sinister influence of polygamy and gets himself "sealed" to a half-dozen "wives" in rapid succession, what hope is there for this the final term in the Darwinian series.

Mrs. Walworth has talent in a dramatic way that would not be so liable to be lost on more agreeable subjects.

Yankee Girls in Zulu-Land. By Louise Fecelius-Sheldon. (Worthington & Co.) This is a charming narrative of the adventures of three American girls in South Africa. They visit the diamond mines, wander at will in the country of the Boers, of whose barbarities toward the English they are witnesses. They travel hundreds of miles in ox-wagons, sleeping in them at night. Thus they make the most of the healthful climate, sought for the especial benefit of one of their number, an invalid, and enjoy themselves without restraint. It would be singular if three such enterprising Yankee girls could go anywhere in the wide world and all escape capture. The invalid is cured of consumption, but contracts heart-disease in its most fatal form.

The descriptions of scenery, inhabitants, manners, customs and modes of travel are given in a spirited, chatty way that holds the reader to the end.

The book is well printed and daintily illustrated.

THE CALENDAR OF HEALTH.

Jottings for July.

"On glistening fields and fervent skies
The summer lies;
The crystal river's silver blaze
Dissolves in haze;
Ah, she drains the green earth dry,
Heart of Summer, hot July!"

THE prime requisite for a happy summer home is harmonious setting. When the malign influence of Sirius reigns, mental and physical strength decline with increasing heat, and for the vast majority who must face the music at home, there is no better protection than the cultivation of content. As the month passes, if its lapse be accompanied with the heat of former years, there comes an amount of nervous prostration that engenders nervous irritability and family jars; and all good home influences must be invoked to keep the peace. Strive to keep your temper.

Every failure to do this only makes weaker bodily resistance to disease, whose infinitesimal germs float upon July heat as cork upon water, ready to enter every door that the temperature makes to be left ajar. Avoid drink. I do not mean alcoholic stimulus alone, which should never be taken except as medicine, but promiscuous swallowing of all sorts of fluids, whose only virtue is that they are cold and wet. It is true that when the skin is fully open and blood serum freely passes through its open pores, more water is needed than in cooler months; but water is all that is demanded.

It has been a "schwerfrage" for a long time to decide if iced water is causative of kidney disease, from which it seems to be settled that the American suffers more than other races, and the end is not yet. Some physicians, myself among the number, strongly protest against drinking any water or other liquid that is below freezing point. Stomach nerves are quick to resent sudden shocks, and temporary total arrest of digestion follows a draught of iced water or plate of ice cream.

Cool drinks, by all means, but never cold; and no ice cream or frozen stuffs directly after meals.

A series of experiments upon dogs proved that a table-spoonful of ice cream would suspend digestive processes for two hours; and there is no reason to presume that it would act differently in the human stomach. If it must be eaten at all, it is safe only midway between meals or at bed time—and then only for young people, whose stomachs are quickly replenished with nerve energy from well-filled centers.

The time has come to get out of town. Whither shall we wend our way?

Since renewed strength and a reasonable amount of pleasure are the objects of our search, shall we go northward to the highlands or nearer, by the sea?

To be effective as a remedy, any change of location must be radical, for the physical machine can best rid itself of débris that has been collecting for months, by summary removal to a new environment where all conditions are altered.

He who lives in an atmosphere charged with saline vapors from the sea, should seek a summer home among the hills; he who dwells in thin air of upper levels should spend his summer the sea.

To the hill-dweller there is something irresistibly attractive in the very name of ocean, and if its beauty be only a dream, he is like the old French peasant—

"I never have seen Carcassonne."

In his visions, the pictures that have come of white beach and blue distance dotted with sails or driven into foam by steamers' wheels; the sound he has heard of soft rippling of water on shingle or thundering dash of surf against opposing crags, and the sweet breath of the sea that comes to the senses as strongly as if one were upon a planet where land was not; all these fill his fancies until longing grows so strong that its gratification is a real need.

When for the first time he stands upon a beach and feasts every sense upon the glowing picture, and his dreams have taken shape at last, there comes a renewal of force with salt smells, of bracing with tonics of caressing surges, that no mountain bath could bring. Everything is novel.

There are men around, quaint of speech and garb, whose home is on the sea and who never tire of spinning yarns of perils of their wandering life—stories that never pall nor grow tiresome.

Food is strange, and the many things that ocean gives to eat have a sharp tang that stirs up appetites clogged with inland diet.

And day by day, lying on warm sand, paddling in surf or skimming over blue water in skiff or catboat, the inlander gains strength as he never could have done among his native hills. His holiday is of actual money value, has added to his length of days and made him a happier, better man.

For many a month the store of shells, pebbles and mosses that came home with him form attractive ornaments for the house among the hills, and serve to illustrate the yarns he has to spin of our "sweet days on Narragansett Bay."

But for all whose life is within these sea influences, they are grown "stale and unprofitable."

Dwellers by the ocean find their blood too highly charged with salt—in need of dilution, so to speak.

To them, the sights, sounds and odors that have grown familiar are become tiresome; they need a change. He who lives within twenty miles of the sea—for so far its strong presence prevails—finds in upper levels beauties that are reserved for him alone. Satiated with saline charms, he needs and seeks variety, in which only can the changeful activity of human nature find repose. When the time comes to decide upon a route for vacation travel, and choice is not bounded by need, no pictures of steamer or of sea cover his table.

Ranges of mountains with lofty peaks projecting from masses of highland pines occupy his attention, and in place of deep diapason of the surge, he longs for song of breezes among hemlock boughs and the babbling tones of dancing mountain streams.

Charged with heavy air, his lungs long for the perfumed breath of upland woods, and every drop of blood, every conscious cerebration demands the change; and when the starting day comes and swift trains carry him away from the sea, each mile seems to lift a weight from his heart.

As wide salt marshes and level coast-lines grow into curving hills and drop into ravines; as meadows and lawns give place to rocks and patches of buckwheat, his soul exults, and when, the mountain station reached, he leaves the rattling train, there comes with the first deep draught of quiet, pure, cool mountain air, a sense of exhilaration, of freedom and sweet enjoyment that a month at seaside could not give.

Then, calm, restful nights, when one lies down to sleep with great mountain peaks for sentinels and soughing of winds through firs for lullaby, and awakes to sunrise effects on green intervals and shining river; when it seems a weary time to wait for breakfast; when every nerve is alive and wit sparkles like dewdrops on the grass in front of the inn; that is but a small part of what the seaside dweller finds among the mountains to enjoy.

Each day brings some new delight. A drive to a near cascade, whose water has carved out a clean circle from the hills, set with sparkling springs and carpeted with softest sward, where men have built mills, whose clanking chimes rudely with the voice of the waterfall; a clamber to a lookout from a neighboring peak, through woods all aglow with wild flowers and fragrant vines, whence all the kingdoms of surrounding earth may be seen; long walks in lovely valleys to cull rare plants or tease small fishes in crystal brooks; these and more than these form the medicine chest of him who chooses a mountain summer-home.

And the upshot is that a radical change should be made. Let all who live on the edge of creation, so far as land is concerned, go backwards; and those who live upon the curves, come down. In other words, the greatest benefit will be derived from the most radical change.

I have recently met with several cases of insomnia due to over-taxation of the American nervous system, and have been requested to prescribe some drug that should be effective to produce sleep and be at the same time harmless.

No such drug exists!

There is not one medicine capable of quieting to sleep voluntary life that has been working ten hours at high pressure, except it be more or less poisonous. Consumption of chloral, bromine in some form, or opium, has increased in this country to an incredible extent, is still growing, and a large number of

Americans go to bed every night more or less under the influence of poisons. Sleep thus obtained is not restful nor restorative, and nature sternly exacts her penalties for violated law, more severe in these cases than in most others.

Digestion suffers first,—one is rarely hungry for breakfast, and loss of morning appetite is a certain sign of ill health. Increasing nervousness follows until days become burdens and poisoned nights the only comfortable parts of life.

What then is to be done?

I find that much good comes from systematic evening exercise, absolute abstention from evening brain-work, and drinking a tumbler of hot milk just before retiring. Such delightful nights as are now current offer no impediment to walking, and muscular fatigue, not carried too far, is a most excellent preparation for sleep. The milk must be hot, not boiled, and persevered in steadily for at least twenty days, either dropping altogether the accustomed drug at once, or steadily lessening the dose if sudden cessation should prove dangerous.

It is in these simple remedial measures that most people fail. A patient for whom I prescribed this plan reported its failure, but added that he had not been at all systematic in trying it. Now, had I asked him to take some nauseous potion in place of hot milk, he would never have missed a night; but so simple a thing seemed almost foolish, and he let it go.

In April "Jottings" something was said about the delusion of so-called Christian Scientists. Since then a chief expounder of the fraud has been held to answer a charge of manslaughter in Malden, Mass., and is in a fair way to serve the State for some time in penitential garb therefor. The girl who died from sheer neglect of medical aid, is by no means the first sacrifice of the kind, but it is to be hoped that a few salutary examples like this arrest may help to bring some people's minds back to a perception of ordinary common sense.

Inquiring of a lady adherent of this mania regarding the circumstances of this murder, I was informed, "Oh! doctor, that man was only a faith-cure doctor; he was no Christian scientist. Do you know that if he had been one of the proper sort, death could not have occurred? Why, I would, if properly prepared by my science, be willing to let a mad dog attack me, and be in no danger whatever."

Each one of these deluded persons seems to believe, as a part of his creed, that all others are but impostors; that he alone possesses the true recipe, and that any other's interference will be fatal.

It seems as if the State should exercise some authority in prevention of murder by this plan as well as by steel or firearms; but it is a free country, and as I heard a prominent man say quite recently, "Every one in America has a right to be poisoned in his or her own way. Some prefer tobacco, some rum, and some Christian science,—let him have his wish."

William F. Hutchinson, M. D.

TIMELY TOPICS.*

The Saloon and the Anarchists.

THE attention of the reading public has been called to witness in embryo the possibilities of danger to the public weal by the loose manner in which Americans conduct the affairs of state. This attention has become more deeply riveted by a perusal of the papers on "My Dream of Anarchy and Dynamite" in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for May and June. The definition for the word "anarchy" is given by commentators as "a state of society without any regular government, when a country is torn by the strife of parties, and *no law* or authority remains." A further citation discloses the declaration that "complete anarchy is necessarily rare and of short duration; but conditions approaching to it often arise after revolutions and *grave abuses* in government."

To the careful reader it looks absurd to place anarchy, or a state of disorganized society, upon a par with the results of righteous conquests, and it is certainly no mark of research or good judgment to thus place it before the public as a morsel of information. The author of the able article to which reference has been made evidently looks upon this question with the same critical eye.

However, the condition of society is indeed in a state of unrest—call it anarchy or what not—and there is an absolute necessity of a reform that will restore harmony. The two remedial agencies suggested by the author in his foot-notes are good, since the object is to reduce the danger by creating additional laws, and, though it gives life to additional villainy, give safety to the public without creating harmony. There are tomes of law whose judicial wrongs spread from ocean to

*The pages of this department will be exclusively filled with short articles from our readers; and the Magazine will not be responsible for their sentiments.

ocean and in whose volumes the public safety is guaranteed under certain conditions—the simple conditions of plaintiff and defendant. That is all. All men are not versed in law, and even eminent jurists frequently consult "the authorities" before making decisions in questions of law or questions for the "jury to determine;" but all men do know, in a measure, right from wrong.

Anarchy is wrong. Moreover its exponents know it to be wrong. The citizen-born American is not an anarchist. Anarchy is the product of foreign soil. The individual who gathers his effects into a bundle and ships to America is the future anarchist. He lands in Castle Garden, meets a friend, and while tossing off his beer is instructed to promote the interests of anarchy under the vain hope of amassing wealth. He secures a position as "hustler" in a lumber yard at a dollar and a-half a day, spends his evenings in a saloon, wastes his mental energies in brooding, and makes bombs by which he hopes to gain the identical height he so bitterly hates —wealth.

Now, there's a social and commercial paradox!

The average anarchist is one because he is so advised to be and he does not seek information upon the merits of the question. And so long as he continues to practice fealty to his misguided faith he remains a poor, beer-drinking man, without home or a hope of peaceful plenty in the future.

Anarchy is born in foreign lands, and bred in the American saloon.

If it cannot be strangled at birth, by reason of the remoteness of its place of birth, it certainly can be rendered extinct by the removal of its breeding quarters on American soil.

The saloon has forced the erection of the almshouses that dot nearly every county in the United States.

The saloon has produced the rags that clothe every drunkard's child.

The saloon has placed the lines of care that are worn upon the face of every drunkard's brokenhearted wife.

The saloon created the bombs that gave Haymarket Square a place in history, and its subsequent horrors upon the scaffold.

Not content with its conquests, the saloon sighs for more worlds to conquer and turns its eye upon the National Capital.

Shall the thinking men submit to dishonor, that the crime-abetting saloon be saved?

Pontiac, Ill. _____ *A. E. Johnston.*

True Womanhood and the Ballot.

WITH regard to the International Council of women lately held, and of the expediency of permitting women to vote in municipal elections, it is strange to find certain opposing newspapers falling back upon a line of argument which one would think had been sufficiently advanced before this time. "A few unlovely female politicians may be developed," says one of them, which may be accepted as the spokesman of a class, "and some women's votes will be bought, but the mass of virtuous womankind will remain as entirely women as they are to-day. They will continue to keep clear of the scramble for place and power, the purchase and sale, the secret plotting and open compromising with conscience that characterize politics, by keeping out of politics. The legislature cannot put them on a level with men in this respect, no matter how hard it tries."

Perhaps the only suitable answer to an utterance of this kind is the worthy Mr. Burleigh's favorite argument: "Fudge!" Women may or may not want to vote; it may or may not be wise statesmanship to give them the franchise, but the idea that there is any danger to "virtuous womankind" in the act of casting a ballot, or in anything that such an act necessarily includes or implies, belongs entirely to the style of thought known as the Angelina-Matilda school, and has gone out of fashion with the Annuals and Tokens which were its literary expression. As to women being "put on a level with men," whatever that may mean, it is too late a day for the chivalry of newspaper editors to put lance in rest for such a cause. If women have not become unsexed by working side by side with men in those great undertakings of prison and hospital and poorhouse reform, of city charity and mission work, in which nearly every State government in the Union now earnestly solicits their co-operation, there is no especial reason to dread for them the contaminating influence of politics. There is no evil so deadly, no abuse so foul, no crime so abominable that the aid of woman's white hand is not invoked by government in the attempt to deal with it. There is no social problem so intricate or so complicated with wrong, that her pure heart and transparent insight are not called to the help of the pure-hearted, strong-minded men who are struggling for its solution. And shall these white-souled women shrink from politics *because*, forsooth, they are characterized by "secret plotting and open compromising with conscience," by all that is base and unworthy? Is not this one fact, if it be a fact, the loudest possible call to every good woman? Would it be like her to turn aside from evil and shut her eyes to it, concerned only to keep her own soul ignorantly pure? Must she not rather long to do her part to elevate and purify the human race, even by such an unwelcome service as this?

No; if men wish to keep women out of politics, let them reform politics. Let them clear them of the odium of being "a scramble for

place and power, a matter of purchase and sale;" and good women, content that things are well in that direction, will concern themselves with other wants and woes of humanity. But it is too much to ask of any woman that she shall know that things are going ill, and not yearn to find a remedy. A good woman dares brave the contagion of sin as she dares brave the contagion of disease. She is not afraid of being unsexed, nor of being contaminated by either one or the other.

It is not, however, the loudest talkers who most accurately voice the sentiments of the majority of women. In spite of the monster convention at Washington and the conscientious belief of many of its members that the only hope of the country lies in woman suffrage, the vast majority of women still believe in the integrity, the honesty, and the purity of men, and are content to leave politics in their hands. But let men consider how long it will be safe for them to meet the demands of woman-suffragists with the argument that politics are too impure to be a fit sphere for woman. Such an argument, if made good, would convert to woman suffrage a thousand women for every one gained by the most eloquent appeals of the truly able women who now represent the cause.

Amherst, Mass. *L. S. H.*

OPEN LETTERS.

AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THE CHACE COPYRIGHT BILL.

From J. T. Trowbridge.

Editor AMERICAN MAGAZINE: The Chace Copyright Bill has as yet passed the Senate only, and until it becomes a law perhaps the less said in opposition to it the better, since it is the most that can be hoped for at present. Young and unknown authors are slaughtered in it by the simultaneous-publication clause; and indeed the entire bill seems to have been framed not so much for the benefit of writers of books as for the protection of those who manufacture and publish them. Is n't it humiliating that a simple act of justice to the producers of literary property could not be done without clumsily encumbering it with other interests, great and powerful, and determined each to claim a seat upon the poor creature's back, even at the risk of crushing out of it what life it has?

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Arlington, Mass.

From Edward Everett Hale.

My Dear Sir: If the Copyright Bill passes Congress, I suppose that one result will be the cheapening of books in England. I think the "old-time" English publishers begin to see this and to dread it. As you know, very cheap and very good editions of books without copyright are now printed in England—such as the Mermaid series of old dramatists and other libraries. The very high price at which most of their novels are printed and sold seems to be a conventional and almost an accidental arrangement.

With an International Copyright, it will gradually come about, I think, that the largest market will govern the form of publication. Now the largest market for English books is the American market. It will be to this market that publishers on both sides of the water look first, and the editions will be made to suit the tastes of purchasers in this market.

Far from believing that our books are to be materially dearer, for the new act—if it becomes an act—I think that English purchasers in England will have theirs cheaper.

—Truly yours,

EDWARD E. HALE.

Roxbury, Mass.

From Bessie Chandler.

Dear Sir: Was n't it Dr. Johnson who could n't write a tale of the sea, because he would make "all the little fishes talk like whales"? So, although I am a very small fish in the literary sea, my moral views on International Copyright are equal to those of the largest whale. It certainly is right, and the Chace Bill is the best measure that has yet been taken to secure it.

I like to think that if I ever should write a book, and the English people should rise as one man and clamor for it, I can pacify them with honor to the country and profit to myself. This thought is "grateful" and "comforting," like Epps' cocoa, but the possibility is so very remote, that I feel I am entirely disinterested in heartily favoring the Chace Bill.—Very truly yours,

BESSIE CHANDLER.

Batavia, N. Y.

From Rev. E. P. Roe.

Dear Sir: There is not an honest man or woman in the United States who wishes another stolen book.—Yours truly,

EDWARD P. ROE.

Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

XUM

From Edgar Fawcett.

Dear Sir: I think it should be a matter of the deepest shame to every United States Senator who failed to vote at all on the Chace Bill for party reasons, and a matter of still deeper shame to every Senator who voted in opposition. I should not presume to hazard an opinion on the actual working of the bill if made a law by Congress; but almost any sort of rule is better than no rule, and it is time our country realized the odium her thefts reflect upon her. It has been our great scandal and disgrace that an International Copyright Law was not long ago passed; and now that its passage should look precarious, tells, indeed, a dark tale of our national honor and decency. Faithfully yours,

EDGAR FAWCETT.

Union Club, N. Y.

From T. W. Higginson.

Dear Sir: Being about to set out on a lecturing trip of several weeks, and being very much occupied, it will be impossible for me to contribute anything to the Symposium on the Chace Copyright Bill, beyond saying that I heartily approve of its provisions, as far as I understand them, although without regarding it as a final and complete measure.

Very truly yours,

T. W. HIGGINSON.

Cambridge, Mass.

From Joel Benton.

Dear Sir: I am strongly in favor of the adoption of the Chace Copyright Bill, not because it is perfect, but because it will be the first step towards a legal acknowledgment of the rights of authors, so long neglected. It is a shame that in a civilized country the one business which does most to civilize humanity, should be utterly abandoned to helplessness against spoliation; and I should hail a much more imperfect measure than the Chace Bill without criticism, which had for its object the purpose to do justice and make men honest. I think the bill, as it stands, will serve authors fairly well; will hurt no legitimate business; and will not essentially enhance the prices of books.

JOEL BENTON.

New York.

From Rev. John W. Chadwick.

Dear Sir: My acquaintance with the matter is too slight for me to write you anything that would add to the value of your Symposium. I have a strong impression that the bill, though it would not accomplish everything desired, would put matters on a much better footing than they are at present.

Yours very truly,

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Brooklyn.

From Richard W. Gilder.

The triumphant passage of the Chace-Breckinridge International Copyright Bill through the Senate is an evidence of two things: first, the great advance made in the education of public opinion on the subject; and second, the wisdom of the policy adopted by the Copyright League. The Bill as it has passed the Senate has doubtless some demerits; but it has this pre-eminent and overshadowing merit—that it acknowledges a moral principle—namely, the property of an author in the result of his own labors. Until that Bill has passed both houses of Congress and is signed by the President, the rights of authors are in contempt; our literature is handicapped, and American civilization is discredited. International Copyright, when established throughout the world, will tend to enhance all literary values, without burden to the people, and to the great advantage of the public. In America its effects will be more salutary than elsewhere. It will free our writers from an unnatural and enormous competition with stolen goods, and make secure their rights abroad. The arguments against international copyright may be applied as well, and have been so applied, against all copyright; but as I have said elsewhere, "either the author must win his living by the simple and easy means of popular sales, or he must, as in the old days, look for his support to some 'patron'—private, ecclesiastical, governmental, or what not. . . . Those who have opposed the principle of copyright have been, without knowing it, promoting a tendency which would result in a system reactionary and un-American."

As interested persons are opposing the passage of the bill in the Lower House, it behooves all who have at heart the advance of literature and of learning, and the fair fame of our country, to use their influence promptly and earnestly in favor of this pressingly needed reform.

RICHARD W. GILDER.

New York.

From Rev. Lyman Abbott.

Dear Sir: If I were to wait for time in order to give an adequate reply to your request, one in any wise worthy to represent my own strong convictions on the subject, I fear the letter would not be sent at all, and my silence might naturally be construed into indifference.

International copyright is a sacred duty on three distinct grounds: First, that it emphasizes that brotherhood of humanity which finds in the literary fraternity its prophetic manifestation, and which by every means in our power we ought to cultivate; secondly, because it is a simple matter of common

honesty to provide the same compensation for foreign authors and inventors which we provide for our own—the right of a man to be paid for his published ideas not being limited by geographical boundaries; and thirdly, because our own authors ought to be protected from competition with absolutely unpaid literature abroad, and our own literature revived and restored to its legitimate place in the world's literature by a law providing for its reasonable compensation. This, indirectly, the International Copyright Bill does.

I do not enter into the details of the so-called Chace Bill. Whether it is the best possible measure I do not know, nor even in the present crisis care to inquire. It is the best practicable measure; it secures the support of all those who are interested in this movement; it is inherently just and right, if not absolutely perfect; and, therefore, its passage should be pressed by all who believe in justice, equal rights and human brotherhood.—Yours sincerely,

LYMAN ABBOTT.

"*The Christian Union*," *N. Y.*

From Dr. Hammond.

Dear Sir: The only objection I have to the International Copyright Bill now before Congress, is the provision limiting the time after the original publication of a book in a foreign country, during which copyright can be obtained. I think it is entirely too short. A year would be none too long.

In the cases of young authors whose previous works are not well known in this country, and especially as regards first publications of authors, it is not likely that American publishers would be willing, at once, to reprint them. Hence, copyright in this country would often be unattainable.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND.

New York.

From Judge Tourgée.

Dear Sir: I do not take very much interest in that phase of the copyright discussion which pictures us as the chief of national freebooters for having robbed the innocent and succulent Englishman. The truth is that the conditions of the English copyright law are purposely made for the publisher rather than the author, and are not in one case out of a hundred any more favorable to the American or other foreign writer than our present law is to the British author. In order to get a copyright in England, an American author must publish his work there *before it is published here.* All the talk about a Canadian copyright is "bosh;" a Canadian copyright does not protect in England or the other colonies. Not one American author out of a hundred can afford to risk an English copyright until he knows how his book is going to take at home, and then it is impossible. The Chace Bill—saving amendments made in the Senate of which I am not fully informed—is a wise and wholesome measure, not so much because it gives a foreigner a chance to protect his wares, but because it protects our poorest paid American labor against competition with totally unpaid foreign labor. We cannot have a good American literature as long as our publishers can steal foreign matter to fill their columns or pad their books. Cut off this source of supply, and American literature becomes self-supporting. It will not increase the price of books, but stimulate production, and consequently encourage excellence. If an English book has merit enough to command an American market, it will come and it ought to; but it will cease to be a club to beat down the already meagre profits of the American author.

There are some queer things that will come to light some day. Authors are proverbially secretive and sensitive, especially about the prices they get for their wares. I heard a curious tale of this sort the other day. A publisher who poses as the pink of honor received an offer of a story at what he might deem a "reasonable price." He telegraphed for it to be sent on at once; published it in his journal with lavish commendation, and when the author asked for pay, tendered the magnificent sum of *twenty-five* dollars!

"Twenty-five dollars!" exclaimed the astounded author. "That is less than fifty cents a thousand words. It will not pay for copying at five cents a folio!"

"That may be," said the good man who was wont to boast of the press as a great moral engine, "but I could have gotten an English story for nothing; so that is really all it was worth—more indeed, for a thing is only worth what it costs to get another one as good."

For the honor of the craft, let it be said our author did not accept the terms. He wrote a receipt in full for *one cent*, and gave it to the great moral engineer. Since then he has been engaged on a story entitled "Captain Kydd, of the Brig Bourgeois," which will make Kydd immortal, if it does not materially increase the author's wealth.

It is to compel such men to furnish good honest wares, instead of adding to their profits stolen ones, that the Chace Bill ought to become a law. It will not increase the price of books or periodicals—the competition is too sharp and the profit too apparent for that. It will only give the American author a fair opportunity to compete with the foreign author. This consideration ought specially to have

weight with the representatives of the South and West, where a great number of young writers—usually needy and deserving—are now pluming their wings for literary flight. It may be that not one in a hundred of them will succeed, but the starving out of one deserving American author by unjust law is, in my opinion, a much greater fault in the American people than the refusal of a national courtesy to the people of a nation whose pretended equity is but a sham, and whose law to-day protects its citizens not only in "pirating" the work of a foreign author not first "published" in Great Britain, but permits the author's name to be stricken from the title page and another inserted in its place.

I have been through the mill and know from personal experience the facts of which I write. I am strongly in favor of the Chace Bill, but I do not think we are under any obligation to English jurists, English legislation or English authors, except for the studied misrepresentation and insolent assumption. This one thing may be said of our pirates—they stole openly and not under cover of a statute which, seeming to be fair and just, afforded no protection or opportunity to the foreign author unless he was already rich or successful. The depreciation of American literature and contempt for American life which has become so universal among us, are very largely the result of this free importation of foreign slush, which is corrupting taste, morals and national self-respect. By all means let us have the law, not as an act of justice to others, nor as an act of homage to England, but as an act of justice to ourselves, our readers, our American life and our American workers.

ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

Mayville, N. Y.

From Eugene Field.

Dear Sir: I do not know that I am in favor of any international copyright bill. I have always believed that poverty was and should be one of the rewards of a literary life. If there is to be any protection in this Republic of ours, it should be, I think, *against* our literature itself—against that wretched trick which is called literature for no other reason than that its *producers* call it such. Things have come to the pass now that one would indeed be justified in declaring, as Charles Lamb did, that no book less than a hundred years old was worth reading. My fixed opinion is that, before we set about protecting American literature of to-day, we should seek to convince other people (and incidentally ourselves) that we have a literature worth protecting.—Sincerely yours,

EUGENE FIELD.

Chicago.

From A. H. Harryman.

Editor AMERICAN MAGAZINE: I regard the Chace International Copyright Bill as the embodiment of a great and just principle rather than the perfection of a law regulating a traffic so important with so widely distributed interests. It is a step clean across a century, and the fact that it is official proclamation of a principle so long denied recognition, emphasizes the earnestness of a quickened public conscience. The bill is not all that was desired. Its meaning is obscure in some instances; the method of making record of copyright by our Librarian of Congress, and furnishing lists of same to customs officers and postmasters, does not properly protect individual purchasers, and some provisions conflict with the United States copyright law; yet the recognition of the justness of the measure in legislative enactments is a triumph more assuring than the defects of the bill are detractive. It is probably as good a bill as any one could expect for the first; and, like all laws governing vast interests, it must reach perfection through experiment and practical application. Having given official and national recognition of the justice of such a measure, the enactment of almost any law will provide a basis for further action, and give the assurance that future legislation will correct inequalities and provide adequate means for the equitable regulation of the great interests involved. The acknowledgment of an evil is a confession of the necessity of effective measures.

A. H. HARRYMAN,
Editor Chicago *Current*.

From Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Editor AMERICAN MAGAZINE—*Dear Sir:* You ask for my views on International Copyright. I have given them so often and so earnestly that I cannot believe your readers will feel interest in my reiterated opinion. It seems, in short, like giving one's views on abstract justice. It is about the same thing, which you are welcome to say, in my name, in your columns.—Yours very truly,

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Andover, Mass.

From Henry George.

Dear Sir: The Chace International Copyright Bill is probably better than nothing, but to my mind it is a most inadequate recognition of the right of property in the produce of mental work. I would like to see foreign authors given the same rights of property in this country as American authors, without any qualifications or stipulations whatsoever. This alone would be consistent with common honesty, and what ought to be deemed national honor. Yours very truly,

New York. HENRY GEORGE.

From Maurice Thompson.

To the Editor AMERICAN MAGAZINE: The Chace International Copyright Bill which has passed the Senate of the United States ought to become a law for reasons so obvious that any argument is superfluous. Can any Congressman give a single good excuse for favoring the theft of American books by English publishers, or the stealing of English books by American publishers? Common honesty demands that authors should be dealt with as justly and as liberally as any other inventors. If Edison may protect his electrical inventions by home and foreign patents, why may not Mr. Lowell and Mr. Stedman preserve their literary inventions by home and foreign copyright? Surely Mr. Whittier and Dr. Holmes deserve as much at the hands of their country as do the inventors of gate-latches and nutmeg-graters? I can protect myself if I invent a cunning device for fastening a dog-collar, but I cannot claim as wholly my own the book which has cost me years of research and toil. But the law-makers of a nation ought to make the laws a path of rectitude and honor for the people. If Congress is dishonest, how shall we expect the people to remain honest? Well, is it honest—nay, is it not positive dishonesty—to protect the Goodyear rubber patents so as to give a world-wide monopoly of a great invention, and at the same time encourage the theft of the entire profits of my books in England? Why should the man who originates a jumping-jack or a singing doll take precedence of a Longfellow or a Howells, a Hale or an Eggleston, who has fashioned the elements of a rare genius into immortal forms of beauty and truth? England stands ready offering to protect American authors in England as soon as English authors shall be protected in America. Is it common honesty for our Congress to evade the issue? Can our nation refuse to be just to foreigners when by refusing it works irreparable injury to the most sacred rights of Americans? Honesty is the best policy. There is another phase of this question about which too little has been said. We are a republic; upon the morals of our people rest the entire structure of our government; the permanence of our liberties depends upon the soundness of the tissue and fibre of the masses. What the masses read is their moral food, to a large extent, and forms their moral nature. Under the present conditions cheap foreign literature of the most debasing sort constitutes more than half of this moral food. In time it will work irremediable evil to our body politic. International copyright will shut out most of the foreign trash, while it will let in every worthy foreign book. After all, however, the whole question is one with honesty appealing from one side and dishonesty clamoring from the other side. "Give us our own," cry the authors of England and America. "Let us alone in our thieving. What rights have the makers of literature that Congress is bound to respect?" shriek the book-pirates. It does look as if our law-makers ought to have no difficulty in deciding between the contestants in such a dispute. "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

MAURICE THOMPSON.

Crawfordsville, Ind.

From Sidney Luska.

To the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—*Dear Sir:* Though the Chace Bill leaves very much to be desired, I certainly hope to see it become a law, on the theory that half a loaf is better than no bread.—Yours truly,

H. HARLAND (Sidney Luska).

The Authors' Club, N. Y.

From Admiral Porter.

Who steals my purse steals trash;
'T was something, nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;

but he that filches from an author the product of his brain, robs him of that which enriches the literary pirate, but makes the author poor, indeed.

The above travesty of Iago's speech to Othello seems applicable to the subject of an International Copyright, which for many years has been periodically agitated in this country.

The question was and is: Shall we continue to appropriate to our own use, without compensation, the property of others; or do the fair thing, and let every foreign author feel that the model Republic is disposed to do him justice?

The advocates of the cause of International Copyright number in their ranks the foremost statesmen of our country, and the general feeling among educated people is, that in justice to our position as a great nation, we should enact a law by which foreign authors could secure the product of their brains.

Such a law might increase the price of books, but it would give us better ones, and put a higher premium on literary ability, for an author would no longer, after protracted toil over the midnight lamp, see his work pirated the moment it appears in print.

There are many arguments against an International Copyright, but none of them are sound ones. Viewed in its proper light, the question is simply as to our moral obligation as a nation to recognize the property rights of foreigners.

We might just as well claim the right of

appropriating any patented invention from abroad without compensating the inventor.

It is a blemish on our institutions that we have not recognized the rights of foreign authors, and granted to them the same privileges that are granted to our own citizens.

No doubt we can get our literature cheaper by stealing it than by purchasing it, but this is hardly an argument in favor of dishonesty. This matter should be treated on a higher basis than dealing in ordinary merchandise, and we are under moral obligations as a nation not to invade the rights of others.

This is a point it would be well for us not to lose sight of, but I am satisfied that in the long run we shall gain more than we shall lose. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways, and we are daily convinced of this when we see the trashy reading and poor printing with which our country is flooded—the "cheap literature" filched from over the ocean.

All the arguments adduced to prove our right to seize on the literary property of others can be condensed into "Heads I win, tails you lose!" to suit our side of the question.

In this whole business, our course hitherto is worthy of the "Heathen Chinee" immortalized by Bret Harte:

> Which I wish to remark—
> And my language is plain—
> That for ways that are dark
> And for tricks that are vain,
> The heathen Chinee is peculiar.

DAVID D. PORTER.

Washington.

From Edith M. Thomas.

A COPYRIGHT PROBLEM.

Respectfully Submitted to Congress.

You'll grant to us (and 'tis most fit)
A copyright on what we've writ;
A further boon be pleased to grant—
Your praise and Themis' we will chant.

A has a poem yet unpenned;
He waits until the Muse befriend;
But, ah! while he doth brood and wait
Some other may anticipate!

B has a novel plot in hand
(Forbid it, should prove contraband!);
From Science' lips C reads new lore—
Let no quick herald run before!

Take heed, ye makers of the law,
And guard against the least small flaw;
Lest all our labor come to naught,
O give us copyright on thought!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

From Anna Katharine Green.

Editor AMERICAN MAGAZINE—*Dear Sir:* I feel hampered in complying with your courteous request for two reasons: The first is, that there seems to be only one side to the question whether an International Copyright bill should become a law. The other is, that foreign publishers have offered to pay me the same royalty on my forthcoming book as I receive here.

Another thing I am forced to consider is that so much has been said in favor of the proposed law by able men and women that I do not at present know of a suggestion I can make that would add weight to their arguments.

I wish, however, to subscribe myself unequivocally in favor of the best remedy yet suggested to overcome the evil of wholesale theft, lowering the business standard of publishers in their own estimation and that of others.

This evil has been winked at long enough to satisfy all but the insatiable pirates whose only qualification for being in business is their dishonesty.

Honorable publishers could easily agree to what is right among themselves, providing governmental aid be withheld; but it would not at all overcome the difficulty.

We have grown to regard any one who prints and offers a book for sale as a publisher. Has our language deteriorated, or have our consciences, one and all, grown so accustomed to sharp practices being employed in all walks of life, that the man who publishes a book he has not, and intends not paying for, cannot be called by a more appropriate name than that of publisher?

I am, together with many others, both here and abroad, concerned in the regeneration of the consciences of the publishers referred to, and trust that the proposed means may have the desired effect, both with reference to my labors and that of others whose rights are no less dear to me than my own.

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

Buffalo, N. Y.

From Mary Agnes Tincker.

Dear Sir: In accepting with thanks your courteous invitation to write something about the Chace (*eviva* Mr. Chace!) International Copyright Bill, I am quite aware that persons who understand the prudential pros and cons of the bill far better than I do have already said all that is of value on the subject.

That I hold the granting of an international copyright to be a mere act of justice due to both author and publisher, am glad that a step is taken at length in the right direction, and cheerfully own that half a loaf is better than no bread goes without saying.

But it is a pity that the half-loaf should have been given so grudgingly and made so bitter in the giving. I find that the author, before the Senate Committee, occupied very much the position of an importunate beggar. And it is a pity, too, that the question of justice was rejected, and only that of expediency entertained. One would like to look up to our law-makers as an assembly which sustains and expresses the nation's fundamental principles; and if we have any foundation for our oft-repeated claim to a moral superiority over other nations (I confess I see no proof of such superiority), it rests precisely and solely on our holding that it is always expedient to be just.

It seems to have been conceded that the author has no natural right to his book; and after having made an excursion *à propos* of his idea, into some nightmare region of doubt as to whether we have any right to anything —cousin-german to the doubt if we exist, or only imagine that we exist—the debate touched *terra firma* again to find that in ancient times the head of the family or tribe held all the property in his own hands, and that the Russian commune of to-day does not allow its members to hold property.

It might have been added that the head of the family, tribe, or commune, while denying the right of the individual to own property, assumed the duty of providing for his support.

Doubtless there is many an author and artist who would willingly relinquish all individual claim to the fruit of his labors if he could therefore be freed from the distraction of having to care for his own support and that of his family. And probably he would do much better work if so relieved. But when each member of the community is left to support himself, or starve, then his natural right to the fruits of whatever honest labor his disposition and circumstances may call him to, literary no less than any other, is as undeniable as his liability to hunger, cold and fatigue. It is an inevitable consequence of his casting forth from the capital providence.

As to the author, in international copyright, wishing to accomplish the feat of eating his pudding and having it too, his bargain is simply that of the person who sells a house for a part of the money down and the rest in mortgages on the house sold. Copyright is his mortgage for value not received, and the time of expiration is the time when the public no longer wishes to read his book. Nor is he the only judge of that value, as was asserted. His publisher is the first, and the public his final judge. In fact he is not allowed any judgment at all in the matter.

Some books have to wait for recognition. It is impossible to calculate the length of copyright time necessary to pay for even the manual labor of writing a book. It is said that that exquisite work, "Ben Hur," was at first received with comparative indifference. Yet, beside the actual labor, the concentrated essence of a man's life, from infancy up, goes to the making of a book like that. Would the slow sales of a limited domestic copyright repay the public debt for such a gift?

The author is admonished to recollect what the State has done for him. Waiving his right, as one of the sovereign people, to retort "*L'état c'est moi!*" the fact remains that the State has done for him only what it has done for every other citizen. Not all its advantages have ever made a poet or prophet, though they may have taught both poet and prophet to spell more or less correctly. The State did *not* give us Dante, Shakespeare, Göthe, Victor Hugo, nor Longfellow. Nature gave them to us. And if we were all savage instead of civilized, they would still have been superior and eloquent as savages, and we should all have sat round on the grass, and listened to them, wide-eyed. They would have incited us to battle, celebrated our victories, lamented our defeats, offered sacrifice on our altars, and crowned our loves.

I have said that the author, no less than any other, has a natural right to his work. I might say, *more* than any other. A book is the author's mental offspring, instinct with his life, good or bad, and inevitably resembles him in some way. He has spent more time, perhaps, in learning to write than would have been necessary to fit him for almost any other profession. All writers know that the expression, "dash off," has no application to literature, except as a copying out of what is already formed in the mind. A good novelist, for example, has need of a far higher and wider culture than has a good lawyer. He studies human nature, art, and the nature of earth and sky. Science does not come amiss to him, and the more learned he is the better will his work be. He visits the hospital with the doctor, the court with the lawyer, the mine with the miner; in his university there is no graduating day. For expression, scarcely the poet may touch his phrase more jealously to turn it with a proper grace.

It is this fact, namely: that the author studies more than others, which accounts for his acknowledged backwardness in what is usually meant by business. He does not lack financial ability, but his mind is full of other things. Otherwise he could not have been robbed so long.

Mr. Griswold is quoted as having said that in the piracy of foreign books the greatest injury falls on "the people at large, whom it deprives of that nationality of feeling which is among the first and most powerful incentives to every kind of greatness."

XUM

It has long seemed to me, from a somewhat extended observation, that Americans have less of that "nationality of feeling" than any other people I have known. We boast a great deal. We are always talking about our wonderful works, and what a great nation we are. But we seem to hold these works up as a rampart against criticism, and not to be sure of ourselves. We have not that centered, taking-for-granted-that-we-are-respectable manner which gives dignity to a person, or a people, even without marvellous works. Our attitude is defiant, not confident; and when we come out from behind our rampart, we have internationally a certain air of standing first on one foot and then on the other.

Has the lack of a more exclusive national literature and reading anything to do with this?

The author, beside his book, is the cause of a good many accessory industries which could not exist without him; and it would be graceful as well as just if the many who live by these industries would acknowledge their indebtedness. It is his pride that he so helps others, and that his thought is the motive power to so large a human machinery. But it is serious, it is outrageous, to see that while so many live upon this unfortunate beggar, he sometimes starves.

He would be limited and crippled without them, it is true, but not lost. In olden time there was recitation, copying and the minstrel. Through these we know the songs and stories and legends of a world that never dreamed of printing.

And doubtless, after barbarism shall again have swept over the world, obliterating nations with all their hoarded and accumulated sciences, and when internal convulsions, aiding the human element, shall have changed the face of the earth; when, in the succeeding calm, the remnants of humanity shall gather once more into groups, like brands to kindle a new civilization; then, doubtless, recitation will again give the author the supreme stimulant of instantaneous fame, the lute of the minstrel will be heard in bower and hall, as in the long-forgotten past, and the recluse will bend with earnest face above the illuminated page where he records a thought too precious to be trusted to memory's sole keeping—each and all of these to give place in their time to a re-discovered type-printing.

Let us fervently hope that this human race of the future may not keep their authors waiting 6,000 years for an international copyright.

MARY AGNES TINCKER.

Boston, Mass.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

Summer Souvenirs.

ALL who have spent any part of the summer by the sea-shore, among the mountains or in country rambles are sure to have a collection of mementoes. Things which seemed worth the gathering at the time are apt soon to become trash to the eyes of the possessor and be thrown away.

Perhaps a description of a few of the various ways in which such mementoes were preserved and utilized as holiday presents and artistic ornaments by a party of ingenious tourists may enable some reader to do likewise with the collections that will be made during the summer and autumn.

In many parts of the country visited by our tourists was found a great variety of colored sands, light and dark yellows, browns and reds, with many intermediate shades. These they arranged in various quaint odd-shaped bottles, which made beautiful groups for a cabinet. A view of the place where they were gathered was painted on some of the bottles, a small oval or square only being covered by the picture.

All have noticed how beautiful the pebbles look on the beach and have yielded to the temptation of picking them up, and then wondered why they brought those dim looking things home. If they are placed in a clear glass jar and filled with water and alcohol, in the proportion of two parts of the former to one of the latter, and sealed with bright-colored wax, they will find all the brightness and beauty of the stones restored. They should be labeled with place and date.

Golden rod will dry so as to keep nearly all of its brightness, as also will many other field flowers and grasses. A beautiful bunch of such flowers and grasses was the trophy gleaned one autumn afternoon in a farewell ramble through the fields. It was a flat mass when taken from the trunk, but it served when nicely arranged to prettily adorn a hitherto unoccupied space on the library wall. In the arrangement a thin board such as dress goods come wrapped around was first obtained; this was covered with a layer of cotton batting, over which a cover of dark wine-colored plush was smoothly stretched. On this the stems of golden-rod and grasses were fastened together with an inconspicuous bow of olive-green ribbon, which had been first firmly fastened to the board with double-pointed tacks. These tacks were also used elsewhere to hold the heavier branches in place, and as an after-thought a narrow strip

of dull-gilt moulding was placed as a finish around the panel.

Another panel was made of the pods of the milk-weed. These were partly opened and the brown seeds on their silky white stems drawn out. The large bunch was then mounted on a panel of oiled walnut, making an ornament of exquisite beauty and delicacy.

A lovely gift that can be sent as a memento of the weeks spent during the summer with a friend at the seaside is a porcelain plaque with a small sea-view in the centre and a border of seaweed. Such a memento was made by our party. Two inches from the rim was drawn a line of color, and within that the seaweeds were arranged so as to best show their delicate forms and dainty coloring.

A very pretty ornament was made by gathering great bunches of chestnuts, so green that they dried with the burrs on. These were covered with sizing, and plentifully sprinkled with gold, silver and bronze powders, which easily caught in the rough burr; they were then hung on the wall by bows of bright ribbon. Bunches of the chincapin were treated in a similar manner, their smaller burr and larger cluster presenting even better effects.

The father of the family received a sofa pillow for his Christmas gift, the cover of which was of serviceable china silk, ornamented with a vine of hops worked in outline. This cover was tied on with bows of dark green ribbon, the ends of which were finished with a silk drop, representing hops, some light green, others brown. The pillow was filled with hops, gathered from a hop vine with a history. The mother likewise received a pillow, the cover of the same material. On it was embroidered in fancy script of brown, a wish for "pleasant dreams." It was filled with the flower of a plant known through the South as "old field balsam," found among the fields of the old home plantation.

Among the mountains and along the rivers were found many oddly colored stones, some of which had been worn into very queer shapes by the water. These were made into paper weights. They are often left just as found, except that the State and the name of the place where they are picked up are written on them. Some had a view of the mountain or river where they had lain painted on them. The shape of the stone will often suggest the style of decoration.

Some beautifully marked and formed knots of wood were used for the same purpose. The necessary weight was given by filling with lead a small hollow made on the under side.

Anyone who can sketch from nature has, at their finger tips, the means of making a most acceptable present to the friend at home. Procure from the photographers a number of cards, such as are used in mounting cabinet pictures. On these, finish at leisure sketches of some of the picturesque places visited. The ones we examined consisted of views along a noted river, down which both parties had made a boating trip the previous summer.

The cover was made of chamois skin, in the form of a book. On one side was the name, in old English letters, of the place from which the view was obtained, and the date. Such a case, in another instance, contained photographs which were bought unmounted, and afterwards placed on the cards.

Another member of the party, who possessed an amateur photographic outfit, procured a number of views, not only of places but of the tourists as they appeared in various situations.

L. A. France.

THE PORTFOLIO.

An Easy Remedy.

A STORY comes from Maine that is true, although it reads dubiously:

The daughter of a parsimonious mother became so emaciated from insufficient food that her friends, supposing she had consumption, sent a physician to see her without her mother's permission.

"She needs no medicine," was the doctor's verdict. "The only thing your daughter wants is *nourishment!*"

"What does he mean by 'nourishment'?" asked the girl (who was as ignorant as ill-fed), after the doctor had gone.

"He must mean *exercise*," said the cunning woman; "I guess you'd better fill up the wood-box, to begin on!"

Western Courage.

A YOUNG Western widow, with an aptness at retort, was the recipient on St. Valentine's Day, of a basket of roses, containing a most tender and unequivocal proposal from a charming young Boston man of her acquaintance, who evidently had no idea of her real seniority. Without waiting a mail, she sent, unsigned, the following reply:

He loved her, he loved her,
But he was much too young;
He wooed her, he wooed her
With charm of glance and tongue.
She loved him, she loved him,
But dared not own his sway—
For he was born when she had lived
Just ten years and a day.

They are not engaged.

He Smote Once.

A SMALL Ohio boy rejoiced in a fair and sharp-tongued mother and a gentle giant of a father who was quite disposed to "spare the rod" on all occasions. One night the boy became for some reason uproarious in the hours of darkness; and his mother, who usually did "his quietus make," being too sleepy to get up said fretfully: "Samuel, I should think you might make that boy stop his noise once in a while." A few more howls from the crib, another remonstrance from the sleepy wife; and Samuel arose quietly, and in the midst of one heroic screech, brought down his hand in a single slap on the flying legs. The yell broke in two sharply. Dead silence for a moment—in which the already penitent father thought, heavens, if he had injured him! Then a small, calm, piping voice: "You just wait till mornin', ole fellow, an' see if I don't heave a chip at you!"

Genius Unappreciated.

"RETURNED with thanks"—the usual way!
When will it come to be
That honest critics may be found
Who will not frown on me?

I know I 'm not a Tennyson,
Nor yet an Edgar Poe,
I never soared to novels,
Like James and E. P. Roe:

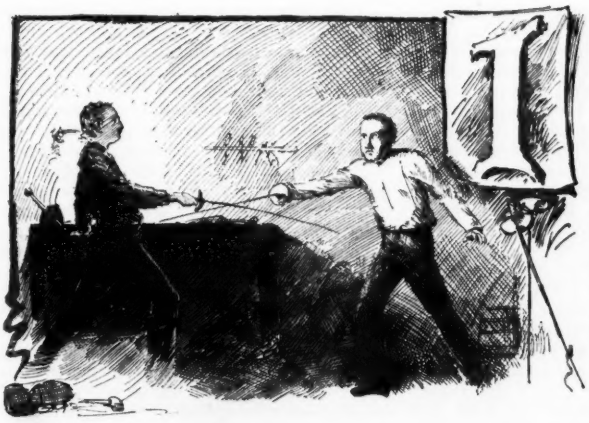
I do not write like Howells,
I have not Clement's wit,
And yet I humbly pride myself
I sometimes make a hit.

I 'm only incognito
To fortune and to fame,
But were it not for like rebuff,
I 'd surely make a name.

Just give me a fair trial
And hearken to my prayers,
And haply you shall entertain
An angel unawares. *M. L. Doner.*

Confessions of a Ghoul.

BY CURTIS DUNHAM.



I AM a ghoul. Not by birth—the distinction has been thrust upon me. There is one mitigating circumstance, however; I am a passive, not an active, ghoul, and I trust this will be taken into consideration by those who would condemn me with undue severity. I take no delight whatever in performing the duties of my office. No one could be more willing than I am to let the dead rest peacefully in their graves; but if circumstances over which you have no control endow you with all the outward appearances and passive qualities of a ghoul, what are you going to do when the dead come to you and demand that you resurrect them? That is precisely my uncomfortable position, though, to be more exact, it is not the dead but the sleeping that look to me for an introduction to the light of day—sleeping children of fancy—once in a while one that is fair and agreeable to look upon, but hundreds and thousands that are deformed, twisted and forbidding beyond any shape ever molded in flesh and blood. Long and meekly have I borne this affliction. To me has been implied the parentage of dozens of these ill-favored, vicious and irreclaimable olive branches of distorted imaginations, and I have not murmured. But henceforth I shall not bear this burden alone. At last the worm turneth! The ghoul hath spoken!

It was a famous railroad case. The Court had adjourned, the Judge had retired to his chambers, and, beside myself, no one remained in the room but the eminent lawyer in charge of the defence. He seemed to be looking for a missing book among the dozen

or so of volumes on the counsels' table. He was a striking and venerable figure. The crown of his head was shining and bare, but from its sides and back there fell upon the collar of his coat a thick curtain of white hair. There was something peculiar about his eyes, which I did not take the trouble to investigate, for I was too much impressed still with the courtly manner by which he had seduced the witnesses of the other side into forsaking the straight and narrow path marked out for them and plunging into devious and doomful byways ending in impeachment. Presently I noticed that the old gentleman was only pretending to look for a book, but was really looking me over quite as earnestly as I was him. At last our eyes met. He came down the aisle with a gratified expression on his face and shook my hand warmly.

"How do you do?" he said, cordially. "I thought it was you, but I was not quite certain. I have been looking for you a long time. I trust you are well, sir!"

The old gentleman barely waited for me to assure him that I was in my usual health. He still held my hand, and, giving it an insinuating pressure, continued:

"Delighted, I am sure. Be in the corridor on the first floor at half-past nine this evening and I will hand you the package. Be careful that we are not observed."

With these words the old gentleman shook my hand again and ambled down the aisle and out of the door. I now remembered that I had seen him once long before, upon which occasion I had deferred the inevitable by dint of a strategic movement down a dark alley. There was no escape now. It is a point of honor with me never to break engagements when I have once been trapped into them.

Punctually at the hour named my friend joined me in the corridor. He had a large sealed envelope in his hand, was nervous, excited and out of breath.

"Here it is," he said, giving me the package. "Are you sure we are not observed? It is a little thing reminiscent of my youth, dashed off in an idle moment, but I thought it would do to begin with. I have several longer—"

I hastily assured him that this would do very well to begin with. The impulse was on me that it was especially suitable to end with also, but I suppressed it, and we parted amicably though abruptly, the sound of approaching footsteps causing the old gentleman to vanish with more haste than dignity into the gloom of the street entrance.

And now my time has come! I will still continue to be foster-father to these children of disordered fancies, but their true parentage shall no longer be concealed. With that addition only, the manuscript handed me is herewith given to the world:

SAVED BY A RIB;

OR

IT IS BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.

BY B-NJ-M-N F. B-TTL-R.

Beginning at the juncture of my breast bone and fifth rib, and running thence around my right side there remains to this day a flaming red mark to remind me of one of the follies of my youth.

Bob and I had always been chums, though our dispositions were as unlike as possible; I being a proud descendant of honest Puritan stock, while he, I grieve to say, had never been aught but a scoffer. Still so great had always been our pleasure in each other's society that when we had graduated from the same college we studied law in the office of a mutual friend, hung out our shingles from the windows of adjoining rooms when we commenced practice, and have never sought any other or tenderer intimacy. We were ambitious and worked very hard at first—too hard, in fact, for the good of our health. Bob was first to discover this fact. One afternoon in December he entered my office abruptly and said:

"Ben, I am becoming dyspeptic, and you are getting fat. We must have exercise. Take down your foils and we will have a turn at the old sport. If I can't touch you three times in five I'll—I'll swallow the Pentateuch."

Even at twenty-three, Bob was an infidel.

The recollection of the inconceivably rapid "double and overs" with which Bob had so frequently transfixed me in the past, inspired me with a strong desire to get even with my old antagonist. Above my desk, where they had hung untouched for three years, was a fine pair of foils—a parting gift from our old fencing-master. They were none of your fancy articles of bric-à-brac affected by effeminate youths who have neither the strength to wield them nor the energy to master the first principles of the intricate art of foil-fencing, but were splendidly tempered strips of shining steel with plain, well-mounted hilts of the most solid and durable description. In short, they were such instruments as expert fencers delight to possess, and which, relieved of buttons, with their points tapered down to the fineness and sharpness of a needle, are as satisfactory weapons as any to be found in case one has a little dispute to settle with Monsieur out beyond the Porte Saint Martin at sunrise.

"Nothing would suit me better," I answered, taking down the foils and blowing out the dust which had accumulated in the bells; "but where shall we go? There isn't

room here. Besides, it would not look well in case a client should stray in."

"There's an office next the court, opening off mine," Bob replied, "that has never had a tenant. The janitor uses it as a kind of work-shop. It will do admirably. I went in the other day—there being no lock on the door—and found a bench with a good vise and a complete outfit of hammers, files and pincers which will come in very handy in case our foils get loose in the hilt. I'll speak to the janitor to-morrow He'll see that we're not disturbed, and we can have a quiet bout of half an hour or so every evening before dinner."

Bob's remark about loose hilts caused me to investigate the condition of those I held in my hand. They were both a trifle loose, and as it would take me a few minutes to resurrect my masks, gauntlets and plastrons from the box in which they had been shipped from Paris, he volunteered to employ the interval in tightening them. I followed him shortly and found everything as he had described it. As there was but one gas-jet in the room, the effect was rather somber. But this could not interfere with our sport, for with practiced fencers the sense of feeling is almost or quite as much depended on as that of sight.

We went through the "salut" in irreproachable style, and had no sooner come on guard than the point of Bob's foil began the series of lateral vibrations which, of old, had always portended something dangerous. And before I could break the attack or retreat, it came in the shape of a lunge on an unlooked-for feint changed to an unexpected thrust before I had time to think of parrying. Bob had always been an adept at this trick, and as the button of his foil rested against my left breast, he cried exultantly:

"Ah, Ben! Where are you now?"

"It's your old trick, just as successful as ever," I admitted; "but"—this to myself—"in just one week, my fine fellow, that and your numerous other tricks will avail you nothing."

I was determined to show this over-confident young infidel that might should not always triumph over right—that I was, in fine, the little David before whom his brawny Goliath was doomed to bite the dust.

So at it we went again. There was no use in my attempting any brilliant work with such an opponent, at least for the present. I, therefore, devoted my attention to narrowing the compass and increasing the rapidity of my circular movements in both directions, and to quick retreats and instantaneous leaps as means of breaking his attacks and escaping the more dangerous of his thrusts.

The pleasure and excitement derived from the sport was so keen that we devoted ourselves to it with increasing enthusiasm every afternoon until the middle of February. It was then that the incident occurred of which a hint is given at the beginning of this modest history.

We were seated on the janitor's bench one evening, swinging our legs and resting after an unusually violent set-to, when Bob remarked:

"Ben, my boy, it strikes me that this sort of thing is getting very tame. You have n't touched me for a month, and it just ten days to-night since I made my last point."

This was literally true. I had persevered in my defensive tactics until for ten days Bob's wonderful strength and skill had gained him not so much as a scratch.

"I wonder," he continued, "if the result would be the same if we were using rapiers instead of foils!"

The intense cold of the season had so interfered with the flow of gas that our single burner furnished a blue and flickering blaze that gave a weird look to every object in the room and seemed to lend a sort of unreality to all we said and did. Perhaps this may account for the strange mood that was on us.

"By Jove!" I cried, jumping down from the bench. "That's an idea worth demonstrating."

"But we haven't the rapiers," said Bob.

"But we have a pair of strong foils," I replied. "All we have to do is to take off the buttons and file down the points and we have as fine a pair of rapiers as anyone could wish."

"And here is the vise and here are the files," added Bob.

It was but the work of a minute to cut off the chamois-leather tips, and in a couple of minutes more I had a point on one foil that would penetrate anything less adamantine than Bob's disregard of the Scriptures. Bob filed down the other, and we put on our masks.

We were about to take our positions when Bob suddenly lowered his foil and said:

"See here, Ben. Of what use are these masks to us now? The points of our weapons will go right through them. They'll only obstruct our vision."

"That's so," I replied. "And we might as well take off gauntlets and plastrons, too. They will afford us no protection whatever now."

So masks, plastrons and gauntlets were discarded. The gas burned lower and bluer than ever.

We saluted and came on guard. As the two needle-like points crossed I suddenly realized for the first time that they were in no practical wise different from dueling-swords of the most desperate pattern, and that between the trembling point of that held

by Bob, and my most vital of organs, there were but an inch or two of flesh and blood, two very thin shirts, and matter of some four and a half feet of space. Simultaneous with this discovery I made a backward leap that caused Bob's jaw to drop in astonishment. Then he smiled.

"Oh, you're in no danger if you keep that up, I assure you," he said.

The sickly flame that furnished all our light blazed up into full brilliancy, spluttered and died out to a mere thread, flared up languidly again, and then settled down into its former flickering, bluish half-light. The spell returned, and again I came on guard, opposing a staunch orthodox front to the machinations of infidelity.

For the first five minutes we were cautious. It was mere sword-play of the most stilted kind. Then steel began to grate more eagerly on steel, and the bells of our foils' hilts rang merrily. Bob's feints and lunges were like lightning flashes, but my wrist was firm and supple and my limbs active under me. Now the exhilaration born of our mad freak is at its height. Neither of us realizes how great is our danger, but both are keenly alive to the fascination of it. Never before had I seen Bob exhibit such superb mastery of the fencer's art; never before have I been so confident of my ability to circumvent his most subtle strategy, break his best planned attacks, escape his most terrible thrusts. It is glorious! Ah, Bob, you infidel, you've met your Moses this time! Foils with buttons, foils without, dueling swords, whatever you like—bring them on, bring them on! Ah! The sickly blue flame suddenly bursts into a blaze of steady light, and an inch or two beneath the point of my foil I see that of Bob's, quivering like an aspen. Was there ever anything like it? There are actually sparks flying from it! It will be a "double-and-over" as sure as I live! The attack must be broken or I must leap for life! But my wrist! My wrist! Is it paralyzed? I can neither parry nor leap, for my legs have turned into pillars of stone! Heavens! How that vibrating point glistens! Yes, there it comes!—Double—over—

The pain was not very severe, merely a sharp, shooting sensation extending from my right side where the foil entered, around, rather than through me, to the small of my back where the point came through the skin. The scattering hairs which, in those days, adorned the top of Bob's head, stood on end.

"You're run through!" said Bob, his eyes fairly bulging out of his head from excess of terror. "You 've barely an hour to live! Had n't we better say our prayers, or read a chapter from the Scriptures—or something? Holy Moses—"

Here Bob's terror-stricken tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. His human weakness asserted itself—he forgot that Moses was mistaken.

"I think not," I answered, having discovered a livid mark of about the breadth of a foil-blade underlying the skin along my fifth rib as far around as I could see. "Let me see your foil. Ah! I thought so. It is slightly bent at the point. It struck a rib and ran around under the skin. No, you have n't run me through, Robert; you have nearly flayed me, but you haven't run me through."

Then, looking my scared and repentant opponent in the eye, while my bosom swelled with orthodox enthusiasm—my grandfather was a Presbyterian minister—I said:

"Can you divine the hidden meaning of this important event in our careers? Can you give the true interpretation of this memorable scene?"

Bob was rapidly regaining his composure. He gave it up.

"It is a typical encounter between Truth and Infidelity."

Bob looked relieved.

"And do you know what great truth it is that this trusty fifth rib of mine has the honor to represent?"

Bob hazarded the five books of Moses.

"Aye," I replied, sternly; "and as your sword is turned against my fifth rib, so will the assaults of yourself and your fellow infidels find an impassable and enduring barrier in the immortal truths embodied in the Pentateuch."

And thus, though apparently the vanquished, I came out of the fray the victor by a considerable majority.

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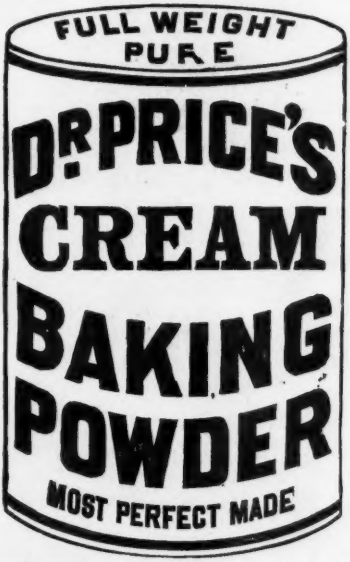

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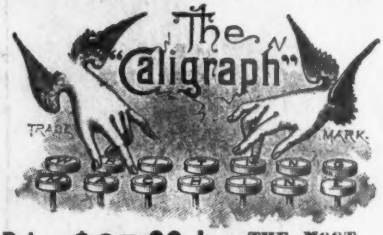

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